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To every person whom you delight with this most worthwhile gift, we will send, in your name, to arrive in the Christmas mail, a superb gift announcement. The small black and white reproduction above can but suggest the beauty of the full-color original. This announcement will provide a yearly reminder of your thoughtfulness.

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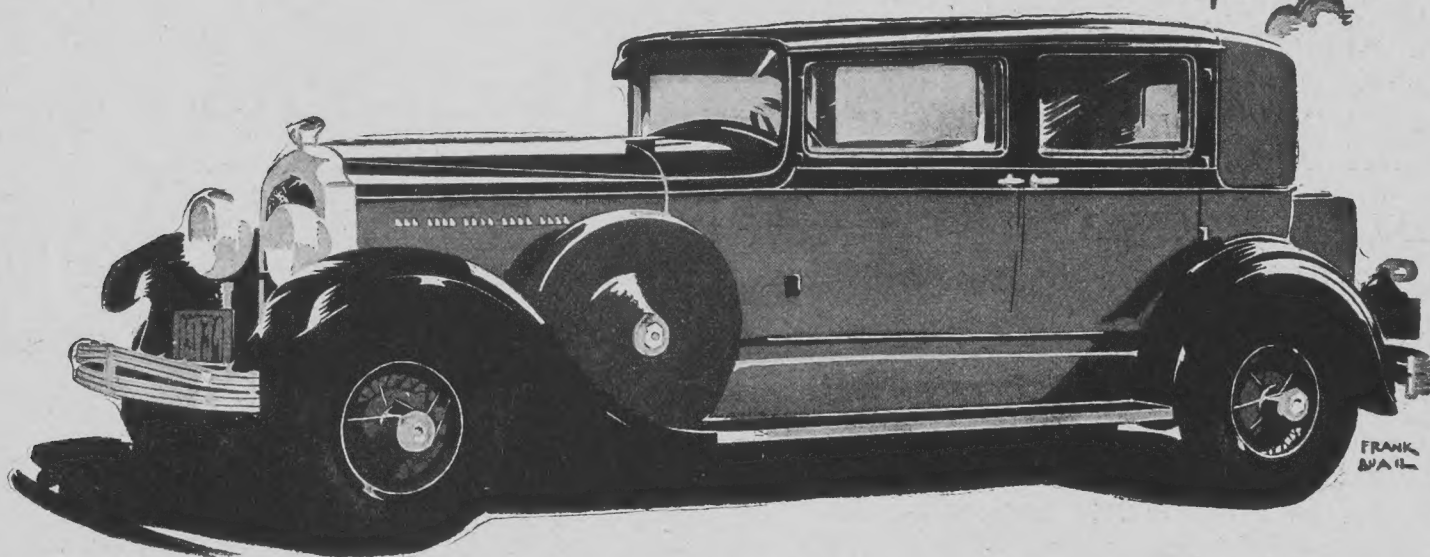
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# *The Western Home Monthly*

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**112 H.P.**  
**CHRYSLER**  
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## CANADA'S MOST POWERFUL MOTOR CAR

**W**ALTER P. CHRYSLER and his engineers present what they believe to be the most notable car ever produced under Chrysler auspices—the new 112 h.p. Imperial "80," most powerful motor car in Canada today.

The combination of the high compression "Red-Head" with the new and larger motor gives fully 20% greater torque—while the increased length

and width of the car, with its longer springs anchored in blocks of live rubber, and the new rubber engine mountings front and rear, confer a luxurious quiet, softness and comfort of riding unlike anything you have ever experienced.

Leading designers and craftsmen in coach work have planned and built entirely new and exclusive body styles for this new Imperial "80," giving an

artistry of line and luxury of grooming in keeping with its new sensational 112 horsepower performance.

You should see the new Chrysler Imperial "80." Note its distinguished appearance, correct in each detail to satisfy every criterion of good taste. Then ride in it, for by demonstration alone will you fully appreciate the performance possible only to Canada's most powerful motor car.

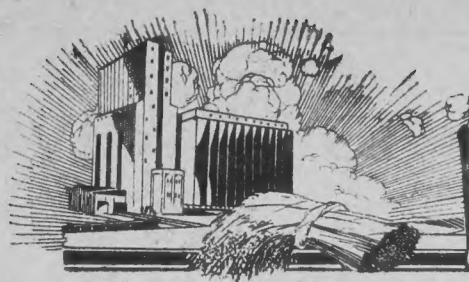
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO  
Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board



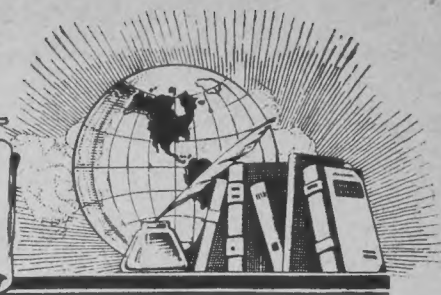
In comprehensive selection of body types and wide variety of color combinations, the new models are different enough and distinctive enough to express the most exacting personal tastes. Five body styles—Roadster, Town Sedan, 5-Passenger Sedan, 7-Passenger Sedan, Sedan Limousine. There are also custom-built types by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron.







# EDITORIAL



## The Christmas Message

IT IS nineteen hundred years since the Gospel of the Kingdom was first proclaimed—a gospel of hope and peace and joy. Wherever it has been taught and preached and acted upon the lives of men have become ennobled and enriched. Yet the world has been slow to accept the glad message, and even in so-called Christian lands men have hesitated to ally themselves with the meek and lowly Jesus. The reason is not far to seek.

There was nothing at fault in Him or His message, but those who were commissioned to preach and teach were unwise or ineffective in their ministry or they did not fully grasp the significance of the Gospel. Some, such as Paul and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, saw Christianity as the natural consummation of Jewish teaching and philosophy; others with philosophic bent, such as the writer of the Fourth Gospel, endeavored to explain the mystery of the incarnation and the resurrection and thus laid the foundation for mysticism in all its forms. A little later the directive power of the new movement became centralized; the churches were combined into a Church, and the system became oppressive with its forms and ceremonials and unreasonable demands. Ever and anon there were seekers who partially comprehended the teaching of the Master and who took the part for the whole. Thus we find legalists and fatalists, faith-healers and spiritualists, unitarians and trinitarians, baptists and pseudo-baptists—over one hundred and fifty distinct types, each apparently sure of its own orthodoxy. Let us for the sake of argument say that "each was partly in the right, but not that all were in the wrong." Is it any wonder that non-Christians became bewildered?

Now, after centuries of trial it seems that Christians are beginning to understand that preaching and teaching are impossible unless paralleled by observing and doing. India is being Christianized not by the missionaries, but by laymen of good repute who live honestly, fearlessly, graciously, as did the Master. China is looking for evangelists who speak in deeds rather than in words. Even at home we have tired of the gospel of fear, we even distrust the gospel of love, because profession seems so far ahead of performance. What people are needing and seeking is a gospel that will reach and transform the life, a gospel that will make men pure and unselfish, nations peaceful and kindly, society loving and forgiving. It is the good old gospel that came in with the song of the angels—a gospel worth living for, worth dying for, suited to the poor man as well as the rich, to the young as well as to the old. It is the gospel of the ages—the only gospel that can bring Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men."

## Christmas Gifts

PEOPLE should not think of Christmas as a day on which gifts are received and conferred, but as a spirit that should reign in society from one year's end to the next.

\* \* \*

When the spirit of Christmas reigns, husbands will have kind words and loving thoughts for their wives, and wives for their husbands, and both will be willing to make endless sacrifices for their children. Employers will deal fairly with their employees, and workers will be honest in their effort. Corporations will have souls and will not be satisfied to starve their office staffs during the year, and try to make it right by giving a little bonus at Christmas.

\* \* \*

The greatest gift is not one that costs money but one that is embowered in love. A home-made production that carries with it good wishes and kindly feeling, is more precious than pearls; more resplendent than rubies.

\* \* \*

It is not enough to give poor people a free meal at Christmas. What they want is fair treatment

all the year, so that they can buy their own meals at Christmas. To some people a Christmas hamper is an insult. It is as if a robber returned some of his booty to his victims.

\* \* \*

The people to remember first on Christmas Day and during the year are the old and helpless and the little children—more especially the unfortunate ones—the orphans and the neglected.

\* \* \*

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

## The Ottawa Conference

THE Premiers' Conference at Ottawa may result in no immediate legislation, but it will have other outstanding effects that should be noted. It has created better understanding and promoted

## Peace and Goodwill

By Robert Watson

*A glad hand to a glad hand;  
And how do you do, today?  
This Christmas be to you and me  
All that we hope and pray.*

*A kind word for a kind word.  
Strive on, brave heart, strive on.  
No ill can last; the night flies fast;  
That glow in the East is Dawn.*

*A warm heart to a warm heart;  
A hope with each thought fresh-born.  
'Tis boundless love of our God above  
Brings peace on this Christmas morn.*

unity, and it has kept before the public mind some issues that should not be ignored.

This need for unity was what led to Confederation in 1867. If the provinces had not united it seemed as if there would have been national collapse. This was so apparent that the two most pronounced political opponents that Canada ever produced agreed for the time to forget their differences and to work for the common good.

So may it be today. In the building up of a great nation there should be no East and West, no city or country, no capital and labor, no cry of race and religion. The man who is not big enough to view problems nationally, is not worthy of Canadian citizenship.

People of the West will be well satisfied with the pronouncements of the Western premiers, and the closing speech of Premier King was in good taste and charged with optimism.

It looks as if we had well turned the corner. We are now a great independent nation with a record to make in our own name. May it be a record of which any Canadian will be proud.

## Changing the Constitution

AT THE Conference, one of the most debatable topics was the revision of the Constitution. Here opinions differed fundamentally, possibly because some of the speakers were by nature and training progressive, while others were nothing if not conservative. Possibly, also, some of the speakers had not clearly in mind the origin and purpose of a constitution. Political considerations rather than reasoned reflection decided their utterances.

It might not be out of place to quote a noted writer as he deals with this subject:

"A constitution is a growth: it is the flowering of the national life, the profoundest expression of the life of a nation acting as one. The deep principles of the nation's being find voice in its constitution. The thought of a nation concerning its own life and purpose is willed into reality in its constitution. Thus real constitutions are not artificial documents foisted upon a people. . . . but are the people's volitional expression of their own nature and destiny. The framers of serviceable constitutions are interpreters of national life.

"The only justification that a nation can have for changing its constitution is that its constitution is no longer an expression of its life. Its life has grown since the establishment of its constitution and so demands a new expression. A nation that is really alive and growing will from necessity at intervals of time consider modifications and amendments to its constitution. The constitution of a nation is like the creed of a church, it is the acceptable interpretation of its life at a particular time. To revise each under the strain put upon it by an inward expanding life is a hopeful sign of progress. In its revised constitution the nation wills for itself a future truer to its nature and wider in scope."

The first thing that appears from this is that the Canadian Constitution must change with Canadian development. Otherwise there will be a living inconsistency. In feudal times the lord of the manor demanded and was accorded reverence and respect. He was indeed dictator; his authority was unquestioned. But we have departed from feudalism. Wisely or unwisely we have accepted the principle of political equality for men and women who have attained their majority. Consequently we have extended the privilege of voting to harmonize with our democratic conception. This is but one illustration to show that change in social conditions necessitates change in political organization. Similarly, changes in our industrial life, in balance of population, in our relation to the Empire and to the world at large, may make revision of constitution not only advisable but necessary. He is no friend of the nation who will seek to perpetuate forms that are obsolete.

The most outstanding change in conditions in Canada since 1867 has been the addition of the new provinces—four of these being west of the Great Lakes. It is absurd to think that the privileges of citizens in these provinces shall be less than the privileges of citizens in older Canada. Yet some urge that the political makeshifts of 1867 must of necessity be binding upon the provinces that were not in existence at that time. The West has something to say in this matter, and it will neither be coerced nor silenced.

One of the matters that indirectly touches the constitution is the collection of customs and the distribution of money to the provinces. There is not the slightest doubt but that entrenched privilege will in this as in other matters oppose all attempts at needed reform. None-the-less the nation must continue to move.

It was impossible for the Fathers of Confederation to vision the future. Their legislation was suitable to their times but not to the present day. More than that, we are a free people and claim the right of legislating for ourselves. We shall gladly accord to our descendants the privilege of revising our actions, and of moulding the constitution to suit their needs. They will do this in any case. Our best policy today is to make such modifications as are necessary to meet living conditions, and to trust the future to take care of itself.

The unequalled heritage that is ours—the possibility of development in view of inventions and discoveries suggest that we must honestly play our part and leave to a more enlightened posterity the tasks of solving the greater problems that are to be.

# Marian was always so healthy and happy that one day we asked her



∴ then we learned her  
"Thrice-a-Day" Secret

**N**EVER too tired to help us out, but always bright and happy, Marian was one of the most popular girls in our office. Popular socially too, for her healthy beauty and sunny disposition made her a general favorite.

One day one of the girls said: "You're always so full of energy, Marian. I don't know how you do it."

"Perfectly simple, my dear," she answered, smiling, "I just keep healthy."

"But how?"

"By eating Fleischmann's Yeast," replied Marian.

## A Simple Corrective Food

It was true. Marian had found what hun-

MR. AUGUR, a bridge construction engineer, tells how he got rid of his indigestion and constipation:

"I used to come to my meals with the utmost repugnance," Mr. Augur writes. "I tried all sorts of medicines, but my maladies were getting worse. Finally, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day, on crackers with a little salt. After a month the effect was very noticeable. My stomach began to function normally. In three months' time I could eat anything. Meals that would have meant near suicide before are now as easily digested as a glass of water. And at last I have succeeded in conquering my constipation."

ALBERT AUGUR, Winnipeg, Man.



"I WAS LEFT VERY WEAK and tired from overstudy and the after-effects of an operation. I never had sufficient strength to enjoy recreation of any kind. I had no fun at all. Then I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, eating it regularly every day. It is now a year and a half since I started to eat it, and I am enjoying perfect health. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast to give me pep."

FREDA ALLEN, Calgary, Alta.

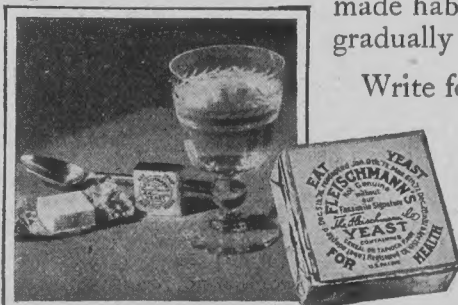
Canadians are graphic testimony to the benefits of Fleischmann's Yeast as a daily health food. You can get it, always fresh, at your grocer's.

## The New Easy Way to Keep Well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or salted in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Department M.C.127 The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Canada.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada.



dreds of thousands have discovered about Fleischmann's Yeast. It is a simple corrective food, in every cake of which there is gentle but sure stimulation for the digestive processes.

The "Thrice-a-day" eating of Fleischmann's Yeast aids in purifying the intestinal tract, thus helping to keep the whole system clean and regular, warding off constipation and all its attendant ills.

The clear complexions, bright eyes, healthy happiness and energy of thousands of healthy



"WHILE STAYING WITH SOME FRIENDS last winter, I began to feel quite run down and my face became very pimply. One of the family was eating Fleischmann's Yeast at the time and was greatly pleased with the results. So they advised me to eat it, which I did—regularly. After about a month I felt a hundred percent better and my skin had cleared up wonderfully."

MARGARET BELL, Toronto, Ont.

**THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY**





Illustrated by  
Kathleen Allen

"What will you wear, Mumsie?" I heard her ask, kind of quickly, and as if she ought to have asked that long before.

"MOTHER"! says Mother's husband. "Yes, Father"? says Father's wife. They never called each other much of anything else; and I, sitting round the house with my knitting, kind of in the way, was always thinkin' how sweet it was to hear 'em do it; but Eleanor and Zeph and the twins, that was the reasons, had got so used to them mother-and-father names that I guess they never noticed.

But that night something in their father's tone made them all look up—and me, too, sitting over by the fire because it was such a stinging night. Their father hardly ever spoke when he was reading; besides, there had come in his voice a little bit of a lift, 'most like a plan.

"Listen, says he, and everybody listened while he read:

"Christmas Dinner at the New Market Hotel will be the supreme effort of the management to establish the hotel's reputation among its patrons. At one o'clock on Christmas day a dinner will be served such as cannot be surpassed in the Middle West, nor other. Tables may be reserved in advance. Fresh vegetables, home cooking, choice luxuries, and all for One Dollar. Order your table now. The menu follows. We defy comparison."

Their father read the menu. Every article, from "celery on the branch" to the cheese with the hard name, with Tea, Coffee, Buttermilk, Milk" following—he read 'em all. The twins, that was spinning a top off the couch onto the floor, set up speechless and spellbound. Turkey and Goose. Mince Pie and Plum Pudding. And Sherbet in the very middle of the meal that none of us could figure out why it was put there.

"It's a misprint, like enough," says their father. "Maybe it's a vegetable, like them vegetable oysters," I pipes up.

"Maybe it's got two places for 'sert because it's Christmas"! shouted the twins in a body.

And it honestly said "Bonbons," like in a box, instead of "Candies," like in a bag. The whole

By Zona Gale

Author of "Faint Perfume," "Miss Lula Bett," "Friendship Village," Etc.

thing was a dinner outside of the usual doings of the family, or the village, or anybody, I'd have thought, excepting princes and kings—and mebbe generals.

And then, while they was still digesting that dinner mentally, their father spoke again—trying his best to make his words sound casual and don't-care-much:

"What do you say to our all going down there for Christmas dinner this year"? says he.

The children looked at him without breathing. From his face they couldn't make out a thing. He was actually pretending to look over into another column of the paper, scanning it unconcerned while he waited to hear what they had to say. As if a dinner like that, and a proposal like that, come along every day.

"Do you mean it, Father"? says Eleanor.

"Honest-to-honest"? says Zeph, looking up out of the bottomless depth of his arithmetic.

"Certainly," says Mr. Preston, turning his paper. "Be kind of nice, wouldn't it"? And I see how, for his life, he couldn't have kept out of

his face that little touch of pride as he looked over at them four faces—the pride of the householder that he's able to give something good and, for once in a way, a little bit extravagant to them that he loves.

The twins threw both of themselves on him shrieking, more pleased than musical. "Goody—goody—goody—oody"! they puts it. And then they done, in a whisper, the Twin Yell, which they wasn't let put into sound in the house because it raised the roof. I remember it ended: "Good! Good! Goody-lujah!"

Their father looked past them. "What do you think, Mother"? he says.

She was leaning forward in her chair.

"But, dear, can we? Can we afford it"?

"Why not"? says Mr. Preston royally. "It's only once, you know."

"But—seven dollars"! says his wife, and I see her eyes cloud up, like a whole procession had passed in front of 'em—shoes and school-books, and winter clothes to come, to say nothing of the Christmas presents that she couldn't buy. I knew how she'd set up night after night trying to make a little something out of not much of anything—and then trying to stretch even that some. I'd watched her do that, year after year. But I guess not much of anybody in the family but me ever see that at all. Like folks don't.

"Let's be young for once"! says her husband. And then her smile come to meet his. "Yes"! she was thinking, "then they would be young for once." And I kind of thought there was in her heart only one fear bigger than her fear of extravagance: the fear lest, when her husband or the children wanted to be glad and young, she should be too tired.

"Well, then, dear," says she, and leaned back in her chair, in all the happy clamor of the twins, with a little psalm of her own that she didn't chant out loud.

She didn't chant it until that night when she slipped into Eleanor's room to say good-night. Eleanor's room is next to mine, and I judged that her mother found her still looking over her lace waist as I had seen her when I come upstairs.

# The Christmas Dinner Mother Didn't Cook

"Mother," Eleanor says, "I'll have to have this cleaned to wear with my suit. I suppose they dress a good deal, there at the New Market"?

"Yes, I suppose they *do* dress there, but that needn't trouble us much, need it"? says her mother.

"No," says Eleanor; and then: "What will you wear, Mumsie"? I heard her ask, kind of quick and as if she'd ought to of been asking that long before.

"My brown silk," says her mother. It was what she called her "Five-years-young" brown silk.

"You'll look like a blessed queen in it, too," says Eleanor, and she adds: "Oh, dearest, it *will* be fun, won't it? I've never been in the New Market—none of us have."

It was then that I heard her mother say a part of her own psalm—sitting there in the foot of Eleanor's bed, I judged.

"Yes," says she, "it will be just about all the Christmas I want, not to have to get up the dinner."

I could guess how surprised Eleanor would look up at her. I think that never, in her twenty years, had she heard her mother say as much as that.

"To sit down to a Christmas dinner that I didn't get myself," says her mother, kind of luxurious. "I can only remember once, since we've been married, that we've been out for Christmas dinner. Sometimes I've wished," she says, "that we'd had a lot of relatives to take turns with. It's hard for your year—but there's the years when you're company!"

Mrs. Preston sort of laughed out like a girl.

"No turkey to clean," she says, "no vegetables to get ready, no pies to make, no dishes and pans to wash up. Why, I could almost take a walk on Christmas morning. I haven't done such a thing for years . . ."

WHEN her mother went away, I heard how Eleanor came out into the hall with her, and I knew she'd thrown her arms around her neck and kissed her, tender. Kind of like that was a side to Christmas that hadn't occurred to her.

Most always, before I go to sleep, I slip into the twins' room to see if they're covered up; and when that night I done so, I found them sitting up in bed.

"You can, too," Ernest was saying when I went in. "Can't you, Grandma? When you go to a hotel like that, can't you order every single thing right down the page, and it ain't extra"?

"Right down the page," I says to him, grave. "The only trouble is, you don't generally last till you get to the bottom of the page. Why ain't you asleep"?

"I was," said Jack, settling back. "But I dreamed they come and stopped me. I said they couldn't . . ."

"You go to sleep," I told him, "or it'll be Christmas before you're ready for it."

And when I passed Zeph's door on my way to my room, his voice came out, him thinking I was his sister.

"Eleanor," he says, "what in thunder's 'celery on the branch'?"

"I dunno, Zeph," I answers him. "I don't know that much. But it certainly does sound grand."

At breakfast the next morning the twins was found studying the New Market Christmas dinner menu, which they had cut out of the paper. I noticed neither Eleanor nor Zeph was too old to join in with them, and pick out what was to be ordered. And the twins changing their order on an average of twice every day just kind of added

up to the sum of the fun they seemed to get out of it.

"It's shocking to think so much about what we're going to have to eat," says Eleanor once.

But her mother laughed, kind of happy. "I know it," says she, "but isn't it nice? We know," she says, "underneath, that it isn't what Christmas means to us. So let's just be shocking that much for once—and then forget all about it. I don't think," she says, kind of grave, "that it can be wicked for me to be so glad I ain't got a Christmas dinner to get up."

"Nor I," says I, so sudden and so strong that it surprised me.

Mr. Preston laughed out at his wife. "You!" he says, "trying to be shocking! Why, my dear—if eating dinner was wicked you'd make it good, if you did it."

"If you cooked it, Father means," says Zeph.

"How if we had to get it ourselves?" I says—but I never expect anybody to pay much of any attention to what I say. I sort of fill in the gaps.

"From after breakfast Christmas morning," says Mrs. Preston, "to breakfast the next morning, I'm going to forget that I know how to cook. We'll eat Christmas supper on the pantry shelf! All day Christmas, I'm going to be a butterfly. And we're going to have a real adventure."

I see Mr. Preston look at his wife kind of wistful for a minute. The time was when he had told her that she should have a life of happy work, as he hoped his would be—work that she loved to do. Well, neither of them had quite the work they meant.

"Yes, we'll have a real adventure this time," he says, contented.

On Christmas Eve they talked it over in the near light of the actual happening. Mr. Preston had ordered a table. Zeph had slipped in the New Market, secret, and asked which one it was.

"It's a swell table," he says approving, "right by the big glass window where all the buses back up. We can see everything."

"Honestly," says Mrs. Preston, with a little laugh, "I can't make it seem like Christmas Eve. I don't know that ever in my life—since I was a girl—have I sat the whole of Christmas Eve with nothing on my mind. And in the morning I can sleep as long as the twins will let me."

I was coming up the stairs to bed that night, when in the upstairs hall I see Eleanor take her mother in her arms and hold her tight.

"Mumsie," she says, "nobody knows the inside of your heart. Does anybody ever know the inside of anybody's mother's heart?"

"Why, you Blessed?" asks her mother.

But Eleanor wouldn't say anything else, and so I pipes up a little something.

"Mothers make Christmases," says I. "They don't have them."

But I donno whether they knew what I meant.

I ALWAYS like to be up early Christmas morning. I never stopped to figure out why. But everything is so still and so kind of waiting. It always seems to me that everything is sort of talking the same thing to us. "See," it says, patient, "we've tried to make you know, every year, for years and years. We want you to be sure that the thing we stand for is true—it ain't just said, for this one day—it's true. Can't you know today? Can't you understand by this time? Don't you see what it's all about? Ain't you ready to know that Christmas means what it says—for all the time?"

And I've kind of got to feeling that, some Christmas morning, we'll all wake up to find out that some simple thing has happened, and that all the world knows—all together and all at the same time—that Christmas does mean what it says.

I dressed as still as I could that morning, but

long before I was ready I heard the twins go through the house like a whirlwind—like two different kinds of whirlwind—down to see their presents. And knowing that there was no sleep in the house for anybody after that, I went round to wish my Merry Christmases to the rest. I've never had much money to do with, but I had some Christmas roses that I'd raised myself in my south window and they was just ready to bud, and I was leaving one at Eleanor's door and at her mother's door—with some little things I'd knit.

When I got to Eleanor's door I couldn't help rapping. I kind of wanted to say "Merry Christmas" to her first. I didn't hear her call to me to



"Oh!" Eleanor cried. "Good! You're going. I was so afraid you were going to miss dinner for me!"

come in, and I thought if she was still asleep, in spite of the twins, I'd put my rose on her table to look at her when she woke up.

So I went in. But Eleanor wasn't asleep. She was lying there on her pillow with her face kind of flushed and her hand to her throat, and she was trying her best to say "Come in," only, I see, when I got to the side of her bed, she was so hoarse she couldn't speak a word. And right off I knew what had happened. She'd got one of her colds—that some day, they tell us, none of us'll be bothered with, but that—yet—some of us does have.

"My dear child!" I says. "Why didn't you call some of us? I'll get you—"

But she beckoned me up close to the bed and when I stooped over her, thinking she wanted to tell me what to get for her, all she said was, in a whisper:

"Grandma . . . I can't go . . . You've got to make the rest go without me. Promise!"

And she said "Promise" most out loud. And I just patted her shoulder and started down to the kitchen to put the teakettle on. But in her doorway stood her mother.

"Merry Christmas, dearest!" her mother says. "And a wide-awake one. And fried oysters for breakfast, you know."

None of us could remember the Christmas morning at the Prestons when breakfast had not meant that savory dish, fried as only Mother could fry them.

"Eleanor!" Mrs. Preston broke off, "you can't speak, and you are all feverish; what is the matter?"

"Not much," whispers Eleanor, "but I guess I'll stay here—"

In a moment all idea of Christmas breakfast had gone from everybody's head. We were heating water and getting little remedies and keeping the twins quiet. And after a while, Zeph made the toast and Mr. Preston the coffee and I set the table, and our Christmas breakfast was that—that, and the Babe of Bethlehem chapter in the Bible, read aloud by Mr. Preston—and I donno but we was just as well nourished as if it hadn't of been Christmas, but just a plain coffee-and-toast day.

When it was over, Mrs. Preston spoke. "Father," she said, "you and the boys must decide. I'm afraid Eleanor is going to be unhappy about the hotel."

"It will certainly be a great disappointment to her, poor child," says Mr. Preston, dense as the densest.

"But I mean, if we don't go down today it will be a disappointment to her," her mother says, "and you and the boys must decide."

"Go without her!" says her father. Then without saying anything more he turned to the boys: "What do you say?" he asks casual. "Do we go down to the New Market this noon?"

"And leave Eleanor alone for Christmas dinner?" says Zeph. "Well, I guess not."

I see a little look run across the table between the father and mother of the four—a look in which was packed signals that spoke as only they two could have signed to each other. But I kind of

joined in, too, without anybody looking, for I knew what they meant.

Then he turns to the twins—and I think all of us felt more doubtful.

"What about you two fellows?" says their father quietly. "What's the vote?"

For a minute the two sat very still, staring down hard on their empty plates. None of us said a word—we just let 'em set and stare. And then—well, they didn't do it very gracious, but I won't forget it, anyhow—they burst out, both together: "All right!" and bolted out of the room.

Then we three that was grown up and had decided things ourselves from time to time, we just nodded

to each other once, all around, and didn't say another word. We didn't need to.

"By the way," says Mr. Preston to his wife, "you said we must decide. Why don't you vote?"

"Oh," says she, "mercy, I voted. But I wondered if you four wouldn't go without me?"

"Without you?" says he, and no more than that. But such was his tone that the fact that their all staying home would make it harder for her never occurred to any of us, least of all to Mrs. Preston herself.

"Then," she says, "let's think what to do. Do you realize that it's Christmas morning, and everything is shut up tight? And that we haven't one thing in the house to eat? And whatever we are going to say to Eleanor, I don't know. She won't vote as we did, you know."

Mr. Preston set still a minute looking at her, and there come into his voice the same little lift that had been there when he had first proposed the adventure. Oh, and I loved to hear it. I'm pretty old—and I've learned that there's more men that lose the hang of bringing that little lift into their voices to propose something that's going to be fun—fun—for their households than ever keeps it past their youth. And I know that it's because work and worry gets them by the throat,

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# The Frenchman

By H. Mortimer Batten



"Gwin sat on a little barren hillock, exposed to all the storm"

JIM ROSS had watched the fight for fully twenty minutes, and as the two combatants became more dazed and infuriated, he gradually stole up on the other side of the hedge till he was within twenty feet of them. The ground all round was littered with feathers. One would not have thought that two birds could shed so many feathers and yet retain any semblance of respectability, yet still fluff flew in handfuls, and they went at each other hammer and tongs. Beaks and claws, wings and spurs, they struck and stabbed and somersaulted and tattooed, rising vertically, presenting beaks with hackle feathers raised, so intent that Ross slipped through the hedge, still unobserved.

He had heard that when cock partridges fight thus it is possible for a man to capture one or both, so intent do they become—French partridges, that is. For these were Frenchmen, and though resembling the commoner variety in most respects, they were more gaily attired, and certainly more vivid of temperament at this, the mating, season. So Jim proceeded to creep on all fours, and he was within seven feet when the fighting front veered, and both birds came within reach of him. Then, acting on impulse, he made a grab at the nearer one of the two, and actually pinned it down in the stubble.

But Jim soon learned that he had made a mistake, for the other bird, blind with feathers and with fury, did not realize that a third party had crept in, and struck a terrific blow, no doubt intended as the knockout blow, which Jim received across the knuckles. The bird's claws drew blood, while a stroke from one of its wings caused his knuckles to swell up in a most surprising manner.

But next moment both birds realized that a foe had crept up on them, and the one which Ross had pinned down made a frantic flutter to escape, while the other turned about and ran, crouching low. Because it was a French, or Red-Legged partridge, it chose thus to run instead of rising awing.

Then, to Jim's complete surprise, he found that the bird he had caught was now stone dead; its head hung limply, and its eyes were closed. Do you know that of all wild things, the birds are the only ones whose eyes close naturally in death?

Ross was disappointed—more, he was remorseful. He had not wished to harm the birds, for his sole object was to satisfy his curiosity—to prove or to disprove the possibility of the feat he had just achieved. Well, there was no question about it now, for he held one of the combatants in his hands—the vanquished one—and the feeling came to him

that he had played an unfair part in a perfectly fair fight. It was as though someone had come up behind the pugilists and knocked one of them out from across the ropes, but most all of it proved what Ross had often observed—that no good ever comes of man's intrusion into the affairs of the wild folk.

Ross concluded that heart failure from shock, occurring when the bird was in an exhausted state, had caused its death, and, disgusted at what he had done, he left the gaily-colored victim lying in the stubble and went his way.

No sooner had he gone than the other cock Frenchman, whom we are to know by the name of Gwin, came cautiously back to finish the fight, but when he got there, there could be no doubt that victory was already his, for his vanquished rival lay amidst the litter of feathers. Gwin craned his neck in surprise. I cannot pretend that he looked remorseful; I cannot suggest that any qualms of conscience were his on supposing himself to be a murderer. If he was conscious of any sensations other than surprise, I rather think he was glad, for he ran straight off to tell his wife two fields away, where she was busy picking up blades of grass and discarding them. Evidently she was undecided in her mind just what she wanted to do with these blades of grass.

But the following day was warm and sunny, and both partridges got to work now with a definite object in view. I fear that Gwin was not much use during these nest-building activities. All he did was to pick up straws and carry them about, following his wife from corner to corner, and repeatedly tripping over his dangling load. Meantime the hen bird built quite a respectable nest, as partridge nests go. It was located in a bramble in the hedge bottom, and the bramble being matted with dry grass, which had sprung up through it, the nest was at the end of quite a dark little tunnel which screened it from prying eyes and from wind and weather. In it a day or two later she produced the first of her clutch—an egg about the size of that of the common partridge, but, like the birds themselves, it was distinct therefrom by reason of its splashes of color. Instead of being uniform and brown, it was lighter in shade, and freckled all over with rich yellow markings.

Now at this juncture a very strange thing happened, for though the hen partridge had clearly decided upon her nesting site, she started straight away to make a second nest—this time under a whin bush, fully fifty yards from the first. She did not waste much time in making that nest, and her second egg was laid in it, and thereafter she deposited her eggs impartially, sometimes in the one nest, sometimes in the other. Often Gwin was with her, often he was two or three fields away, but whether near home or gadding about on his own, he certainly regarded every other cock Frenchman

he saw as a deadly foe. He had numerous fights, and once he nearly ran under the wheels of an express train when he was chasing a vanquished rival. Of the ordinary grey partridges he took no notice at all, nor they of him, and though he saw them daily, he himself loved best the high dry whin country, while his cousins stuck to the root fields and the stubble and the sheltered woodland edges. At dusk of evening their voices filled the air on every

side, but Gwin, being less sociable by disposition, had very little to say.

IN YET another way d'd Gwin differ from the common partridges, for I cannot bring myself to think that he was so good a husband. He was not so loving and attentive, at any rate, for one rarely saw him elbow to elbow with his wife, offering her every little dainty, rubbing his head against her shoulder. All those pretty little love-making antics which might have been observed among the British partridges in almost every field that spring were not shared by Gwin, for it seems so often that it is for life's drab little people to supply the poetry. A gay dog in looks, Gwin was given to gadding off in his gorgeous bridegroom attire, but all the same he was keeping a close watch over his wife, as any other cock partridge going near her soon learned. And as the days passed he went each day to look at the new nest in the whin bush.

Whatever Gwin was, his wife was certainly a model of duty and industry, for duly she filled both nests she had made with eggs. There were nine in the one under the bramble and seven in the one under the whin, and now it was that her husband took firm possession of the latter, establishing himself upon it and refusing to move. I believe his wife would have provided him with still more eggs to sit, but evidently he thought that seven was quite enough for the present, or—more likely—he had a calculative eye for the future.

Thus there opened up what was surely a very strange order of things—the hen-bird busy with one clutch and her husband busy with a prospective family of his own within hailing distance! Other birds may spend the whole spring and summer bringing up two broods, starting the second when the first chicks are old enough to fend for themselves, but the French partridges brought their strange continental habits with them, and they knew a trick worth two of that. Why not get the whole business over with one sweep of the brush, as it were, so that when autumn comes, with its wet fields and its fogs, there are no backward, straggling coveys, handicapping their parents. It

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He alighted beside the cat like a bursting hand grenade





# When Love Beckoned—Or The Eleventh Hour

By Beatrice Mackay Coutts

Illustrated by Kathleen Allan

A GRAY mist hung over the city, caressing the tired workers who streamed out of office, store and factory into the roar and rumble of the streets. Among the throng was a tall girl, who emerged from a doorway and stood a moment looking half defiantly at the soft, cloudy sky, as though in silent refusal of its cool caress. There was an angry expression of resistance in the luminous eyes that burned in her pale face and her chin was set in a firm line. She left the doorway and hurried through the crowd, walking with a long swinging, rhythmic step, the grace of which even her ill-made clothes could not conceal.

Her pace slackened as she turned down a street lined with shrunken old houses, glaringly-painted, like shrivelled, shabby old men, gaudily dressed. She pictured the home she shared with her taciturn, black-browed mother and her brother, Jerry, and the picture repelled her. Impossible dreams of happiness possessed her thoughts a moment. Glory, grandeur, romance, adventure, freedom from drudgery—these thronged her mind, a bright company, setting her imagination afire. Then the actuality of the omnipotent present settled dully upon her spirit, and she hurried homeward. As she entered a despondent-looking yellow house she forced her face into cheerful lines.

"Hello, mother! How good supper smells!"

"Maybe it does," returned Mrs. Rignault gloomily, "but we'll soon have to eat cold food, because I've used the last piece of wood, and where the money to buy any is to come from I don't know. Why doesn't that firm you slave for give you a raise, Thelma?"

She spoke in chill, sing-song tones which revealed her belief that troubles were natural and infinitely more important than those shining things in which are golden glints of laughter. "I'll send up some wood tomorrow, mother," Thelma said. "It's pay day."

Her voice was thoroughly dreary now. She looked at the smoke-blackened wall by the stove and felt that it was a careless print of her life—infinitely drab and meaningless. Life to her was a weary succession of monotonous days, while in other lives, just beyond her own gray horizon, she sensed a changing splendor of color and light.

She hung her hat and coat on a hook near a battered old chest of drawers and proceeded to set the table for supper. Suddenly she dropped a handful of knives and forks on the table with a loud clatter and exclaimed angrily:

"Mother, Jerry is growing more selfish every day. He spends every cent he makes on himself, and you encourage him!"

"You needn't be always picking on Jerry," Mrs. Rignault said harshly. "He's a good boy."

At this moment Jerry himself came in, like a gust of wind. Handsome, big, blonde and magnetic, he dominated the small room. He wore an air of extravagant animation and moved with a lithe, boyish grace which belied his heavy build. The room seemed to shrink in painful consciousness of its ugliness before his genial self-assurance and the pleasing splendor of his raiment. It was as though someone had tossed a

piece of rich, crimson velvet into the worn old house. He kissed his mother and sister with easy affection, and let forth a rattling rush of words:

"Thelma, you are one peach of a beauty! Why don't you capture a millionaire and make me a gentleman of leisure? And now ladies, gaze upon me, please! Behold this knockout new suit I'm wearing. Neat, but not gaudy, you will observe. Mother mine, how I do crave your shepherd pie!"

He smoothed his hair with a heavy, white hand, and still talking, took his place at the table, settling down to the business of eating with the greedy relish of one over-fond of food. Thelma regarded him with mingled affection and disapproval.

"Jerry," she said, "you're beastly selfish. You never contribute a cent to the expenses of this place, and yet you expect to live here. Do you think my salary will support the three of us?"

"Gosh, Thelma, I'm sorry," Jerry replied. Money seems to slip through my fingers. I'm always broke and I owe everybody. I've some pretty steep debts to pay off."

As he spoke, he looked at Thelma with such frightened blue eyes that she had an overwhelming premonition of trouble. Jerry upset about anything! The idea was laughable.

Surely nothing could disturb his gay conceit! As she listened to him talking about himself and his affairs, she felt she must have imagined that momentary expression of terror in his eyes.

LATER she wrapped herself in a thick coat and went for a solitary walk. It was raining in slow, heavy drops, and a strong wind was blowing. She walked rapidly to the outskirts of the city, turned off the main road in the direction of the river, and followed a narrow path which twisted its way through a thin forest. The warm rain beat on her face, which gleamed like an intense white light among the trees. The slumbering fires in her eyes glowed brightly. She was happy in a turbulent way, experiencing a

fierce delight in the darkness, in the rain, in the triumphant shriek of the wind as it fled by, and in the wailing of buffeted trees. Gone for the moment was the pale, almost sullen girl of the daytime, and in her place a goddess walked—a being unafraid, superb, athrill with a passionate purpose that life should not subdue her.

Rounding a sudden bend in the path, she almost collided with a tall man striding toward her, and to avoid an impact, put out her hands with a gesture of laughing dismay.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she exclaimed.

Vigorous walking and exultant thoughts had given her an unusual radiance, and the smile she gave the man had a joyous quality which matched her shining eyes and vivid face. Joy, however, could not hide the proud seriousness which was the essence of her beauty.

"Forgive me if I frightened you," said the man, in deep tones that were carried swiftly away by the flying wind.

Instead of continuing on his way he stood and regarded her with puzzled eyes. Then his face brightened with recognition and he cried:

"Well, if it isn't Thelma Rignault all grown up! Do you remember me, Thelma?"

Thelma looked mystified.

"I know your voice. It is Lloyd Manson's. But you can't be Lloyd. He was a pale, sickly lad and you are—"

"—a great, rough, red sailor, captain of the good ship 'High Hopes,' but Lloyd Manson, nevertheless," finished the man.

"A sailor!" Thelma exclaimed. "And you were always so determined to be an artist! You used to spend hours talking to father, or rather listening to him talk. I remember the awed, worshipful way you always looked at him as he talked about art and artists."

Lloyd laughed: "I soon realized I had neither the talent nor the temperament to be a painter. When Mother died eight years ago I shipped as a sailor on a merchant vessel bound for India. It's a great life—this wandering over the face of the globe. And now tell me, how is your father? I am looking forward to seeing him again."

Thelma gave a start of surprise.

"Didn't you hear of his death?" she asked.

"Good Lord, no! When?"

"Three years ago, in a miserable hole in Paris. It is seven years since he left us. He grew tired of struggling against poverty; sick of the prosaic responsibilities of a family. I suppose he thought he could become a great artist if he lived among congenial souls in Paris. He never came back and a year ago we heard of his death."

They were both silent for a moment, remembering the irresponsible, child-like man, whom they had loved so well. They had adored his intense blue eyes, his gay laughter, his swift, melodious speech, and his unquenchable passion for beauty.

Thelma broke the silence:

"Jerry has inherited some of Father's charm, but most of his failings as well. I am so afraid he will get into trouble some day."

"He was always an affectionate youngster," Lloyd returned. "I don't think he would do anything to hurt anyone. Let's see, he must be about twenty-one years old now. What does he do?"

"He's cashier and bookkeeper with a small brokerage company. It's a progressive concern, and he should do well, if only he would apply himself."

"Where are you working, Thelma?" Lloyd asked.

"I'm an insignificant cog in the machinery of a great shipping company. My work is monotonous and uninteresting. But don't talk about me! Tell me about yourself. I've merely existed all these years; you've been really living—seeing all kinds of people and places. Tell me about your wanderings."

They walked along the narrow path between tall trees, thinly leaved, which raised spidery branches into the dark sky, while Lloyd, with a restrained fervor that was characteristic of him, told Thelma of strange, far-off lands. He talked well, at times with a quick vigor and again with a slow, caressing inflection, using such colorful language that word-pictures he created seemed to palpitate with life.

"I know your voice. It is Lloyd Manson's. But you can't be Lloyd. He was a pale, sickly lad and you are . . ."







"Her words threw the quiet old room into confusion. She heard Lloyd's amazed protests, felt the servant's interested stare, and saw the bright eyes of the old man looking at her disapprovingly."

Thelma listened with wide, shining eyes, while her thoughts travelled the world over under the spell of Lloyd's pictures. She watched him with eager interest as he talked, and liked his full, mobile lips, the ruddy glow that warmed his bronzed face, and the rich tones of his voice.

By the time Lloyd had reached the end of his tale of adventure it had stopped raining. They had left the small forest and were walking along city streets, which were transformed into golden ways by the reflection of myriad lights in the wet pavement.

"So here I am," Lloyd concluded, "home for the first time in eight years, with a month's leave before me, and nothing to do with it, unless you take pity on me. Please do! Let's be very gay! I'll get a car and we'll take long drives along the riverside, and across this beautiful prairie. We'll dance, Thelma! I remember how you loved dancing as a child. And how we will talk!—reminiscing about the old days with your father and enjoying every minute of the present. I'll tell you what a beautiful woman you've grown to be—"

He stopped short, embarrassed by his own impetuous words. Thelma laughed joyously:

"It will be glorious to do all those things together, Lloyd! What good times we'll have! I want to hear more about your lazy little island in the South Seas, with its fat, tumbling brown babies and tall brown men and women, its hot sunshine and idleness."

She looked at him as she spoke with eyes that were like midnight pools reflecting a pale moon. They turned down a dark street and she pulled off her hat to let the wet wind blow through her hair. A passing car streamed its light upon her, surrounding her with a golden glory. In an instant it was dark again, and her face glimmered whitely amid the blackness of the night. Lloyd uttered a cry of admiration:

"Your loveliness has a deep magic in it!" he exclaimed.

It was late when they reached Thelma's door, and Lloyd left her regretfully, with a promise to call the next night.

**T**HELMA flew upstairs to her room and looked at herself wonderingly in the small mirror above her cheap dresser. This beautiful thing had happened to her! Her dark eyes looked deep into their reflection and her lips murmured snatches of what she was thinking.

"I am happy!" she whispered in awed tones.

Suddenly her door opened and Jerry burst into the room—a strange, pale Jerry with desperate eyes.

"Jerry!" she cried. "What is it?"

"I'm in a hell of a mess, Thelma! I've got to have five hundred dollars! I meant to pay it back, but the auditors are coming in a week. They will find out! It will mean jail for me! Thelma, where will I get the money? If only I can put it back before they come!"

His incoherent speech crashed roughly against the exquisite web of fancy Thelma had been spinning.

"What do you mean, Jerry! What are you saying?"

"I'm saying I stole five hundred dollars from the firm and now I've got to replace it before they find it out."

He slumped into a chair, his terror slightly abated now that he had thrust part of the burden on someone else.

"Oh, Jerry, why did you do it? Whatever possessed you to be such a fool?"

"I met the boss's daughter and acted big because I was crazy about her. Told her I had a private income. I swear I never meant to take so much money, but it mounted up and I kept meaning to pay it back."

"You miserable weakling!" Thelma exclaimed scornfully.

Her voice lashed him. She hurled harsh words at him in an effort to hurt him. Then abruptly she stopped talking and crumpled up wretchedly on the bed; but not to cry. Her spirit was too rebellious to succumb to the weak solace of tears. She had only stopped talking because she realized the futility of angry words in the present instance.

"Jerry," she said after a moment's silence, "surely you can borrow the money from some of the fine friends you fool around with. They ought to be able to scrape together five hundred dollars." Her voice was irony itself.

"I tried most of them tonight," returned Jerry, huddling dejectedly in his chair. "That's why I didn't tell you before. I was sure I could borrow it from them, but I've discovered that they're a poor bunch of swells—not a cent to give away!" Then, hopefully: "Perhaps you can borrow the money from the company you work for, Thelma."

Thelma laughed almost hysterically.

"You can bury that hope right now! They wouldn't advance me five dollars, let alone five hundred!" Then she added angrily: "Leave me alone! I want to think."

Jerry stood up and smoothed his hair nervously.

"I don't blame you for despising me," he said, "but you don't need to pile on the agony. I feel wretched enough."

Thelma relented at the sight of his woe, even while she reflected how like him it was to think always of his own feelings.

"I don't despise you, Jerry, but I do despise the thing you've done. Think of the shame of it! It will be a ghastly shock to mother—"

"For God's sake, don't tell her, Thelma! I'll get the money somehow."

"I certainly won't tell her until it's impossible to keep it from her. You have a week in which to try and borrow the money. Perhaps things will turn out all right."

When Jerry had gone she sat uncomfortably on a hard chair in a daze of despair. She had no real hope that he would be able to borrow five hundred

dollars, and failure would mean prison, disgrace, humiliation. What would Lloyd think? She could not endure the scorn of his gray eyes. He must not know! She remembered his saying years before to her father that society

must be protected against the weak as well as against the vicious. How hotly he had always argued against lawlessness of any kind! She shook her head rebelliously and her spirit rose in revolt. Why should she have to suffer for her brother's sin? Why had he the power to shatter for her the radiant world into which Lloyd had given her a glimpse?

Blue-gray dawn was stealing into the little room when she finally rose from her chair, and shivering with cold, undressed and crept into bed.

**W**HEN she greeted Lloyd in the narrow hall the next night, she wore a cheap, untrimmed black dress, which had the single virtue of being scanty, so that it revealed the smooth, white curve of her neck, her round, gleaming arms, and the slim shapeliness of her ankles. In the unshaded electric light her short, heavy black hair shone with mysterious lights and shadows and her eyes had a strange, lustrous quality. Lloyd marvelled that her beauty was great enough to disdain the depressing ugliness of the little hall, with its loudly-striped wall-paper, disfigured ceiling and badly warped floor.

Thelma was feverishly excited. In the foreground of her mind were heaped shining, jewel-like thoughts. Green-glittering, white-misted, red-glowing gems of delight they were. In the background hovered the black knowledge of Jerry's theft and the fear of its consequences. As she welcomed Lloyd she studied his face swiftly with the vague hope that it would give her an idea of what his judgment of Jerry would be. His mouth, his broad shoulders, his voice and his ruddy coloring suggested kindness and tolerance, but there was a Puritanical harshness in his gray-green eyes and sharply-moulded chin which impressed Thelma with a conviction that he would scorn weaklings and have no pity for law-breakers. When she remembered what she was hiding from him she felt like a criminal herself. Then she realized that he was looking at her with very evident pleasure and admiration. Reassured, she smiled happily at him.

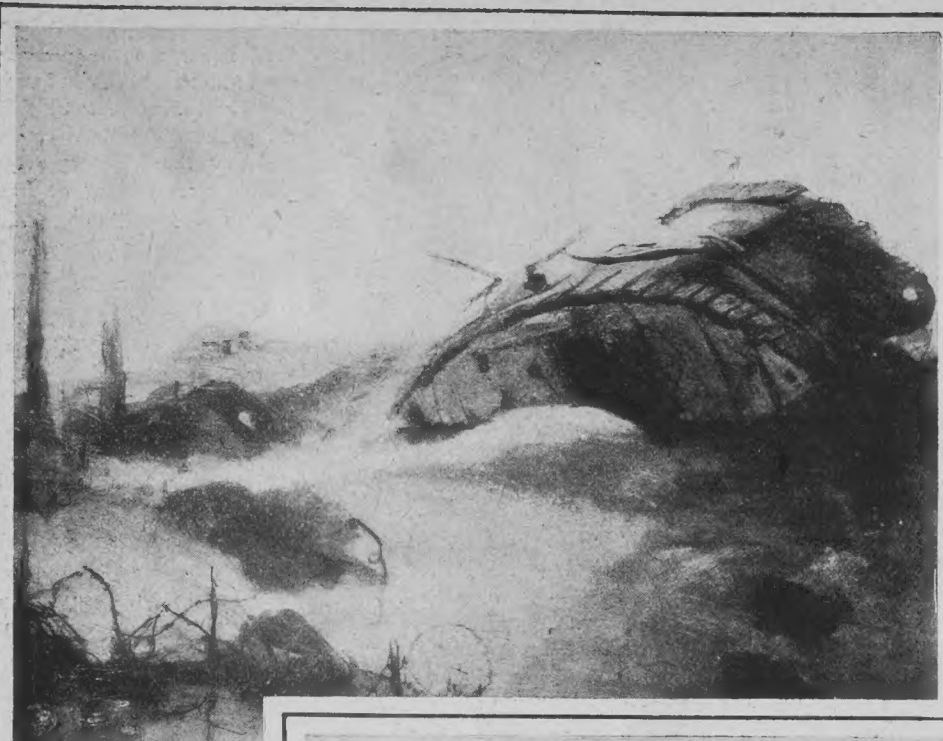
"It's good to see you again, Thelma," he said. "You know, when I woke up this morning I wondered if last night had been merely a glorious illusion!"

"There is nothing unsubstantial about me!" laughed Thelma. "Here comes Mother to renew acquaintance with you."

Mrs. Rignault displayed signs of emotion unusual with her when she saw Lloyd. He had been her

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*The Tank Cemetery  
at Zillebeke 1920  
(Painting in oils)*

## Jubilee Gift to From A Winnipeg Artist

landscape from which she drew her inspiration, and as worthy of remembrance by a grateful Canada, as those for whose sake she spent those years—the men of the Amputation Club of British Columbia.

She could not talk eloquently of their gallantry, she said; she could not write poems; she could only paint—and so the full story of what she accomplished by her divine gift of artistry is told in the collection of pictures now in possession of the Dominion for whom those broken soldiers of the King gave all they had.

The Amputation Club is composed of men who "have suffered amputation in the service of the British Empire with His Majesty's forces." So the woman heart of this Canadian artist bade her go to the devastated country and make a permanent record of the battlefields of France and Belgium, a record that might be shown in Canada for the benefit of the club.

Only real artists and those skilled in warfare can give an estimate of the value of the work involved. The monetary value, too, is very great, yet, after her solitary task of living in that dangerous region,

at her own expense and without any promise or expectation of reward except that of preserving the pictures of those battlefields before they were obliterated — those sacred places watered with the blood of Canada's brave sons — Mrs. Hamilton's success lies, she says, in having saved something for Canada that was in danger of being lost.

THE French Government was not slow to recognize the nobility of her purpose as well as the artistic value of her work. For the first time that the Foyer of the Opera, Paris, had been lent for such a purpose, Mrs. Hamilton's battlefield pictures were exhibited there, a special reason for this honor being a desire to fan public interest for the memorial fund to erect the monument in

IN THE handsome new building of the Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa, during Jubilee week, the 227 paintings, representing the work of Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, 1919-1921, were hung on the walls of the spacious gallery where the war trophies, posters and a number of official photographs of the war are also on view. As so many things intervened at that time the formal opening of the new building was deferred, but Dr. Arthur G. Doughty, Deputy Minister, Dominion Archivist and keeper of the records since 1904, and Captain Norman Fee, Chief of Division of Maps, were kept very busy receiving the scores of callers who visited the archives each day, the visitors including Lord and Lady Willingdon and many other distinguished guests.

With the exception of personal friends in Canada and painters with whom she studied and worked in Paris, Berlin, Holland and Italy, very few of her fellow-countrymen knew much of the work of Mary Riter Hamilton as an artist until August of last year. Then, chiefly through the good offices of a Winnipeg friend, Mrs. Robert Rogers, the public archives at Ottawa secured for the Canadian Government her very valuable collection of pictures. These paintings, representing the devastated areas of the battlefields of the Great War, have brought the artist into great prominence, not only in Ontario, her native province, but throughout the whole Dominion, also reviving interest in her work in the countries of Europe. The donation of her pictures to the archives at Ottawa is a most generous and valuable gift to her country, for they present the greatest story of the battlefields ever told on canvas, portraying the historic scenes accurately and understandingly.

The paintings are impressively inspirational and educational and convey the war story in thrilling and colorful array. They readily place Mrs. Hamilton in the first rank of Canadian painters.

The exhibition of these pictures in Paris and Amiens brought from European and American art critics such praise as "The work of a truly great artist; Mrs. Hamilton is easily Canada's greatest artist since the death of James Wilson Morrice, and is one of the most gifted women artists of any country. Were she a man she would be a world-wide celebrity."

It is only right that Canadians should know that Mrs. Hamilton, a professional artist, is as much a heroine by virtue of her three years' vigil in the dangerous and desolate regions of that war-scarred



*Mrs. Hamilton sketching prisoners of war in France*



*A drawing of  
the Lille Gate,  
1920*



# Canada's Archives

By Gay Page

memory of the victories of the Allies in the Somme. So great a success was the exhibition of her pictures in the Foyer of the Opera, Paris, and also in the Simonson Galleries, that Mrs. Hamilton was decorated with the purple ribbon of the Order of Public Instruction, as high a distinction as any woman can receive in France short of the rarely conceded Legion of Honor.

There were many cities in Europe coveting the honor of giving these war pictures a permanent home, but the artist refused to make any change in her original plans. "I painted them for the men of Canada," she said, "and so they must have them."

The exhibition in France greatly benefited the fund for the Allied Victories Memorial, and M. Berard, Minister of Public Instruction and Beaux Arts, decorated Mrs. Hamilton with the Palmes Academiques, and M. Klotz, president of the organization in charge of the inter-allies fund, also took occasion to congratulate the Canadian artist upon "her courage in visiting the most dangerous parts of the battlefields in order to commemorate the courage of others."

It was suggested that her work be permanently represented in that monument to the Allies which she had done so much to promote. Few greater compliments have been paid to a foreign artist by the French than that invitation to Mrs. Hamilton to loan her collection for exhibition in the Foyer of the Opera in aid of the magnificent inter-allied monument, the Pantheon of the Somme, which has been erected at the gates of Amiens to commemorate the bravery of the French, British, Canadian, American, Australian, New Zealand, South African and Indian troops. After using her pictures for this purpose Mrs. Hamilton brought them to Canada and some of the most remarkable have been reproduced in "Gold Stripe,"

the magazine published for a time by the Amputation Club and edited by J. A. Paton, one of the members, now reeve of Point Grey, British Columbia. Many of her pictures are still in Vancouver, in care of the Club.

Far from looking upon her work, accomplished under such difficulties, as a sacrifice, Mrs. Hamilton is proud of having had the privilege of arriving on the scene before it was too late to obtain a real impression. "If, as I have been told," she said, "there is much of the suffering and the heroism of the war in my pictures, it is because at that moment the spirits of those who fought and died seemed to linger in the air. Every splintered tree and scarred clod spoke of their broken bodies."

Ottawa now has the high honor of caring for this rare collection of pictures of that sacred ground pictured by Kipling in his poem for "The King's Pilgrimage":



Mrs. Hamilton today in her studio at Devon Court, Winnipeg



The corrugated movable hut, in which Mrs. Hamilton lived while in France—exceedingly cold in winter and very warm in summer



A painting of the ruins of Cloth Hall, Ypres

"Where once the bread-corn grew,  
And the fields were cankered and the water was defiled,  
And the trees were riven through;  
And there was neither paved highway  
Nor sacred path in the wood,  
But had borne its weight of the broken clay  
And darkened 'neath the blood  
Of five hundred thousand gentlemen  
Of those that served the King."

AT THE Simonson exhibition in Paris it was suggested that the series had resulted in a great epic poem-picture, the selected views being a few suggestive verses and, as one looks upon the charmingly depicted notations of color and atmosphere of Arras, Ypres, Dixmude and Menin, so valuable both historically and artistically, as commemorating phases rapidly changing, a saying of Rodin's comes to mind: "If there is one thing more beautiful than a masterpiece, it is a ruined masterpiece." Those who have had no opportunity of visiting the vast desert of the Somme may, by means of the collection in the archives at Ottawa, be given a vivid impression of the country where our men fell. They will recognize that more than technical skill was employed and that the artist was inspired for her task, colors of divinity playing about her, lifting her artist soul to "as high a plane of æsthetic excellence as anything that has been accomplished by the most famous French and English painters."

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"Wot shall it profit a man," said Mr. T. piously, "if 'e gain the 'ole world and lose 'is own soul? Eh, Midge? 'Ere that was my trick!"

## The Luck of the Tuffits

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrations by J. Clymer

IT WAS drawing very near to Christmas. Already through the streets, deeply blanketed in snow, were heard the first cheery seasonal greetings between friends and passers-by and there was a pleasant nip and a pleasant expectancy in the air. In windows of happy homes where there was rejoicing in the brief return of some member of the family scarlet wreaths were hung and everywhere festal preparations were going forward apace. It warmed the heart to know that this joyousness was being repeated in every town and village and in almost every home throughout the length and breadth of the prairie. Once again Christmas had rolled around.

The merry jingle of sleigh-bells, the ring of little children's voices, the echo of carols, and the whistling of Bill Tuffit—all contributed to the general sense of well-being. To be sure, Bill Tuffit's whistling wasn't an exclusively Yuletide feature. He whistled all the year round. For an individual who had endured such tough luck at the hands of fate he was something of a wonder, and certainly a most persistent optimist. Citizens pointed him out to strangers with a feeling almost of civic pride, much as they would have boasted of the fountain in the square that bubbled continuously through the greater part of the year, or of the sturdy row of grain elevators down at the tracks. Just the same, Bill was no male Pollyanna, only a rotund little man with rather prominent eyes and the friendly manner of a trusting spaniel. His smile was as good as a handshake and his "Cheerio" did your heart good. Everybody liked him—everybody except Lady Luck, and that was strictly her own short sightedness and misfortune. If love is blind, so, too, is Luck at times.

Mr Tuffit might always be heard whistling on his way home of an evening—till he drew within earshot of his own bungalow, when this outward manifestation of cheerfulness was abruptly checked. Partly subconscious and partly a safety-first measure was this, for until it could be ascertained what sort of twist Mrs. T. was in 'twere better to walk warily. Not that the missus was a woman of violence—oh, no. She never threw rolling-pins or screamed invectives at him for all the neighbors to hear. Sometimes he wished she would. You can answer a rolling-pin with a poker, and you can talk back to a lady who uses cuss-words. But what retaliation can be made to such doleful expressions of settled melancholy as: "Make a row and be 'appy, that's right—and my pore 'ead ready to split!" Or: "I'll be took off one o' these days with my 'eart and then you can step out agine with the gels!"

But Mr. Tuffit was the soul of optimism and it's hard to keep the whistle of a whistling man down. So once more he was making the long reaches of his homeward way melodic with trilling bursts of "Just One More Little Kiss Before We Part," varied with snatches of "Old Kent Road," and always just enough off-key for friends and neighbors sitting at their evening meal to identify him and to remark:

"There goes Bill Tuffit home to his supper." To-night he actually reached his own doorstep before he bethought himself and broke off. Very carefully he wiped his feet clean on the worn cocoanut mat and, this ceremony over, he opened the door, entered the house and, gently closing the door after him, proceeded to step across the hallway something after the manner of a cat walking on hot bricks.

MRS. TUFFIT was standing over the kitchen range stirring something in a pan. The red flannel bandage she wore about her face proclaimed the familiar and depressing news of another neuralgic attack and the look she turned on her husband was one of fixed and profound gloom.

"Ave you forgot what day this is?" she demanded, reproachfully.

"Wot day?" Mr. Tuffit looked momentarily startled and his eye wandered to the calendar over the kitchen table. "Well, it ain't Sunday, is it?" he added sturdily.

"Go on and joke, do. S'pose you're ready for a good big supper too, and this the twenty-second of December!" she sniffed.

Mr. Tuffit's mouth opened and then closed again. His manner became crestfallen and apologetic.



"Everybody liked him—except Lady Luck, and that was strictly her own short-sightedness and misfortune."

"Blimey" he muttered, as he threw off his coat and turned to the sink for his evening wash-up. "So help me, I did forget."

"And that ain't all either," his wife went on in a heavy voice with another tearful sniff, for my dear little Tweedledee 'asn't come 'ome and I just know 'e's been and got run over or something. I

'ad a dream larst night—"

"I've a bit o' good news," Mr. Tuffit broke in, heading off the dream. He rubbed his face with the kitchen towel until it glowed.

"About Tweedledee?" his wife asked eagerly.

"No, about a job I was after."

"Well," she demanded, holding the kettle poised and gazing at him steadily, "did you land it—that's the main thing." Then without waiting for his reply: "Don't tell me you landed it, cos I wouldn't believe you."

"I think I've got it—" Mr. Tuffit threw the towel back on its hanger and pulled down his cuffs.

"Oh, 'e only thinks 'e got it! I thought so!"

"They told me to come back agine tomorrow. That sounds a bit 'opeful, don't it?"

"Huh," said Mrs. Tuffit shortly. "And when you go back tomorrow you'll find a younger man 'as got it. Mark my words."

So many of his wife's prophecies came true that Mr. Tuffit was cowed into silence and some of her pessimistic spirit transmitted itself to him, so that he sighed as he combed his hair over the spreading bald spot on the top of his head. To conceal this required some ingenuity.

"Carn't 'elp my looks, can I?" he muttered. With my 'at on I look as young as I ever did."

"Getting a stummick on you, that's wot." She eyed him critically, up and down. "Oh, no, 'at or no 'at you look all o' forty-six, but you could make yourself more up-and-coming if you wanted to."

"Well, 'ow?" he wanted to know.

"You'll do it fast enough after I go," she returned, dismally. "Stepping out with the gels, that's wot you'll be doing."

"Well," said Mr. Tuffit, cheerfully, "in the meanwhile I'd like a bite to eat."

"Set in, then," she invited, "I carn't eat nothing myself."

MRS. TUFFIT cast a mournful glance across the kitchen and into the dimly-lighted living-room beyond, where, just visible through the door was a picture that hung on the wall with a wreath about it of shiny dark leaves. It was an enlarged photograph of a boy perhaps fourteen years of age. Eight years ago today her son Horace had run away from home and he hadn't been heard from since. Mr. Tuffit had always maintained that he ran away with a circus, as boys will, though where you could find a circus on the prairies in the month of December was a question. Mrs. Tuffit blamed a show that had been in town, and possibly she was right. Anyway, young Horace's disappearance had taken place while his father had been absent in the city looking for work and it had become the



town's chief mystery. Everybody, including even his parents, had given the youth up for dead. Eight years is a long time and it can blot out many memories, or at least cover them with a haze of indistinctness. Only the boy's mother insisted on keeping a sad anniversary every year. It gave her a melancholy kind of satisfaction, not to say pleasure.

Mr. Tuffit washed down his meal with four cups of tea, but his wife only nibbled a bite and about eight o'clock the Midge dropped in for a little game of whist.

"I can't play no whist tonight—my 'eart's too 'eavy," Mrs. Tuffit proclaimed mournfully. "I might take a 'and at euchre, maybe, she added, for she knew that Mrs. Midge disliked euchre.

The four sat in, Mr. Midge and Mrs. Tuffit playing partners. Mr. Midge was a tall, spare man with a thin thatch of sandy hair atop a narrow head. He had pronounced religious tendencies—passed the plate at church—but his scruples against the sins and vanities of this world didn't extend to the point of despising a good game with stakes not higher than a dollar. Mrs. Midge was a plump, frivolous little woman, a trifle hard of hearing.

"And how is poor, dear Mrs. Tuffit?" she inquired with much seeming solicitude. "Did the little dog come home yet?"

"My 'eart's broke," Mrs. Tuffit declared, with a shake of her head. She had removed the red flannel and wore a boudoir cap instead.

"What does she say?" Mrs. Midge asked of her host.

"She says as 'ow 'er heart's broke . . . Your play, Midge," Mr. Tuffit answered.

"It seems like everything I love 'as to be took from me," Mrs. T. went on with a sigh. "Look! Bill's gone and trumped your ace, Mrs. Midge! My only son goes and runs off with a show—"

"It was a circus, I tell you," her husband put in. "What are you going to make it, Bill?" asked Mr. Midge.

"I make it clubs."

"Talk about 'ard luck. And Tuffit's been 'untin' work for months and found nothing but odd jobs. Then Tweedledee goes and gets run over—" Mrs. T. again sighed over her melancholy litany. "We might better 'ave stayed in 'Oxton. We 'aven't 'ad no luck out 'ere."

"We did 'ave a bit o' luck on the start. 'Ad a nice little 'ouse before the war. I put it up with my own 'ands," Mr. Tuffit said with some pride.

"Me passing 'im up the 'ammer and the nails and 'olding the ladder," added his wife. "Don't forget I 'elped some, Bill Tuffit."

"What became of the house?" asked Mr. Midge.

"Oh, 'e 'ad to go and sell it and 'e made a bad bargain," answered Mrs. T. "Cos why? Cos 'e ain't no business man, that's why. The fellow 'e sold it to trimmed 'im good and proper." Mrs. T's tone was acid.

"Wot shall it profit a man," said Mr. T. piously, "if 'e gain the 'ole world and lose 'is own soul? Eh, Midge? 'Ere, that was my trick!"

"Nothing like keeping cheerful," suggested Mr. Midge.

"Orl right for you to talk—you're a plumber," retorted Mrs. Tuffit, with some resentment.

"Mrs. T. thinks I ain't young-looking enough and that's why I can't get work."

"Rubbish!" declared Mr. Midge. "Why, you're just in the prime o' life, man. Look at me. Wouldn't think I was the father of a twenty-year-old daughter, would you? I tell you, nobody can call us back numbers. Why, I shave every day. You can ask Mrs. Midge."

"What was that?" inquired his wife. "Do I pass? I should say so. I've got a terrible hand."

"Watch me. From now on I shave every day too," Mr. Tuffit declared. "Wot's more I'm a-going to 'ave one o' these faice massadges." (He pronounced it as though to rhyme with sossidges) "Yessir, and then I shall 'ave a manicure—"

"Just wot I allus say. 'E's only waiting for 'is pore wife to be took off!"

"Now, Mrs. T!"

"Don't speak to me, you brute," retorted Mrs. T. with spirit.



"Oh, Bill, why wasn't you bright enough to go into the plumbing business!"

"I've just as good as got a job, anyway," said Mr. Tuffit.

"What kind of a job is it?" inquired Mr. Midge.

"Car demonstrator with the Rolls-Over Company. Me 'aving been a shuffer 'once I know that car like I know the palm of me 'and. Wot I don't know about the Rolls-Over aint' worth talking about." Mr. Tuffit spoke with proud conviction and swelled out his chest.

"A younger man'll get it—you wait and see," said his wife dolefully.

"Cheerio Mrs. T! Think o' the joy-rides we'll be 'aving."

"'E wants to kill me—wants to pitch me out on my 'ead. Then 'e'll be be rid o' me," his wife assured them all. "Larst night I 'ad a dream—"

"What does she say?" asked Mrs. Midge, head on one side.

"It's all along o' Tweedledee," explained Mr. Tuffit. "Ten-year-old 'e was and 'is teeth all gorn but she loved 'im like the apple of 'er heye. 'E 'ad fleas, too," he added as an afterthought.

"Fleas!" cried Mrs. Tuffit, outraged. "Is pore wife's 'eart bleeding and Tuffit can sit there and talk about fleas!"

"I think we better be getting along home," suggested Mr. Midge, after about an hour's play. "Jessie'll be wondering what's happened to us."

"Oh, she won't worry—not if she's got 'er young man in," said his host. "Nice-looking gel that gel o' yours, Midge."

"Takes after her father," said that worthy.

"Yes, she does," retorted Mrs. Midge, who for once had heard aright. "She's a pretty particular girl, let me tell you, too. As you say, she may have a young man in, but then she's got so many admirers. Just like I used to be."

"She hasn't settled on any young man yet, then?"

"I should say not. Our daughter is going to marry well, eh, Alf?"

Mrs. Midge drew on her new fur coat as she spoke. It had a big fluffy collar and was lined with flowered satin.

"Christmas present?" inquired Mrs. Tuffit, passing her hand over its rich softness.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" answered its proud owner, with a bland and superior smile. "Alf here gave me it yesterday. This is the first time I've had it on. Nice for driving, isn't it?"

"Driving! Don't mean to say you've got a car?" Mr. Tuffit turned to his friend Midge in surprise.

"Oh, yes, I got a little bus for the women-folks," was the careless reply. "A Fierce-Sparrow."

"We'll stop by and take you for a spin some afternoon," offered Mrs. Midge, with smiling condescension. "Poor Mrs. Tuffit looks as though she could do with some fresh air."

"Cat!" muttered Mrs. Tuffit, when the door had closed upon the Midge.

Mr. Tuffit yawned and pulled out his old silver watch, which he proceeded to give its nightly winding.

"You just wait till I get that job," he said soothingly. "and you and me'll not 'ave to tike any dust off the Midge or anybody else."

Mrs. Tuffit eyed her better half with narrowed gaze and set her arms akimbo.

"And do you know wot's going to 'appen if you don't get it?" she inquired, breathing heavily through her nose. As he didn't reply she delivered her ultimatum, in cold, level tones: "If you don't land that job, Bill Tuffit, you and me are going to move east."



"Be 'ome early, I shall need you to roll up the rugs and tike down the pipes."

"Move east!" echoed Mr. Tuffit, in a daze.

"—to live with 'Enrietta and 'er 'usband," Mrs. Tuffit ended, firmly.

POOR Mr. Tuffit looked at her in speechless amazement. Fate could hold no more dismal prospect than that he should be life-sentenced to dwell with 'Enrietta and her husband. *In the east too.*

"'Ave a 'eart, Mrs. T," he protested. "I know you've theratened that before but I never took you serious. 'Ave a 'eart."

"I've got a 'ead and that's better," she returned smartly.

As he looked at his wife and saw no relenting in her set expression Mr. Tuffit realized that there was but one thing to do, if he had to break his neck to accomplish it. *He must get that job with the Rolls-Over people.* Failing that, he must seem to fall in with her scheme about going east and then perhaps she might decide, feminine-like, to change her mind. Mr. T. hadn't been married upwards of twenty years for nothing.

"Well," he said with another yawn, "'ave your own way, Mrs. T, if it's going to make you 'appy. We should all be 'appy at this season," he added.

"Fine Christmas this is going to be," she sniffed.

Mr. Tuffit caught the hint of a sob underneath her sarcasm and he awkwardly put an arm about her.

"Now you listen 'ere," he said. "Maybe that Midge woman 'as got a fur coat and a car, but that don't make 'er any better than my wife."

Mrs. Tuffit broke down and wept on his shoulder.

"N-no, but with that old winter coat I-ve worn f-for nine years I look like something that was p-picked up at a blessed rummage sale," she sobbed. "Oh, Bill, why wasn't you bright enough to go into the plumbing business!"

"Wot shall it profit a man—" he was beginning, somewhat facetiously when she cut in sharply. Mrs. T. was herself again.

"You quit preaching, Bill Tuffit! I won't tike it off you!" she declared.

NEXT morning Mr. Tuffit dressed with unusual care, starting the ceremony with a series of setting-up exercises designed to offset the encroachments of middle-age. He put on his best suit, a black one, the trousers of which still retained traces of their pristine crease, and he transferred his service button from the lapel of his everyday coat to this Sunday-go-to-meeting one, first polishing it vigorously with his elbow. Then he disinterred a black tie from the jumble in the top drawer of his dresser, and spent ten minutes tying and re-tying it. Finally he brought forth his bowler hat—in spite of his wife's protestations that he'd freeze his ears—and he set it on his head at a jaunty angle. Mrs. T. so strongly objected to his tie, on seeing it, that he took it off and replaced it with one that took an automatic grip of the collar-button and stayed put, but he positively refused to change his headgear. Finally, a generous application of polish to his almost-worn-out boots rendered them rather less noticeable, and anyway, as he said: "'Oo's going to look at a blighter's feet when 'e's a-setting in a car!"

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SECOND  
INSTALMENT

"See here, Miss Wentworth," he began impetuously; "I've come to you twice and spoken fairly to you. Maybe you see now that you would have been wiser to have met me in the same spirit. Come, now, are we to work together as friends or not?"

# The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau

Author of "Wooden Spoil," "The Big Muskeg," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Clymer

AT HALF past seven in the evening Joan descended from the train at Lancaster station, after an all-day ride.

It was like going home. Joan could not see her village, which was on a branch line, but at Medlington she was only four miles away. There were the same misty mountains, breaking the horizon line, the same small, straggling towns, the same fragrance of the deep forests, bringing back to her those remembrances which a chance odor suddenly unlooses, as at the touch of some magician's stave. The two years that she had spent at Avonmouth seemed to slip out of her recollection.

As the afternoon flew by the distant mountains changed into a semi-circle of irregular heights. Now the train was climbing into the foothills. It was a lonely land. This was further in the back country than Joan had ever been. The villages were becoming mere clusters of negro cabins. There had been two changes of trains and each time the coach became shabbier and more disreputable and more impregnated with tobacco smoke. The character of Joan's fellow-travelers changed as well. They were more uncouth, they wore chin beards and rough store suits; they sat perspiring and collarless, the soft hats pulled over their foreheads. But she looked at them with the loving appreciation of her own people that was in her heart, and they, in the presence of the pretty girl who was travelling alone, displayed the innate courtesy of the Southerner.

The sun descended; it was gilding the whole land with level rays of gold and dancing on the horizon like a red ball when the train pulled into Lancaster, the last station before Millville, the terminus. Joan got down and looked about her.

The station was a tiny place and seemed deserted. The booking office was closed. In the waiting room, appearing almost to fill it, was a stout negress with a dozen parcels; from the wicker sides of one two hen's heads with blinking eyes protruded. Outside a ramshackle buggy, with a lean chestnut

horse attached, was drawn up to the edge of the muddy road.

A well-dressed young mountain boy in a hard felt hat was standing beside it. As Joan came out of the station he turned toward her, took off his hat, and bowed. "Miss Wentworth?" he inquired, in a well-bred tone.

"Yes. You are from the Institute?"

"Yes, Miss Wentworth. Mrs. Fraser will be expecting you." He looked beyond her, and Joan, turning, perceived to her discomfiture the man Myers, in his hard hat. He must have travelled up in the train with her.

Myers came forward, taking off his hat grudgingly. "Miss Wentworth, I'm sorry if I annoyed you last night," he said. "I ought to have explained to you that I'm the secretary of the institution. I guess my manners ain't very good, but I meant no harm."

Joan, who had witnessed his presence with consternation, now felt a sudden reaction from her fears. Of course, Myers' explanation made the situation intelligible.

She bowed, and he turned to the boy. "You can take Miss Wentworth up," he said. "I'll find a buggy somewhere."

As there was only room for two in the buggy, Joan did not demur to the proposition. She stepped in, the young man holding out his hand to guard her dress from the wheel. Joan glanced at the man with momentary interest. He had the appearance of a gentleman, and the manners of one. There was no hint of either servility or presumption, and yet there was a sort of independence about the man which fitted him admirably. He flicked the horse, and the buggy began to crawl out of the station yard along the single street of a tiny village, straggling up hill. It was a white village, but clusters of shanties a little back among the pines betrayed the presence of the black element. There was a store or two, their fronts plastered with tobacco and baking powder advertisements, and in front of each stood a gaunt, yellow-faced hillman, chewing and gazing after the buggy with unanimated face.

"This is Lancaster?" asked Joan.

"Yes, Miss Wentworth."

"The people here look depressed."

"There's a good deal of sickness, Miss Wentworth. Hookworm, and what they used to call malaria. But there isn't any malaria here; it's bad diet—salt pork and soda biscuits. And there's pellagra; it's been here for generations, but it wasn't till last year that the medical commission discovered it."

The coachman's knowledge might have been ludicrous in most men of his class, but there was nothing ridiculous in the grave, refined face of the young mountaineer. He must have picked up some knowledge at the Institute, thought Joan.

But it's healthy up in the hills, Miss Wentworth," he added. "This village is Millville. They used to grow cotton in the valley over yonder, but the

## Summary of First Instalment

Joan Wentworth, orphaned in her early girlhood, finds herself in the position of having to earn her own living immediately. Her natural bent is towards nursing and she succeeds in getting on the nursing staff of the famous Southern Hospital, owned by Dr. Lancaster. Although a capable administrator and a marvellous surgeon, Dr. Lancaster is hated and feared by the whole staff. According to common report there is a certain amount of mystery in connection with his early life and the terrified nurses attribute his violent outbursts of temper to prolonged drinking bouts. Joan, however, gets along very well in her chosen profession until one day, when taking part in her first surgical operation, her brain becomes slightly confused through the unaccustomed fumes of ether and her movements are not quick enough to satisfy the exacting requirements of the irascible Lancaster, who recommends her dismissal to the Board. Alarmed at the hopelessness of her future, Joan puts her pride in her pocket and the same night calls at Lancaster's home, pleading for reinstatement. He promises, but only on condition that first of all she undertake temporary work at a small hospital in the country, in which he is interested. She accepts.



frost killed the crops three years ago, and the mill fell into ruin. Quite a little water power in that stream."

The buggy ascended a steeper grade, the horse breaking into a short gallop near every summit, and then resuming its leisurely crawl.

"That's the institute, Miss Wentworth," the coachman continued, pointing toward a straggling building up a little plateau. It had the appearance of a large but rather dilapidated farmhouse. "It's three miles by the road," he added, "but less than a mile over the hills."

The horse had stopped to gain breath again. Looking back, Joan saw a white line that crept upward over the rocky slopes almost direct from the station to the building. Half way up was a little speck of black that seemed to move. Joan knew it was Myers' hard hat, his body being hidden from view among the bushes. She shuddered slightly; the man was very repugnant to her.

The horse went on again, the road winding uphill through pastures gay with buttercups and white with little branched asters. It dipped between hedgerows pink with meadowsweet. The sun had set, but its light still gilded the hills. The scene was very peaceful. Now the Institute seemed to swing out from among the undulations of the mountain flanks immediately in front of them.

The buggy came to a standstill before the long wooden building, which was of unshingled boards and very much the worse for weather. It had not been painted for years, and two windows in one wing were broken. A patch of weedy, unmown lawn extended between what had once been hedges, but were now mere tangles of undergrowth. Nearby was a large enclosure in which were a few chickens, picking for grains of corn, and a cow at pasture turned her head and gazed at them placidly.

The door opened and a pleasant-looking woman came forward.

"How do you do, Miss Wentworth," she said. "I am the matron, Mrs. Fraser. Doctor Lancaster telegraphed about your coming. I'll show you to your room and your supper will be ready in a few minutes."

Joan descended. The driver, who had leaped to the ground, held his hand over the wheel, but did not offer it to her. Then he re-entered the buggy, and, rather to Joan's surprise, drove off along the road by which they had ascended.

THE girl, after a moment's hesitation, preceded Mrs. Fraser into the building. She saw a long corridor, with a number of doors on either side, and the stairs in front of her.

"You would like to see the building, Miss Wentworth?" asked the matron. "Or perhaps you are tired and would prefer to go to your room."

"No, I should like to see it. Have you many patients?"

"Only Mrs. Dana. She's always here, you know. There was a boy with a broken arm, but he left this morning. In winter, though, we're often crowded. It isn't much of a place, Miss Wentworth, but we do a little good. This is the doctor's apartment. He sleeps here; next door is the clinic, and next to that the operating room. Here we keep the supplies. This is my room. Mr. Myers, the secretary, has his room opposite the doctor's. This is the dining room, and here is the kitchen. Now I'll show you your room upstairs, Miss Wentworth."

The corridor above was a replica of the one below. At the head of the stairs a little passage branched off toward a large window in the wall, with a door to one side of it.

"Mrs. Dana occupies this room," said the matron. "Perhaps the doctor mentioned her?"

"Doctor Lancaster said something——"

"She is out of her mind, poor woman, but she is perfectly quiet. You see, Miss Wentworth, she is like an infant mentally. She will not trouble you. Excuse me a moment."

She drew a key from the bunch that hung at her waist and unlocked the door very softly, and with a certain furtiveness, Joan thought. Looking in, the girl saw a strikingly handsome woman of about seven and thirty years, seated in a chair beside a window, with a shawl over her knees. She was in a dressing gown, and her hair hung over her shoulders in two braids. She did not look up or stir as the matron entered, and Mrs. Fraser, after closing the door behind her, presently came out and locked it again.

"I'll show you your room now, Miss Wentworth," she said. "You will be alone on this floor except for Mrs. Dana, but you are not afraid of her?"

"Not in the least. Is she incurable?"

"Yes, quite, poor thing. She has sat in that chair all day for nearly three years."

"And never goes out?"

"Out? No, we don't let her out. It might excite her. But I am not supposed to speak about cases. It's very sad though. She comes of a very good family, and they neglected her when she was in trouble, Miss Wentworth, and she's as good as dead to everyone now. She never speaks, but I don't know whether she could. I've never heard her since I came here three years ago. This is the ward. And this is your room."

The open doors along the corridor had revealed clean little rooms with iron bedsteads and plain furniture; the room at the end of the passage, however, was well furnished, with a heavy new carpet and old mahogany furniture. Outside the window, through the twilight, appeared the distant mountains.

Joan, turning, was surprised to see Mrs. Fraser watching her intently. As their eyes met the matron lowered her own in some confusion. There was a furtiveness about her glance that momentarily revived Joan's uneasiness. It was a strange journey, and Doctor Lancaster's behavior had been strange. Then there was the man Myers. Joan felt a sudden sinking of the heart; she was almost regretful that she had come.

A colored maid brought up her suitcase.

"This is Lucy," said the matron. "She will do anything you tell her. She sleeps overhead in the attic. And my room is underneath," she added; "so if you should want anything at any time, just tap on the radiator, and I'll come up at once. And supper will be ready as soon as you are."

In the hall Joan found Mrs. Fraser, ten minutes later, talking to the secretary.

"Miss Wentworth, this is Mr. Myers," she began.

"We've met already," said Myers, scrutinizing her closely. He seemed now to wear the same furtive air as Mrs. Fraser; it seemed part of the atmosphere of the institution. Joan had perceived it in the coachman, too.

"Miss Wentworth is to have charge of the nursing under Doctor Jenkins," said Mrs. Fraser.

"I hope I shan't conflict with——" began Joan, doubtfully.

"Not at all, not at all," said Myers, speaking with false heartiness. "I hope you will all get along well together."

Joan refused to face the problem of Myers' undoubted hostility. She went into the dining room, and found to her relief that the table was only laid for one.

"Mr. Myers has had supper?" she asked.

"You are to have your meals alone, Miss Wentworth," answered the matron.

"But I should not wish——"

"It is the doctor's orders," said Mrs. Fraser, in a tone of finality.

Coming in with the dessert, Mrs. Fraser found her nodding at the table. The girl had begun to feel an intense fatigue after the all-day journey. She began to realize, too, that her work at the hospital had been harder than she had known.

"I believe I shall go straight to bed," she said.



He fought furiously, tossing her this way and that until he flung her across the room. He had got the drawer open when she grappled with him again

"The best thing you can do, Miss Wentworth. Everybody feels sleepy when they first arrive here. It's the hill air. You must rest well, Miss Wentworth, and please remember it's you who give the orders."

She preceded her up the stairs, carrying an oil lamp. She set it down in Joan's room, and then she seemed to hesitate.

"Miss Wentworth," she said, "the doctor wants us to do everything we can to make you comfortable. There isn't likely to be any work unless some patient comes in. You were not to attend to Mrs. Dana, I think."

"I was told not."

"That's so, Miss Wentworth." The matron's air was a very decided one, and again conveyed the impression of something hidden, which was, further, meant to remain hidden. "The doctor wired me that. I don't suppose he said anything about Mrs. Dana to you? Or—or Mr. Myers?"

Her stealthy watchfulness now seemed of ominous portent, and the matron made no attempt to suppress the eagerness with which she awaited Joan's answer.

"No, Doctor Lancaster said nothing," answered the girl.

Then, seeing that the matron was still regarding her doubtfully, she added:

"But is not Doctor Jenkins resident here? I have not seen him yet, you know."

The matron stared at her in astonishment. "Why, Miss Wentworth, that was Doctor Jenkins who drove you up from the station! Didn't you know?" she asked.

"That was Doctor Jenkins?"

"I thought Doctor Lancaster would have told you about him. He's a graduate of Johns Hopkins. Old Doctor Lancaster wanted to build up an institution here where we hill people could work among our own. But the plan fell through. You see, the hospital in Avonmouth got hold of most of the money and then—there were other difficulties. I don't know about them—I've only been here three years, and Doctor Jenkins wasn't graduated then, and we never pay attention to the gossip of the villagers."

She checked herself hastily, as if she were afraid of compromising herself.

"Doctor Jenkins has given up his life to the work here," she continued. He lives at Millville, but we hope some time that Doctor Lancaster will build up the place again, if only—if only—"

There was almost a look of agony on her face, and again she turned her eyes upon Joan's face as if to search out her thoughts. Then, with an abrupt "good-night," she turned away.

Joan called to her as she was leaving the room. "Mrs. Fraser," she said, "I understood there was a patient here besides Mrs. Dana."

The matron turned slowly round. "There was a boy who left this morning," she said inquiringly.

"But I understood from Doctor Lancaster—at least, he didn't tell me so in so many words, but he gave me to understand that there was a special case here, requiring care and sympathy."

The matron stared at her. "No, there's nobody," she said. "Nobody except—"

Suddenly she uttered a convulsive sound, and, putting her hands over her face, ran from the room. Joan heard her stumbling down the corridor outside as if she had gone blind.

She stood irresolute in her room. Her sleepiness was gone; she was afraid, and she seemed to have got out of her depth. It had begun with John Lancaster's strange behavior in his office the evening before. She had not been able then to reconcile him in any way with the Lancaster whom she had seen, smug, self-satisfied and vain, in the operating room, the bully who kept the nurses in agitation and fear, though he was the traditional John Lancaster of whom she had heard. Then there was the man Myers, equally strange; and the matron. Some mystery was at the heart of it; and Joan was the more afraid because the reason for her fear was unknown to her.

Her sleepiness was gone. She stood beside the window, looking out into the darkness. A whisperwill was calling monotonously among the pines; here and there among the hills a solitary light was twinkling. The air was cool and balsam-scented. It was like the dearly remembered days at home. But in the heart of that peace was misapprehension.

Looking back now, Joan thought that she had undertaken a rash and extraordinary adventure in coming so far from Avonmouth alone, and at the proposal of a man whose reputation was an evil one. She would go home on the morrow.

Something was wrong, and in spite of his apparent kindness an inner prompting warned her to beware of Lancaster. He was at the heart of all this, and had enmeshed her in some scheme for his own purposes. She locked her door and went to bed, to sleep restlessly.

WHEN she awakened it was morning. The sun was streaming brightly into the room. Through the window Joan saw a scene of exquisite beauty in the rolling hills, the winding road, the forest glades. Underneath the chickens were scrambling for the corn which the matron was flinging to them. A thousand birds were awing, the universal robin and the bluebird of her beloved home. The dew lay heavy on the leaves and grass. Joan felt a sudden ecstasy. This was her own country, and she had come back to it. Her fears were dissipated with the night shadows.

She would remain. She decided that while she was dressing. And yet a doubt was in her heart. And with it came the remembrance of something that had disturbed her during the night. Filtering into her consciousness came the recollection of an automobile rolling up to the door, and of men's voices conversing in low tones under her window. Then the machine had rolled away. It must have been about two in the morning.

Perhaps a patient had been brought to the Institute, thought the girl, as she went downstairs. Mrs. Fraser's door was closed, and the only person astir seemed to be the colored maid, who nodded and smiled as she looked up from her sweeping. Joan began to pace the long verandah in front of the building, looking out across the hills and thinking over her situation.

Perhaps it was only morbidness, or mental fatigue, that had made her read things in the faces of Myers and Mrs. Fraser which did not exist there. Perhaps the day would disclose her position more definitely.

She was walking past the open door of the building when she saw a man leaving the doctor's room. It was Myers, the secretary. He saw Joan and came out briskly upon the verandah.

"Good morning, Miss Wentworth," he said, in his rasping tones. "Pleasant weather, isn't it? Much better here than in the heat of Avonmouth."

"How do you do, Mr. Myers," said Joan, trying to overcome her instinctive disgust of the man. "You have a new patient here, haven't you?"

He looked at her with a sort of quizzical shrewdness. "What makes you think that, Miss Wentworth?" he inquired.

"I thought I heard an auto drive up to the Institute last night."

Myers looked at her in the same manner. "The doctor came back last night unexpectedly," he said.

"But I thought Doctor Jenkins lived at Millville?"

"Not Jenkins, Miss Wentworth. Doctor Lancaster."

"Why," stammered the girl, "I must have misunderstood, then, I hope Doctor Lancaster is not ill. He was looking unwell when I saw him the day before yesterday."

"That's just what you might have told me when I asked you about him," said Myers triumphantly.

"Well, Miss Wentworth, if you are going to ask me questions I suppose I can ask you questions?"

"If I can answer them."

"Precisely," said the other. "I want to know if you can answer them. Now let's be frank. What do you know about all this?"

"I beg your pardon?" Joan inquired, declining his invitation to seat herself beside him.

"About all this," repeated Myers. "Come now, you know what I mean as well as I do. How did Doctor Lancaster come to engage you?"

"If you have really a right to know, Mr. Myers,"

said Joan, "you had better ask Doctor Lancaster himself."

"Oh, all right," said Myers huffily. "Only the time will come when you'll wish you'd been frank with me. If we put all our cards on the table we can have a frank look into the situation."

"Really, Mr. Myers, I had no idea that I had come to a gambling house," said Joan, more nettled by the familiarity in his tone than by the words. "I have no cards at all, as you term it. I am simply an employee of Doctor Lancaster, and if that is not satisfactory to you I must refer you to him."

Myers grew red. His short, stocky figure with the wide shoulders looked abominably mean as he planted himself upon the porch and surveyed Joan with a furtive, sneering expression. He was not in any sense a gentleman; just a low class of bully, as Joan could plainly see from his gestures, even if his next words had not made this plain.

"So that's your attitude, is it?" he said, jerking out the words between his teeth. "All right, Miss Wentworth, you and I will play our hands separately. Don't come to me afterwards, though, and say I didn't warn you. And if you don't like my ways and speech, and think I'm too ordinary for your taste, here comes the doctor! Go and make a complaint about me!"

Joan, turning from the man in disgust, saw Lancaster standing at the door. She went toward him, and then she looked at him in consternation. For Lancaster was undeniably ill. His face was a dead white, and he was leaning on a stick, as if to support himself.

"Doctor Lancaster—" Joan began.

He straightened himself with an effort, held out his hand and took her own. "I am very glad you came, Miss Wentworth," he said. "I hope you like the Institute?"

Myers, who had come up and planted himself between them, flung out his challenge.

"She likes the Institute all right, Doctor," he said, with a short laugh, "but I reckon she don't like me. Bad taste, I call it. What do you say, Doctor?"

There was an indescribable insolence in the man's tone. Joan looked for one of Lancaster's explosions of flaming wrath. But to her amazement none came. He seemed struggling to control himself. He flushed and looked from one to the other.

"Well, well, Myers," he said, hesitating, "I think things will turn out all right. Miss Wentworth and you won't conflict in any way. You mustn't quarrel, you know. I want all my employees to like each other," he ended weakly.

And he gave Joan the impression of pitiful impotence, as if he were somehow in the secretary's power and had surrendered his will to him—Lancaster, the tyrant of the Southern hospital, the smug bully of the operating theatre! Joan saw a flash of triumph in Myers' eyes, and, with another laugh, the man left them and went into the building.

"I think breakfast is ready, Miss Wentworth," said Lancaster, after a moment, offering the girl his arm.

But Joan gave him hers instead, and they went together into the dining room.

She was glad to see that Myers was not to eat with them. Hungry as she was, she could not have taken breakfast in the man's presence; and even now she could hardly manage to eat, with Lancaster, so evidently ill, seated opposite her, swallowing gulps of hot coffee, and making pretense of eating a thin strip of toast.

His whole demeanor was that of a very ill man. And the transformation terrified her. All her preconceived ideas of him had vanished. She could make nothing of him. She felt a deep sense of relief when the meal ended.

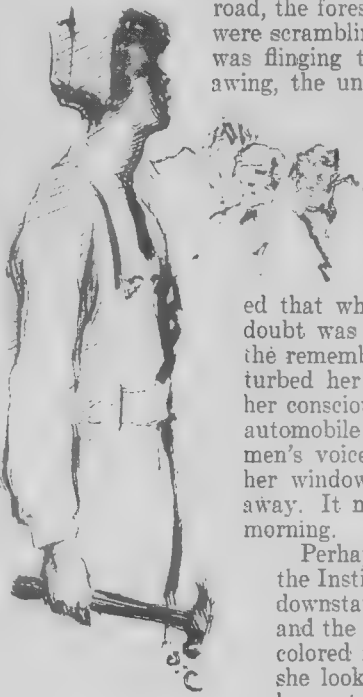
Then Lancaster looked at her with the same furtive expression that she read in the face of everybody there.

"I thought I would run up and see how the Institute was getting along, Miss Wentworth," he said.

They had risen from the table. Joan turned and faced him. "Doctor Lancaster," she said, "you spend a good deal of your time here. There was nothing unexpected about your visit last night. You knew that you would come here when you employed me."

She must have spoken more angrily than she knew, for the web of deception was smothering her, and she felt that her position was becoming

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"Among the last canoes to reach the Outside—down from the Soon-to-be-Frozen North comes one o' these here Strong Men what's found in them sort of places. This mooch has pine-tree whiskers an' a poke o' gold nuggets seekin' companionship an' what have you!"

THE ropes of evergreen with which at Christmas time Vancouver festoons the streets, from light-standard to light-standard, drooped, dripped. Another dismal day was dragging to its close after a week of rain. It was raining still. As the lights came on in shop windows, gay with Christmas display, the wet pavements caught the glisten while glare patches gleamed in red brick roadways. Fog was thickening into Burrard Inlet from the Gulf of Georgia; the melancholy hooting of ferry and steamboat whistles smote intermittently along the waterfront.

The big young man who had been standing for some time on a corner opposite Victory Square shivered in the raw air. Mechanically, he drew more tightly across his broad chest the inadequate folds of a thin, rain-soaked coat. Traces of tan from the harvest-fields still clung to his weather-beaten face. As he watched the hurrying crowd a whimsical amusement crept into his steady blue eyes.

"Rains, but you don't get wet"! he scoffed to himself. "Well, me for the good old prairies where the cold's so dry you don't feel it! This sure's one swell town to go broke in 'six more shopping days' before Christmas!"

A bevy of chattering girls tripped by, bareheaded. Their ten-dollar, thin-soled fancy pumps, high-heeling through pavement puddles, flaunted the weather brazenly. Their yellow slickers were India inked with college-boy nonsense in grotesque design and lettering. "So's your old man"! shouted from one girl's back.

Hammond's grin faded. He shook off a sudden lonesome feeling and stared miserably at the endless procession of black street cars with their big illuminated numerals in front. Through the steam-clouded windows he could see how packed with people they were—all homeward bound.

## Cold Turkey

By Herbert J. Moorhouse

Author of "Deep Furrows," "Gauntlet of Alceste,"  
"Golden Scarab," Etc.

Illustrated by R. A. Hallam

The young man's jaws knotted in his lean cheeks. He told himself determinedly that he'd see it through—somehow! There could be no home-going for him like this—a failure! Not after the big send-off they had given him back there when he had left so confidently to take Hollywood by storm with the wonderful photoplays he had written! He had thought foolishly that the few hundred dollars in his pocket at the time—hard-earned harvest-field savings—would be more than ample to see him through to success in that over-advertised, money-grabbing centre of the motion-picture industry.

Well, that was that! He had been there and he knew differently now. At least, he was back in Canada, thank God!

He pulled his last remaining quarter from his pocket and eyed it quizzically. Should he spend it for a bowl of hot soup and a couple of "hot dogs," or go hungry and get a dry bed for the night? His watch had gone to the pawnshop long since; his overcoat had followed while he had hunted fruitlessly for work—any kind of work.

"Heads or tails"? he muttered, and tossed aloft the coin.

At this moment a man behind an umbrella came blindly around the corner and jostled into him.

"Oh, I say, old chap—so sorry"! and the perfunctorily-polite Englishman bored onward with his umbrella.

Bob Hammond stared after him, silenced by dismay. For the "two bits" had rung on the pavement, bounced, rolled—and vanished down the gutter! It had happened so quickly. There was no hope of rescuing it!

"Hope you're satisfied at last"! he grumbled, addressing the "jinx" that had seemed of late to hound him and which could be presumed to be at his elbow, jeering at him. "Gee, you never know your luck! Just a minute ago—"! and suddenly he laughed aloud and with a careless shrug turned on his heel and swung aimlessly off down the street.

That was at six minutes to six. At seven minutes past seven he came face-to-face with "Pip" Tompkins. Seven minutes later he and the Hollywood cameraman were snugly ensconced in a restaurant cubicle with clam chowder steaming on the table and tenderloin steak "coming up," while an orthophonic singer insisted that something-or-other was "just like a butterfly that's caught in the rain."

NOR was that all. The roll from which the breezy Mr. Tompkins peeled a ten-spot to toss onto the waiter's silver plate was very fat. It was in harmony with the natty clothes which voiced the fact that at the moment Mr. Tompkins was arm-in-arm with Prosperity. Not so had it been when Hammond first met him in Hollywood a month ago. In fact, Mr. Tompkins had confided then he had a premonition he was about to be thrown out of the "deadfall" where he was working "on his ear," and was of the opinion that the whole infantile industry was "headin' for a fade-out" with all this "yappin'" about "what's wrong with the movies"? It was with no little interest now that Hammond, therefore, smoked his cigar and listened.

It appeared that there had been a considerable agitation of late over the new "quota bill" which British legislators were proposing and talk had been rife about the new "film layouts" starting up at Vancouver and Victoria to take advantage of production opportunities upon the nearest British soil. Tompkins had come north to investigate and had landed right on his feet.

Furthermore, Hammond was the very "husky" Mr. Tompkins was looking for and his greatest concern was whether Hammond would be able to chuck his present job, whatever it was, without notice, and start the very next day at "fifty per."

"S on'y a meal ticket, old scout; but it'll lead upward. An' I wants to know if you've got that Far North scenario you's tryin' to crash the gates with down in yon'sin-ridden Bebylon." I'm wantin' some o' them sequences pronto. Boy, I needs thee every hour an' if you says the word—here's your first week's pay in advance." Where-upon the shrewd-eyed Mr. Tompkins chucked across the table five ten-dollar bills.

Hammond laughed as he pocketed the money and shook hands. He had not known Tompkins very well in Hollywood. They had come together casually at a boarding house and "Pip" had tried to advise him who to see about his "scripts." He had even read "The Way of the North" with enthusiasm. Later when Hammond had asked him what was the matter with "the damned thing" that it did not "get by," Pip had frowned helplessly.

"Damfino, kid!" he had said. "It clicks with me but my info is shot. It's just one o' those things. Crazy business, the movies! Mebbe there was no salt in the stockrooms on the lots you tried; so't they couldn't kick through on the snow stuff."

But now Mr. Tompkins was leaning forward and talking eagerly.

"The boss is leavin' it to me to line things up for this picture we're goin' to start shootin' on Christmas Eve," he explained. "We're stagin' a big Christmas feed for a bunch o' bums up in one o' the exhibition buildings at Hastings Park—Salvation Army stuff. An' it's goin' to be a pip!"

"Where does 'The North come in at Hastings Park'?"

"Oh, damfino! That's up to you. You can dumb up the gags on it somehow an' kick in a mushy Dora an' some extra Effies. All I know is Gotz is hollerin' for 'em right now."

"Gotz"? echoed Hammond. "Not that Stagecraft Arts outfit over in the Tower Building? Is that who you're working for?"

"Why not? What of it? What's matter with'm?" demanded Tompkins. "If they've got the coin—"

"I called there and was turned down."

"Well, if that's what's eatin' you, quit worryin'. You won't be turned down when I takes you in to Gotz tomorrow morning. You're the Boy King o' the Eskimos an' sittin' very pretty, believe me."

"Here's one o' their ads in the want columns," and Hammond picked it from among some old letters he drew from his pocket. "Girls!—nothing but girls!—wanted for the stage. Learn how to be a movie queen and all that bunk! An' they want twenty-five bucks for a screen test. Looks kind o' fishy to me!"

Mr. Tompkins' keen eyes never left Hammond's face as he reached for the clipping.

"World's full o' these here dumb Doras," he commented slowly. "But if a few fool fluffs as thinks they've got Mary Pickford backed into the discard—!" He shook his head. "That don't mean a thing, kid. Take my advice an' grab the mazuma; for if you don't get it somebody else will. Anyways," he dismissed, "them classes has got nothin' to do with this here northern treatment we wants you to work on. Gotz is in touch with big money, I'm tellin' you. There's an angel in town! Get the slant?"

"Not quite."

"Listen. A few weeks ago among the last canoes to reach the Outside—down from the Soon-To-Be-

Frozen North comes one o' these here Strong Men what's found in them sort o' places. This mooch has pine-tree whiskers and a poke o' gold nuggets seekin' companionship an' what have you. Name's MacDowall an' he's been stuck in the ice for years, livin' on sowbelly an' listenin' to the conversation o' timber wolves an' wearin' out decks o' cards playin' solitaire. Well, this bozo owns a gold mine—a mountain of it—an' he's busted down to the haunts o' men for a holiday and he's in a constant state o' celebra-

tion. You follow me?"

"I begin to—"

"Attaboy! Well, 'way up there where this Nugget MacDowall's been hibernatin' there ain't no movin'-picture theaytres. So when he hits Vancouver—boy, he goes bugs on the movies—can't get enough o' them! He's all het up with the idea that he can act in a picture himself. He's ready to back it to the limit with his mountain o' gold. Well, say, now, is Gotz grabbin' onto that lead? I'll say he is! Can you blame him?"

"An' anyways," concluded Mr. Tompkins, "ain't we startin' off kind-hearted—puttin' over a big turkey dinner for these poor devils as is down on their luck in this burg?—out in the cold an' the snow—I mean, rain—stockin'less feet an' nowhere to go—an' nothin' to eat at Christmas when everybody else is havin' a good time!"

"What time shall I report at the office," smiled Hammond.

"Make it ten o'clock," grinned Mr. Tompkins.

THE girl's name was Alice Lawrence, Hammond discovered. She seemed to be a sort of secretary in the Stagecraft Arts office, and she looked very neat and pretty in her black office dress with white lace collar and cuffs. Her blond hair was like a wavy aureole for the sweet seriousness of her face. She appealed tremendously to the wholesome young man from the prairie country and he forgot to harbor further doubts in regard to the bona fides of his new employers.

"She's got 'it,' kid," nodded the observant Mr. Tompkins, who had noted his admiration. "We might go even further an' admit she's likewise got them, these and those even in this beautiful bathing-girl City of the Spotted Calves—that is, on wet days, they get spotted! The way they're dressin' here the girls can't be called 'skirts' any longer—leastways, not if they gets any shorter. Agriculturally speakin', she's got the finest pair—"

"Shut up, Pip!" snapped Hammond angrily.

"—of big blue eyes I ever saw," finished Mr. Tompkins unabashed. Nevertheless he promptly changed the subject.

The next five days were very busy ones for Hammond. After a consultation with Gotz and Tompkins he settled down to his scenario. "The Way of the North," adapting the open continuity to the plans of the director laid down for the Christmas Eve dinner scene. Remembering what Pip had told him about "Nugget" MacDowall, he let his mind race far afield in search of striking situations out of which to build a picture around the proposed new star. He felt sure it could be done in a worth-while way and his enthusiasm grew.

Until he met the northerner! MacDowall's hair was tousled and he was so big he looked uncouth.

He was unquestionably "in—hup!—tawzhycated," as he himself admitted, although the fact must be painfully apparent to all and sundry who were not themselves in a similar condition. He was prepared to tell the world and any of the surrounding planets which might be listening-in that he was the greatest "I'll mosh'pizher" star that ever "mosh'pized."

"Take him away, Pip, and put him to bed," advised Hammond, hiding his disappointment behind a good-natured grin.

When Tompkins rejoined him it was with a worry-knot between his eyes.

"The d— fool won't keep away from Cassidy's place down near the waterfront," he complained. "Thinks he's gathering local color or somethin' by minglin' with them lumberjacks that's just hit town for their Christmas spree. Every Union boat from up-coast is bringin' 'em down from the loggin' camps wild and rarin' to go an' till they've blowed their coin there's no stoppin' them. The local color Mac's goin' to land back with from one o' these jaunts will be a prize pair o' black eyes that'll gum up our picture on Christmas Eve."

"Can't you do something about it?"

"That's the worst of it!" cried Pip in exasperation. "It's his money we're workin' on an' he thinks he's got the right to boss the show. I been down to Cassidy's once already an' there's a bad hombre hangin' around down there—a guy named 'Red' Quinn—an' he's spoilin' for a fight. Mac an' him loved each other at first sight! If they ever do start mixin' it—boy, that serap'll be some!"

Hammond frowned. He knew the extensive preparations that had been under way for the big dinner scene and could understand Tompkins' worry.

"It must not be, Pip! We've got to both keep an eye on the son-of-a-gun till Christmas Eve. Everything depends upon it!"

The wisdom of this course became apparent the very next day. Rather, it was in the evening that Hammond, acting on impulse, strolled down to Cassidy's—and stopped short, just inside the door, in utter amazement. The beer-parlor was crowded with noisy lumberjacks, all craning their necks to see what was going on beneath the very bright cluster of lights in the centre of the room. The big shoulders of Nugget MacDowall towered out of the group and Hammond knew that the red-headed giant who faced the miner must be "Red" Quinn. The latter's face was twisted in expressive derision as he made some sneering remark and it was quite apparent that the two men had taken an instinctive dislike to each other.

It was the third figure in the group, however, which had brought Hammond up short—a young woman! It was Alice Lawrence, no less!—Alice from the office and dressed in a Salvation Army uniform! He had not known that she belonged to the Salvation Army! She appeared to be pleading with the two men to stop quarreling. What a place for such a girl to be in!

Bewildered, Hammond flashed a quick look around the room—and saw Pip Tompkins standing on a table at the back! Pip saw him almost at the same instant and called out something unintelligible. But Hammond's attention already was rivet-

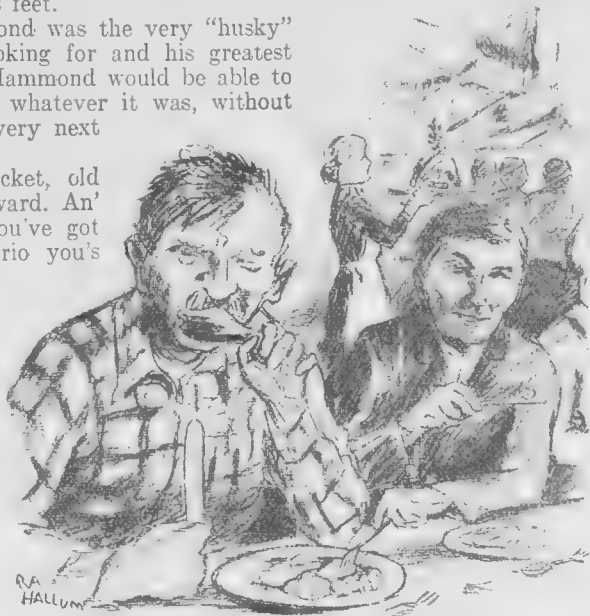
ted on the trio beneath the big light cluster. Things were happening quickly. The lumberjack was holding up a mug of beer in his right hand and suddenly he

dashed the contents full in the face of Nugget MacDowall. He followed this by heaving the mug itself. MacDowall's quick duck of the head alone saved him. The mug hurtled across the serving counter and smashed into a large looking-glass, the segments of which crashed to fragments.

With a shrill cry Alice Lawrence ran between the two men, her arms spread wide in a dramatic gesture of protest. Red Quinn leered at her evilly and put his arm about her waist. She promptly slapped his face! He grabbed for her—!

A single spring took Hammond over the table that blocked his path. He ploughed forward and darted into the open space beneath the lights. His uppercut, well timed, sent Quinn sprawling.

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"Good ol' Salvation Army!" grinned Nugget MacDowall. "They aint askin' if y're a tinhorn or the real sulphide; they just says: 'Merry Christmas! Come on an' eat, yuh poor sinner!' Up north where I comes from—Say, stranger, better tunnel into that there turkey while you got your health!" He continued to grin, but there was a dangerous glint in his eye and he was unaware that the "hophead" was stealing from his plate.

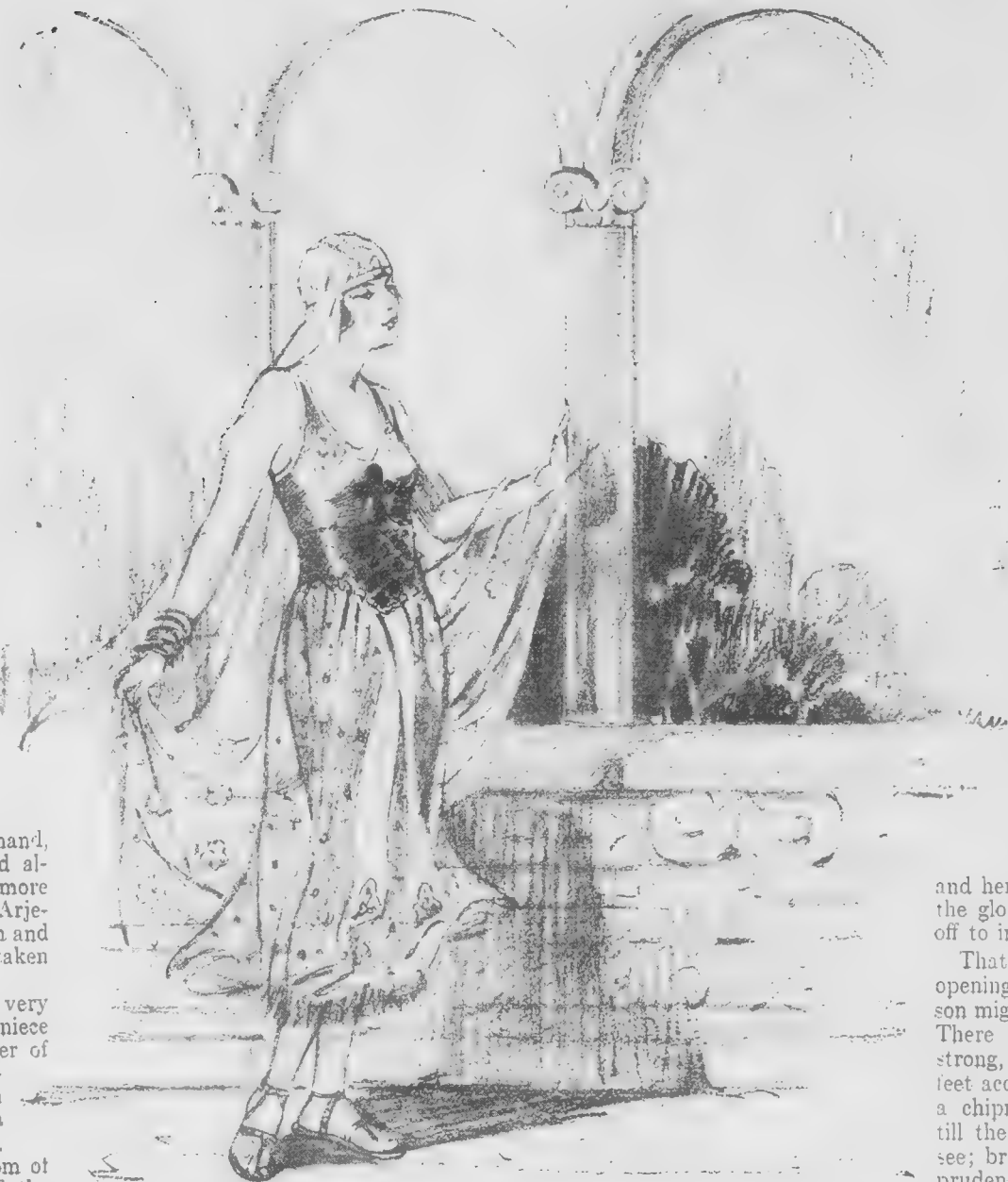


Collar torn, one eye blackened and a tooth gone, Pip Tompkins still crowded into the middle of excitement, his camera clicking in every spectacular detail of that wild fight. "Oh boy! it's one wow's wow!"



# Silver Sandals

Alone once more, Andrea, dressed in simple white and silver sandals on her little feet, a blue cloak round her shoulders, stepped out on the balcony



THOSE who knew her dispassionately, blamed it all on the magic of the Hundred Gods and the haunting charm of the Jade Pagoda. While others, among them the friends who loved her and still speak of her in hushed, hurt voices, had no excuses to offer. None, that is, save Arjemand, her withered old ayah, who had always maintained it was nothing more than the Christmas spirit. But Arjemand, being only a yellow woman and no Christian, could hardly be taken seriously.

As a matter of fact, life began very badly for Andrea Beck. Grand-niece of a famous bishop and daughter of an accredited genius, she nonetheless entered the world on Friday, and at midnight, in a ruined city half as old as time. What is worse, lying on the bosom of her dying mother the magic of the East fell full upon her.

Twice, in the note of a wood-dove's song, the blossoms of the palsa tree brushed her small young head. And Mindon, a holy man, many years at prayer in the forgotten city, stood by rejoicing. "For," said he, "a babe so honored must surely touch hands with Perfect Joy."

It is said that before she was twelve Andrea knew the Indian Book of Kings, and could follow the scarlet thread of her conquerors from the Amu in Central Asia to the Gangenatic in Lower Bengal. As another child cherishes special toys Andrea treasured bits of rock, sandstone and polished marble, retrieved from fortress walls and crumbling palaces. Which fragments, through the alchemy of dreams and receptive heart, assumed forthwith the frowning majesty of Akra the inaccessible, and the matchless grace of the Taj Mahal.

A vixen, too, this Andrea. Mischief lurked in her sea-blue eyes and sprang to her fingers like monkeys from a temple wall. Passing through the market-place she haggled with the best, flattering, beguiling; the glibness of her lively tongue smooth as white honey. But a cheat never. So that, for all her mischief and "white-women's boldness," the simple people wheresoever they pitched their tents grew to love her. And Andrea, touched with the magic of the palsa tree, knew them for her own.

BLIND to parental duty eleven months of the year Wolfgang Beck salved a jaded conscience by facetious adherence to what he termed the "European Folly." Consequently Christmas week was always spent in town or city. The procedure never varied. While Asif and Golab pitched the tents Wolfgang took his daughter by the hand and, Arjemand following to carry the spoil, headed for the trading quarter. Andrea, little monkey that she was, knew the ritual perfectly: "Time to begin, papa," she would prompt him eagerly if his cus-

But on one thing they united—another draft beast must be purchased.

Fortunately, a native village nestled in a grove of chenar trees not far distant. More fortunate still, thought Andrea, on the gradual slopes beyond, a high stone wall proclaimed some rich estate. While the menservants trekked to the village.

and her father reviewed his notes on the glories of the past, Andrea stole off to inspect the present.

That she found no door ajar; no opening through which her small person might smuggle, deterred her little. There were vines, tenacious and strong, for the climbing, and her tiny feet accustomed to the task. Swift as a chipmunk she scampered upward till the hidden beauties were hers to see; breathless but victorious, flinging prudence to the winds, she decided to descend. It was wrong, quite unlawful, doubtless very terrible, but there on the rolling carpet of grass below her, two magnificent peacocks spread their gorgeous tails! And just beyond, in a tiny lake fed by a dozen fountains, silvery swans preened themselves in the sun.

Down she wriggled, careless of scratches, decorum and clothes, leaning at length in enraptured delight against the old wall, the lovely birds a stone's throw from her. "Beautiful ones," she began joyously, "Most beautiful ones . . ." when, very much to her horror, she saw the young Prince.

Not that he was so very terrifying in himself, though his high-caste, olive-colored face was gloomy and unsmiling. It was the fact of her being there on forbidden ground, and, yes, so very, very tousled and tattered that covered her with confusion. Pride, hitherto quite unknown, rushed to her aid: "Please you, Exalted One, I'm not a beggar . . . I just dropped in to see the birds. . ."

"So we observe," he answered in a remarkably pleasant voice for one so wrapped in melancholy. "It's beside the point, we know, but might we ask whence you dropped? And by whom are we honored?"

Andrea flung back her golden head. "Andrea Hortense Beck, Highness, and my father is the greatest writer in the world. Our bullock died on the highway so we really had to stop—and I love old gardens."

This time he smiled, and, smiling, motioned to a stone bench near the water. "Suppose we sit down while you tell us all about it."

"Oh, but I've always heard that nobody sits in the presence of Princes."

Even more pleasant fell his laughter. "That can be managed so easily, Scrupulous Lady; we shall dismiss the Prince and ourselves enjoy the garden."

So they did; or at least Andrea did, scurrying

By Laura G. Salverson

Author of "The Viking Heart," "Wayside Gleams," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Proster

tomary brooding silence persisted despite the occasion. "Time to begin, Papa—"

"Well, well, so it's Christmas again . . . we must make a day of it, Andrea."

"Kabul grapes, and Smyrna figs, and sweet red pomegranates . . ."

"Hold on, hold on, little savage! first you must be made respectable—I say, you need everything! Arjemand, see to the dresses and shoes. Absolutely! there must be shoes on Christmas."

"Candles, Father. Many, many candles for the little Jesus . . . and Mother, and the Blessed One."

Silence, then, while the young mother walked again by their side. "Child, never forget, she revered all this; its significance and faith. Understand, my Andrea?"

"Of course, Father," the sunny head nodded gravely, "for love we do it all."

"Yes, yes," Wolfgang feared the word. "Yes, undoubtedly. But now, what does the little daughter crave above everything?"

"A monkey, please father, for Asif; a hawk for Golab, and a green shawl for Arjemand . . ."

"Yourself, child, yourself!"

"If you will, dear Father, a box of colored pencils and heavy, heavy paper."

Strange that a dead bullock should have changed all this and introduced the Prince!

It happened on the way to Srinagar down through the Kashmir hills when Andrea was verging on ten. That a young bullock should drop dead in the traces was mysterious enough; Asif and Golab never reached an agreement about it.

hither and yon, poking her little nose into crook and corner. Curiosity satisfied, she perched magpie fashion on the proud elephant-headed seat. "Do you know," she announced gravely, "it's better than a ruin. Um hum, cause a ruin's just a tumbled dream, but this is live-pretending."

"Oh—I see." The Prince was equally grave. "And one day this also will be tumbled . . ."

"Highness! Sahib! Mister Prince! there are three of them! I didn't see before . . . three peacocks with the sun on their tails! Oh, Exalted One, you'll be very happy—I know it."

"None more needy." The rich voice vibrated oddly. "But now, what of yourself?"

"Oh, I'm a very wonderful person, really," said Andrea. "The very first Christian born under a palsa tree, and promised joy of the Blessed One." Chameleon-swift gloom followed rapture. "Oh, the mean thing! Mister Prince, that bullock's dying just kills everything. We'll never make Srinagar tomorrow; the Christ-child won't have his candle; nor my mother. And—and—the Blessed One might forget his promise. Especially when he's got to send it on a Christian Christmas!"

The young Rajah Ahmed Salama Khan rose to the occasion. He clapped his hands and from nowhere, as it were, two orange-clad pages sprang to his bidding. Said he: "Bring us candles, blue and gold, twelve dozen at least; Kabul grapes and Smyrna figs, candied melon and sweet red pomegranates . . ."

To the everlasting horror of the little pages Andrea caught hold of the royal person excitedly. "The very things! The very, very things! And to think I mistook you for nothing but a Prince!"

Ahmed Salama lifted a finger. "Mark this, pages, our Princess of—the Indian Road, has a preference for jade—bring us a pendant . . . the little fluted one from the late Rani's jewel case, and be quick, for the sun is setting and Her Highness must away."

At the gate, whither he led her, the two pages pacing ahead laden with gifts, Andrea hesitated painfully. Childish happiness and gratitude struggling for expression, strange new fear of the grave young prince holding her mute.

He understood that too. "Princess," when the next bullock dies, may it be outside our walls!"

**E**IGHT years passing by on leaden feet, and Andrea no longer lighted her father's dusty caravan as a spring of living waters lights the wilderness. Gone the gipsy trail, the crumbling palaces and misty empires. Gone, too, that devoted interpreter of forgotten splendor, Wolfgang Beck. Gone since the spring of promise, leaving behind him a heartsick child utterly bewildered by the prospect of heretofore unheard-of relatives, strange schools, and a stranger country.

Alas, for the gift of the palsa tree! Once having touched hands with Perfect Joy the security and well-being of commonplace things no longer appeal. At eighteen, despite the most scrupulous training, Andrea remained a distracting problem.

Her maternal aunts, good sensible maiden ladies both, all their lives comfortably settled on the old Abercrombe estate near Quebec, secretly despaired of ever eradicating the blighting effects of a shocking childhood. "Goats, geese, rats," sighed Josephine wearily, enumerating the list of "pests" once dear to the lonely Andrea, less secure, had they known it, in the trim reaches of Abercrombe gardens than in the tumbled debris of Upper Chitor.

"Not to mention the green snake and that terrible lizard," added Matilde. "And now it's Delhi, with only Arjemand and a paint brush for company!"

Josephine swung round in defence of the culprit: "A preposterous idea, certainly," dear Mathilde.

Nevertheless we mustn't forget the child's father lies buried there."

"And that's sufficient reason for leaving the Academy to dash across the world to paint a heathen pagoda?"

"Now, Mathilde, it's not the Academy troubles you, nor the pagoda, nor the waste of the Beck legacy . . ."

"What if it isn't," the militant Mathilde checked her sharply. "You know how attentive Glen has been and what an opportunity such a match would be for Andrea. Think of the Feilding fortune! So far as I'm concerned that settles it."

Josephine smiled. "Oh, quite, dear Mathilde; yes, quite, but—there still remains Andrea."

There certainly did. Sea-blue eyes close to storm,



"There was nothing barbarous about the trappings of either horse or rider; rather a simple elegance bespeaking a cultured mind."

small head erect she faced them that evening fearless as the wild young cheetahs of the land she loved. "I'm frightfully sorry, Aunt Mathilde, to seem ungrateful, and all that, but I don't belong here. I can't explain it, quite . . . it's as if nothing needed me; everything is so safe and secure and self-sufficient. Oh, Aunt Mathilde, can't you conceive of old things, spent things, outworn things wanting to be remembered and loved?"

Poor Mathilde could not. She stared at her niece in baffled belligerence. "And for these things—whatever they are—these idle vaporings, you're determined to sacrifice our peace of mind and the prospects of a fortunate marriage?"

"Quite determined," said Andrea quietly—"The 'Transilvania' sails next Monday."

**O**NCE in Delhi, Andrea reverted to the old life with marvellous ease. Dr. Ritchie and his good lady (formerly her father's bosom friends) were a trifle scandalized by it. Amenable and charming for a fortnight, going the social rounds as a well-

bred young lady should, she shattered their glamorous plotting by taking rooms over a perfumer's shop near the native quarter. Argument was so much chaff in the high wind of this sudden decision. She had come to India to dream, to think, and to remember . . . not to dance and drink tea. Besides, if she meant to paint, reality, not shadow, she had to enter, honestly, into the life of the people.

A purpose too sedulously followed thought Glen Feilding when, six months later, he found her blissfully watching a villainous looking potter spinning his wet clay.

She did not see him at once, for which he was duly thankful. The unconscious grace of her was so well worth hoarding. But a second glance at the fierce-eyed devil at her feet brought a frown to his face. "Andrea Beck!" His big voice rent the quiet like a cannonade. "Andrea, mad-hatter, why such dangerous subjects? Can nothing less serve art?"

"Glen! Glen!" Joy made a chime of her eager voice. "How are the Dears, tea at four-ten—dinner at seven—bed at ten and everything?" Laughing, she slid her arm through his. "Now, then, Harcourt Glen Feilding, what was the charge? Dangerous? That good old man? Why, believe it or not, I'm teaching his granddaughter to read and he's immensely pleased about it."

Glen let that pass, but Andrea's rooms scandalized him entirely. Nothing could convince him that living there with only Arjemand and a tawny-headed houseboy was either safe or respectable. In the end she agreed to accept the hospitality of the Ritchies during his visit.

Then began those endless excursions into the native quarter so intolerable to poor Glen. What Andrea saw in the wretched crowds with their sombre faces and glaring eyes he despaired of ever perceiving. And ruins! Positively the girl was mad on ruins, dragging him mile upon mile to gaze on some tumbled pile of masonry! Really he suspected she did it to plague him.

But worse was yet to come. They were lingering over a late breakfast one flawless morning; Mrs. Ritchie, very motherly and contented, presiding at her dainty table on an upper balcony, when a sudden burst of cheers and the clatter of swift hoofs brought them to their feet. Andrea sped to the railing, eagerness and interest a shining light in her face.

It was he! It was he! The mysterious noble who chose to serve, rather than be served and, shunning recognition, waged war on misery and ignorance. She had heard of his tireless missions in the bazaars. She had not thought to see him. Seldom—and only then out of deference to a growing popularity—did the Educator, as he preferred to be known, make these picturesque entrees into one town and another ranging from Delhi to the farthest Kashmir hills.

But there was nothing barbarous about the trappings of either horse or rider; rather a simple elegance bespeaking a cultured mind. Three men, robed in green, rode with him; their horses black, his a magnificent white creature, stepping as daintily as a dancer of Seville. All were masked, all tall, sitting their mounts with careless grace.

So much granted, Andrea wanted more and, without a "by your leave," down crashed one of Mrs. Ritchie's potted ferns to the pavement below. Quite as intended the great man glanced up—his three shadows also. But, peculiarly, only the Educator's horse took offence at the explosive honor, wheeling sharply and dropping behind. A fragment of time, but long enough to reveal clearly a singular device emblazoned on the saddle cloth.

"How these natives love show," said Glen, when the yellow dust rose in a veil behind them.

Mrs. Ritchie, foreseeing danger, checked him with a laugh: "Statesmen act on less grounds sometimes. The man knows his people—but, here's the mystery—does not use them. Of course it's rumored his mother was Portuguese—"

Continued on page 75





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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH  
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



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Looking out of her window  
she saw a lovely mother but-  
terfly holding in her arms a  
very pretty Butterfly baby

# The Princess Visits the Settlement of Black Ants

By William Thompson

**H**ER ROYAL HIGHNESS, the Princess, had instructed her Ladies-in-Waiting, the Yellow Butterfly and the Bramble-Bee, to have all in readiness by nine the following morning as she was leaving for a short journey. In the vicinity of Take-It-Easy, the suburb of a small settlement of Black Ants, there had been a reign of terror, due to a Wolf-Spider's attempt to eat up all the population—taking an undue advantage, he having eight eyes, two of which he used to see by day and the remaining six to capture his prey by night. On account of his double vision his victims were at a great disadvantage.

One of the many things the Princess demanded of her subjects, was fair treatment. If an innocent person were crushed to death by a Spider, pinched by a June Bug, or devoured by some larger enemy, there was no punishment, no matter how severe, that she withheld; in spite of this, there were many who did not obey the laws of Fairyland, among them the Wolf-Spider and his relations. Her police were unable to restore order or prevent nightly raids upon an industrious and helpless people. There was only one thing to be done, that was for the Princess to go in person and investigate the affair.

Very much against the wishes of her people, she insisted on going attended only by her Ladies-In-Waiting. She was advised to take a bodyguard of Jumping Spiders, each having four eyes. She

would not listen, however. At the suggestion she displayed a teenee weenee bit of fairy temper, something that she did not often do. This was a great sorrow to her subjects because she was so very beautiful, and to see her cross caused them to be sad. The Princess explained that to take a guard with her would cause the Wolf-Spiders to think that she had come to make war on them.

The wind shook the great shoulders of the tree and moaned so she did not rest well, but a fairy is so small, and there is so little to get tired, that when they are tired, they really are not tired at all.

The morning broke cool and calm. The Princess was awakened by the song of some feathered thing that swayed on a bough near her bedroom window. Scribble had asked the birds to see that she was awakened every morning by their songs, as it is really the most delightful way to wake up. She opened her little eyes amid the most beautiful sounds and scenes that any fairy could wish for.

Looking out of her window, she saw a lovely mother butterfly holding in her arms a very pretty Butterfly baby. She listened. The little mother was singing this lullaby:

*There's a kingdom near our dreamland,  
Far beyond the light of day,  
And my little tired darling  
Flies on wings of sleep away.*

*All the butterflies rejoicing,  
And the birds in merry lay,  
Wake our little Fairy Princess  
With the coming of the day.*

The Princess smiled and waved her hand to the little mother. She had so much to think of and to do, that she did not have any time to say what she would have said, had she not been going away.

The Palace attendants were running helter-skelter, obeying the commands of the heads of the household, getting the baggage ready and attending to minor details connected with the departure of the Princess and her Ladies. The Princess had ordered that Daddy-Long-Legs take the Royal Party with an open canopy to the Land of Take-It-Easy, but Scribble had sent a double team of Wasps instead of Daddy-Long-Legs, thinking that they would be a greater protection in case of need than would a creature almost all legs. Time was precious, even to a fairy, so she hopped into the carriage, followed by her attendants. In loading the baggage on the front seat, a very small parcel fell upon the Princess' foot; she gave such a scream that the Wasps started to run away. This made matters worse, but the Princess regained her composure and called out as loud as she could:

"Veti mite notu Saba Aba!" which meant "the life of your Princess is in your hands!" Upon hearing these words, the runaways came to a stop

Continued on page 60



# Never Before—Such Smiles!

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(Above) THE EYES OF AN AUDIENCE often wander from dancing feet—to brilliant smiles like those worn by Ann Pennington and Buster West in George White's "Scandals." That is why these celebrated stars take care to insure the permanent beauty of their teeth by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) MRS. DAVID CABOT returns from shopping with the charming smile so many know. Pepsodent and nothing else she trusts to keep it sparkling bright.



(Above) DOLLS FROM FRANCE are greeting Betsy Farman with a surprise party. Each receives a smile that only Pepsodent could keep so gleaming white.

(Left) THE PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY is on the same high scientific plane today as that of medicine. See your dentist twice each year, use Pepsodent twice each day, to keep teeth white and healthy. Mrs. David Judd of Boston and Betty do this on specialist's advice.

**G**LISTENING, white teeth mean simply film-free teeth. If your teeth are "off color," dull, lustreless; they are film coated.

Properly protected teeth and gums mean the same thing—film-free teeth. According to present-day dental findings, if your teeth are film coated, both your teeth and gums are left unguarded against bacterial attack.

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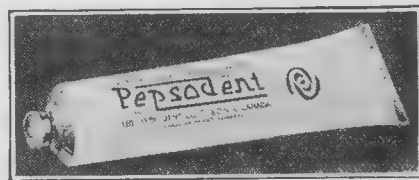
Film is a grave and dangerous enemy of both teeth and gums. Run your tongue across your teeth now and you can feel it; a slippery, slimy coating.

Germs by the millions breed in that film. And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea. Film, too, fosters the bacteria which invite the acids of decay. Discolorations from food and smoking lodge in it; teeth look dingy and off color. You must remove film TWICE daily, say leading dentists.

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# Keeping Father in the Family

By Constance Travers Sweatman

Author of "Young Folk Old Folk" and "Half Price"

**L**AST Christmas Eve I dropped in at a friend's home to deposit the usual concoction of red tissue paper and gold string splendor which meant that she had been on my Christmas list—first as a well-beloved person whom I would not for anything forget—but, later, in the hectic last-minute rush, as a scratched-off name on a soiled smudge of paper in my pocket-book, the scratching-off proving that one more Christmas obligation had been thankfully discharged!

My friend was on tiptoes to hang a pink and blue and gold-wound tinsel ball high upon a pompous little Christmas tree—whose outstretched prickly arms cradled gifts of all manner of sort and size and shape. Her four children, from the rangy, radiant, fourteen-year-old daughter with the colt's legs, to the square three-year-old, were fussily helping, with considerable advice to their mother. The children were all talking at once, their mother tried to answer them all as rapidly as they threw questions her way.

I was impressed by the father's status in the little family group. He stood aloof, hands in pockets; amused, cheerful, detached!

My husband said to him: "Christmas is a great time for the women and children!"

"I'll say so! And the day the Christmas bills come in is a great day for the old man!" our host replied; and both men laughed, as though being a bill-payer were a huge joke shared by all fathers.

Many times since I have thought of that remark; not just of the remark itself, but of the gallant way in which it was offered and received. I have wondered whether that is really the strategic position in which most families carry on—women and children grouped together—the "old man," as our host designated himself, flocking pretty much by himself.

I wonder?

If so, what's the matter with family life?

Why should any sane and cheerful man state as an axiom in reference to any family gala day—Christmas, birthdays, even April Fool!—any day on which the children in a household feel especially glad to be alive—that that day is "great for the women and children"?

Why not for Dad as well? When the family is particularly happy, where does he come in? Do we segregate him from our hilarity? Or does he segregate himself (granting, of course, that he really means his statement about "women and children" uniting in an emotional bond from which he stands aloof).

If we mothers really do line up with the children and leave Dad on the outside looking in, why do we? And, *how* do we?

In the very nature of things it is to mothers that the major opportunities of intimacy with the children come. That is completely normal (whether we have sufficient vision to take advantage of such God-given opportunities, and whether we do appreciate to the full the privileges of access to such sweet and lovely companionship, is another question which each mother must answer for herself). For the first few exquisite years of their lives at least, they are ours; and loving intimacy with them is a matter of volition insofar as most women are concerned.

So much for the mother-to-child relationship.

But the father-to-child relationship is different.

How are families going to encourage and achieve a vital understanding companionship between children and their fathers? How are children to get close enough to a busy, preoccupied man who hurries through his breakfast strongly entrenched behind the morning paper, and then vanishes from the family scene till night-time? How are the children going to reveal to him their innermost thoughts, their budding hopes and fears, their instinctive reactions to life as demonstrated in what they did about the unkindness of a thoughtless playmate; with what degree of courage they responded when disappointment and vain regret came their way?

How is Dad to know either we women or our children for what we really are when we have so little time with him, so little intimate talk—so

great a love for him, and so inadequate an opportunity in the crowded days for the expression of the deep-soul quality which binds together a family group as a valuable unit of society?

Do we know just how important family solidarity is to ourselves and to our nation?

If I were asked to name two elements in family life which are most essential to family happiness, I would say: "Courteous tact, and sufficient united leisure for mutual understanding."

**T**HE child-to-father relationship is a difficult one. Let an active child be ever so well meaning, ever so decent, ever so delightful—multiply

of a normal group of healthy youngsters is concerned, men are different! I know now, by experience, that it is infinitely harder to come direct from intense mental concentration into a group of chattering animated children who want your interested attention and who have a perfect right to it—and behave like a semblance of a Christian, than it is to be decently amiable after attending children all day! This sounds like a bid for favor with the more elusive sex, and I can hear the scoffings of my maternal sisters—but I am convinced that we average mothers become fairly immune and more or less like the mother whose child sat at the feet of its parents and joyously walloped a tin drum. The distracted father roared: "For the love of Mike, can't you make that demon stop?" and the mother placidly replied: "Oh, let him alone while he's quiet!"

**I** WRITE till five o'clock, and (theoretically) have a refreshing walk till six o'clock; but there are frequent days when I must finish something within a limited time, and I sit at my desk right up to the moment when the Raw Product thumps the dinner-bell and adds her unquenchably Finnish bellow: "Ready is dinnair!" to the silver summons—when I assure you that for the first lap of the meal while I wrestle to detach my mind from my fiction characters, and apply it to the highly realistic human dynamos who are bubbling eager to tell me of their days' doings, I suffer temporary physical torture, and am not fit company for man nor beast!

How is our Dad, for instance, to become intimate with his children? They are not babies any longer—seven, ten and fourteen—they are occupied every minute of their day, with school, with play, with numerous small activities. They need me in the mornings, during their noon recess, and from six o'clock till sleep-time. They are as free with me as though we were contemporaries. They adore their father, yet there is not, I believe, a full unbroken hour from Monday till Saturday for sustained companionship between them and him.

How is he to become sufficiently intimate with them to be to them the one hundred per cent father he wants to be? I don't know. Certainly not through my accounts of their sayings and doings retailed to him; second-hand contacts are devitalized and inevitably distorted to some degree by the personality of the raconteur. For instance: how is he to realize the effect upon his little daughter of such forms of pure beauty as are contained in music and poetry which thrill her little soul? How is he to sympathize with the dreams and perhaps somewhat fantastic visions of his adolescent son? How is little seven-year-old to get across to Dad the doughtiness of his valor in his alarming encounters with as doughty champions on "our street"? Dad does not know the half of all these fundamental things.

**W**HAT I am trying to discover as a vital need in my own family life, and as a crying need in a strenuous young country breeding the competitive male—how are we Canadian people going to keep to an ideal of a close spiritual contact between our splendid children and their splendid fathers?

Listen, you other mothers facing the same pressing problem: Could father meet us half-way, perhaps, if he realized the children's intimate need of him more vividly? Could he perhaps be more approachable at all times, tired or not tired? Will he understand our motive and not think us merely critical or unkind, if we tell him that, because he is a comparative stranger to them, the children are a little stilted in his beloved presence.

Does he know that in this ageless human drama of family life unfolding under his eyes, he may, if he will take the leading role, may almost play the part of God, so great is our respect for him, so strong our love and gratitude for all his care of us?

Or, have we just not bothered to let him know how much it means to the happiness of the "women and children" to keep father intimately in the family. I wonder?



Constance Travers Sweatman

him by three or four, put him at an evening meal with a nervously-exhausted man who has not had a fair and pleasurable breathing-space between his strenuous down-town day, and his family contacts—and I believe you are courting difficulty, misunderstanding, and small family discords as inevitably as you invite an explosion when you suddenly expose a highly-combustible gas to a rush of fresh air!

If fathers do not meet their growing children at the family table (which in many homes is considered an infliction), where in the world are they going to meet them? After the evening meal—homework, bath, bed. No human contact whatever.

I may be queried: "Well, if Dad needs a pre-dinner relaxation hour, what of Mother, who has perhaps been all day with the children?" My answer is—men are different!

I have minded several up-and-coming infants myself, and I assure you that visionary hour of peace and relaxation in preparation for being able to greet my husband with the well-known "smile," has, many busy weeks, been as impossible and as seductive as a flying round-trip to the Elysian fields!

So far as being by nature equipped to bear up cheerfully at eventide under the terrific exuberance



# "He to promised Obey!"

"JERRY!—there seems to be just NOTHING  
I want this year except some more  
Community Plate!"

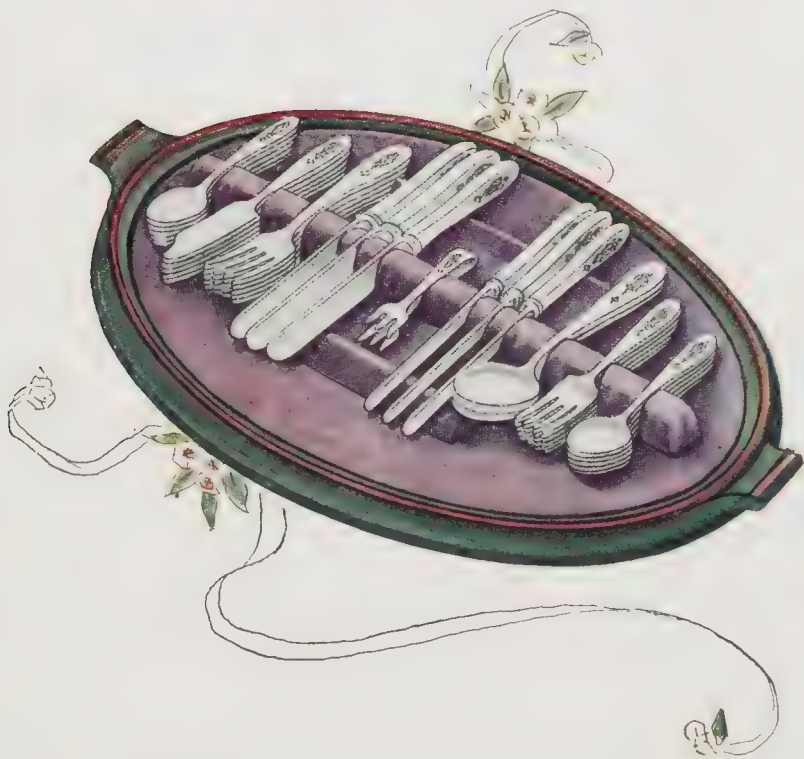
"Don't apologize, angel! I'll dash 'round and  
buy out the store before you change to dia-  
mond earrings or a swanky roadster!"

THE kind-of-girl who'd like a swanky roadster . . .  
or a diamond necklace . . . or a bit of the moon!  
is the kind-of-girl who most-in-the-world appreciates  
the loveliness—the 'chic'—and the permanence—of a  
gift of Community Plate . . .

*And who isn't that kind of a girl?*

Take your Christmas list to your jeweler—ask *him* to  
tell you what piece of Community Plate he'd suggest  
for each . . . You'll find, in those glittering rows a hun-  
dred different bits of exquisite silverware, each fit to  
set before a queen . . . From teaspoons to tea sets and  
platters . . . and back to pickle-forks! . . . Prices are \$1.00  
to \$70.00 . . . And there are five patterns to choose from  
—all lovely . . .

FOR INSTANCE: For the impeccable service of six  
covers—formal as you please!—the SMART SILVER  
SERVICE, shown below, contains the silverware re-  
quired by well-bred usage—today. Here, in a vivid,  
painted, glass-covered tray, are six forks, six knives,  
twelve teaspoons, six butter spreaders, six salad forks,  
six dessert spoons, and a sugar tongs—ready to set  
a feast before a Prince or a Duchess with equal grace—  
Five patterns, at your jeweler's—NOW . . . \$56.00.



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COMMUNITY  
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Ask for Christmas folder illustrating attractive Christmas selections.

Guaranteed since 1883 and until 1983—one hundred years of pen service

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|  | <b>Purple</b> — STIFF; FINE — Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.    |
|  | <b>Pink</b> — FLEXIBLE; FINE — As resilient as a watch spring. Fine, tapered point, ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.         |
|  | <b>Blue</b> — BLUNT — An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.                      |
|  | <b>Yellow</b> — ROUNDED — A different pen point. The tip is ballshape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers. |

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Made of beautiful resilient *Ripple* stainless rubber, protected with a lip-guard to prevent breaking, and an unequalled, patented filling device.



# Waterman's



By  
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

## The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School  
Winnipeg

### Louis Pasteur

**BRIEF BIOGRAPHY** No. 6—Louis Pasteur, French chemist and bacteriologist, was born at Dole in 1822. He received the degree of Doctor of Science at the Ecole Normale, Paris, 1847. He became professor of physics at Dijon, 1848, and of chemistry at Strasbourg, 1849. After holding various scientific positions at Lille and Paris, he was professor of chemistry at the Sorbonne, 1867-89. Later his researches were made at the Pasteur Institute.

From 1854 to 1857, Pasteur conducted researches on ferments and fermentation, which led directly to his further studies in specific germs. He studied and successively combatted the contagious silkworm disease, as well as fowl cholera and anthrax, which he treated by vaccines and diluted virus. His last work was connected with a vaccine treatment for hydrophobia. Pasteur is regarded as the founder of the modern science of bacteriology. He was elected to the French Academy in 1882, and died in 1895.

### Occupations in Canada

**ARTICLE** No. 7—The following paragraphs from a recent issue of the Civil Service Bulletin, tell something of the duties and qualifications of a process worker:

**Duties:** Under direction to photograph maps, plans, etc., to produce line and screen negatives on wet collodion plates, to do half tone etching; and to perform other related work as required.

**Qualifications required:** Education equivalent to high school graduation; graduation from a technical school where a complete course of instruction in the photo-mechanical processes is given, or equivalent training elsewhere; at least three years' experience in the photo-engraving or photo-lithographic department of important establishments; thorough knowledge of process work in all its branches; good physical condition.

### The Problem Department

**SERIES SIX—Literature.**

1. What are the two essential characteristics of great literature?

2. State three types of literary excellence.

3. From what ancient peoples did the principal literary inheritances of the modern world come?

4. In what year was the first book printed in England. Who was the printer?

5. Who is the present poet laureate?

Answers to Government Questions, Series Five:

1. Distinguish between the art and science of politics.

**Answer:** The art, ideally, is the practice of government so that it accords with justice, so that the dignity and effectiveness of institutions are maintained, and good and able men are kept in control of public affairs. The science of politics analyzes and elaborates the theory of the state and examines the various types of public administration, past, present, and proposed.

2. State some of the political problems of the present day.

**Answer:** One problem is to democratize government and at the same time to keep it vigorous and stable. Growing attention is paid to the problems of the relations between states, to expedients for solving international difficulties, preventing war, and organizing international co-operation.

3. Indicate the application of the name Great Britain.

**Answer:** Great Britain comprises England, Wales and Scotland.

4. Summarize the relations of the self-governing Dominions to the British Crown and to England.

**Answer:** The self-governing possessions, while owing allegiance to the British Crown and preserving their place in the Empire, are veritable nations under their own governments. In all of them are fully recognized the rights of self-government, of

taxation exclusively by their own representative assemblies, and of the determination of future destiny. The ties that bind them to England are ties of sentiment and of imperial interest, voluntarily accepted and patriotically guarded.

5. Indicate the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Canada.

**Answer:** The Supreme Court of Canada receives appeals from the provincial courts and questions may be referred to it by the Governor-General in Council. A ruling may thereby be obtained on the constitutionality of any law, without the delay and expense of litigation.

### The Stamp Collector

**THE** 1928 edition of the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, published at \$2.00 by Scott Stamp and Coin Co., Ltd., 1 West 47th Street, New York, is off the press in the form of over seventeen hundred pages bound in remarkably compact style and carrying hundreds of illustrations. While the price has remained the same for many years, the pages increase each year owing to the tendency of many governments, particularly in Europe, to issue commemorative and special sets of stamps. Scott's catalogue, "giving date of issue, color, shape and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every type of stamp," has long been favorably known to collectors and the new volume will no doubt have a wide distribution. An attractive feature for collectors is the inclusion of a watermark section, illustrating every watermark appearing on the postage stamps listed in the catalogue. These illustrations will prove very helpful to specialists as well as to beginners.

### Inquiries Answered

**EACH** month brings its new set of inquiries and during November, the Problem Editor has written to one correspondent in British Columbia concerning the choice of a university course, to another in the same province concerning books on accounting, and also to one in Saskatchewan. An ambitious youth in Saskatchewan sends the following interesting letter:

"I am a boy sixteen years old. I am in the tenth grade. My father is putting me through the tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades, but after that it is my intention to earn my own way through University to get to be a doctor.

"I want you to advise me as to some work for which I might qualify while attending school. It would have to be some kind of work which I could do during the summer months, so as to supply the necessary funds for the school year."

Information will be sent to this correspondent by mail.

Another Saskatchewan reader, using the pen name Boomerang, writes in reference to the statement "The employer is not so anxious to hire the man who needs the position as to hire the man whom the position needs," which appeared in a previous article. The following is a section from his letter:

"If we glance over it, we can readily notice that our social system is a self-organizing machine that must from its very nature work like a machine. The interdependence of the parts of the machine is a fact. We are the parts and so are all our fellow-citizens. Will they last forever? The answer is inevitable. They will drop out. Someone must be chosen to play their part. What kind of parts shall be chosen? It will be those which make the most perfect fit and do their work with the best results. Yes, they will be chosen first by their appearance, which will be regulated in great measure by their attitude; then for their preparedness for their work; and finally they shall be retained through their ability to take successfully the place of the discarded part."

### Empire Resources

**SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., 70 Bond Street, Toronto,** announce the publication of a timely book entitled "The Economic Resources of the Empire." The book consists of a series of thoughtful lectures given at the London Polytechnic by authorities who were in attendance at the Imperial Conference in the fall of 1926. The editorial work was done by Mr. T. Worsnick, O.B.E., M.Sc. It is reported that the lectures were eagerly welcomed at the time and they have been published in book form because of the desire of the Polytechnic authorities to promote greater co-operation in trade and industry among the constituents of the Empire. The student of present-day industrial and economic conditions who wishes to have in compact form an authoritative statement of the resources of the Empire, will find this a very readable book. It is attractively bound in blue cloth, gold-stamped, and retails at \$1.50. The lecture on Canada was entitled "The Economic Position of Canada" and was given by J. Bruce Walker, Director of European Immigration for Canada. Mr. Walker is well known to Canadians and his lecture is interesting reading. The following paragraph will meet with a sympathetic response in many Canadian hearts:

"It is a curious commentary on our modern statesmanship that when there are two elemental facts capable of joint action and assimilation, our statesmen seem incapable of getting co-operation. Is it beyond the wit of our Dominion and British statesmanship to devise some practical plan whereby the fertile vacant spaces of the Overseas Dominions may be occupied by the virile manhood and womanhood of the congested areas of the Motherland?"

### Christmas

**I** HAVE always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. —Charles Dickens.

### Self-Support

**SELF-SUPPORT** implies the ability to do certain things in such a way as to command money-earning reward in the community. While it may be desirable not to stress too much the financial rewards of occupations, the following questions from an "Efficiency Money Chart," by Edward Earle Purinton, author of a well-known book, "Efficient Living," will prove interesting.

1. Have you set for yourself a definite earning capacity toward which you are working?

2. Have you found and are you removing the causes for your failure to earn a definite sum?

3. Is your present income greater than your father's was at your age?

4. Have you located the best and cheapest restaurants, stores, tailor-shops, etc?

5. Are you free from the mistake of confusing "expensive" with "good"?

6. Are you living within your means?

7. Do you pay your bills promptly?

8. Can you refrain from buying bargains when they do not meet a real need?

9. Can you cheerfully go without luxuries, to save money for a purpose?

10. Are you saving at least twenty per cent. of your weekly or monthly salary?

11. Do you put your savings regularly into a safe, permanent investment?

12. Have you one or more investments yielding at least four per cent return?

13. Have you a good balance in a sound bank?

14. Can you borrow money on your credit?

15. Are all your expenses standardized? Do you know what each personal, household and business item should cost?

16. Have you resolved to amass a competency?—then do something in life more valuable than making money.



# Pathfinders of the Canadian Rockies

IN COLLECTING material for this, the first of a series of articles on the men who made history in the Canadian Rockies, the writer has had at his disposal and has delved into such old records and journals as are yet available. It might be presumed that this particular field, subject to many such diggings and siftings in the past, would now yield little that is of interest, but such is not the case. With the passing of each year a clearer historical perspective is obtained; with the construction of new highways giving access to hitherto remote parts of the mountains comes a fuller realization of the hardships and privations that the pathfinders endured; with even dim vision of what may yet be accomplished in further opening up and developing Canada's greatest scenic areas, the tiller finds the soil fertile, the task congenial and the labor far from toil.

Outstanding amongst the Pathfinders who penetrated the Rockies is James Hector, explorer of the Upper Bow Valley and discoverer of Kicking Horse Pass. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 16th, 1834, he was educated in the High School and Academy of that ancient city. His father was a man of strong literary leanings and, as such, became a close friend of Sir Walter Scott. In 1856 the young man obtained the degree of M.D. and soon afterwards was appointed to an important post, ranking second in command on the Palliser expedition then fitting out to explore generally the Rocky Mountains of British North America and more particularly "To ascertain whether one or more passes, suitable for wheeled vehicles, existed within British territory."

The personnel of this expedition was altogether different from what one would expect to find. At its head was a military officer, Captain Palliser; under him was James Hector, doctor and geologist; with them was M. Bourgeau, a very distinguished botanist from France. Later, and while on the great plains of the Saskatchewan, they were joined by Lieut. Blackiston, a naval officer.

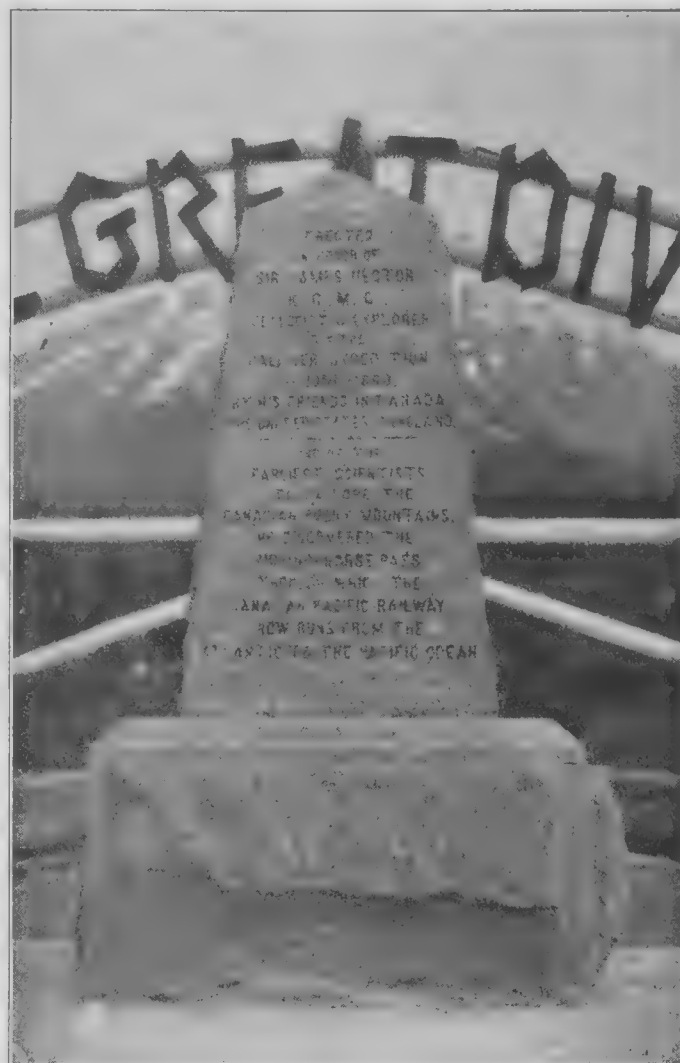
Sailing from England on board the SS. Arabic on May 16th, 1857, the adventurers, twelve days later, arrived at the port of New York, from where they at once proceeded to Sault Ste. Marie and thence to Fort William. The canoe trip from the head of the lakes to Fort Garry, a distance of over six hundred miles, was made in less than a month's time. From Fort Garry westward transportation was made by means of Red River carts and saddle ponies. On the eighth day of October the little cavalcade of sore horsemen rode through the gateway of Fort Carleton on the North Saskatchewan River. At this important trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company the party were hospitably received by the factor in charge and comfortably lodged for the winter.

EARLY in the following spring, the party was divided into three bands. To one of the groups was assigned the task of exploring the pass which, many years later, was adopted as the transcontinental route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Doctor Hector was placed at the head of this party which, crossing the prairies in a southwesterly

James Hector

*Travel and Exploration in the Foothills and Rockies West of Calgary. Old Bow Fort and its Brief History. Place Names of the Upper Bow Valley. Banff-Windermere Highway Traversed almost Seventy Years ago. Discovery of Kicking Horse Pass.*

Written and Illustrated by Dan McCowan



James Hector's Monument

direction, reached the foothills of the Rockies, ascended the valley of the Bow River and completed the first stage of the journey at the site of Old Bow Fort. This fort, or trading establishment, had a brief but eventful history. Built in 1802, it stood upon a beautiful grassy bench on the north bank of the Bow River some forty-five miles west of present-day Calgary. The immediate locality was then a favorite battle ground of the Plains Indians, which circumstance was not, as may be imagined, appreciated by the slender garrison. Following inter-tribal frays, the fort was frequently attacked by the hot-blooded and impetuous victors. Several white men lost their lives as the result of these savage onslaughts and, finally, in one particularly fierce assault the defenders were overpowered and the buildings destroyed by fire.

At the time of Hector's visit the stone chimneys still stood upright, eloquent monuments to the integrity and bravery of simple serving men. Today, while chimneys and fireplaces are prone and grass grows green amongst the rubble mounds, there is yet clear trace of the outline of the buildings and of the palisade fence which surrounded them.

On this sunny plateau by the mouth of Bow Fort Creek the pathfinding party tarried for a little while to rest and to re-fit. There is mention of the Stoney Indians coming to pay their

respects and to trade with the white men. And here, at this comparatively remote period in the history of Western Canada, in a region which was then an uncharted wilderness, a vacant lots garden association had already been formed and was evidently functioning satisfactorily. In the printed report of the Expedition, later submitted to the British Parliament, it is reported that "The Chief of the Assiniboines took Doctor Hector to see a small communal vegetable garden which his people had planted and of which they were all very proud." The crop consisted chiefly of turnips and potatoes. On being presented with a small quantity of these roots, the canny Scot who led the white men's party noted in his diary that the chief, with a charred stick, made marks upon a boulder to indicate from whose rows the turnips had been taken.

At Bow Fort camp the Red River carts were abandoned as being unsuitable for use in the mountains, and here the services of an Indian guide, one who was more or less familiar with mountain trails, was procured. This native, a hunter of great repute, had such a long and tongue-twisting name that, for convenience sake, it was found advisable to address him as Nimrod. (Ever afterwards his kinsmen called him Hector Nimrod.) Moving westward along the north bank of the Bow, having no provisions except a few pounds of tea and a small quantity of buffalo meat, the little handful of men entered the mountains at Kananaskis, naming as they went many of the lofty peaks which guard the entrance to this narrow defile. Impeded by rough rock debris and obstructed by tangles of fallen timber, the pack horses progressed but slowly. Towards evening an excellent camping place was reached, "opposite a mountain with three peaks which form a very striking group." This imposing mountain is readily recognized as that of Three Sisters, near to the mining town of Canmore.

A halt of several days was made at this camp, the leader of the expedition being anxious to examine rock formations and to collect geological specimens. On Wind Mountain, M. Bourgeau, the botanist, secured almost fifty varieties of Alpine plants. Meanwhile Nimrod had not been idle and this early justified his new name, by stalking and shooting a fine deer.

Five days out from Bow Fort found the travellers encamped upon a beautiful prairie-like meadow, at the base of Cascade Mountain. This meadow is now known as Banff Buffalo Park. Nimrod spoke of a great lake which lay a few miles eastward of this camp, "The length of it half a day's march and in which they catch the finest trout in the country." This was lake Minnewanka, where hosts of great fishes yet disport themselves in the clear cold depths.

Doctor Hector attempted to reach the summit of Cascade Mountain, but in this he was not successful. Upon its precipitous slopes and crags, however, he had the pleasure of encountering flocks of wild sheep, animals which he had not heretofore seen. On the following day, accompanied

Continued on page 53



Wind Mountain



Mt. Stephen; Near this spot is Kickinghorse where Hector met with accident



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# Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

**H**ISTORY of Anthony Waring," (May Sinclair. Hutchinson & Co.) Took me exactly an hour and three-quarters to read every word of this novel. It is like a skeleton, without any flesh and blood. I wonder if May Sinclair first wrote the "History of Anthony Waring" in detail and then took out all the flesh and blood and emotion, and just left a perfect portrait of all his little bones, beautifully put together.

Begin it and you can't put it down; finish it and you wonder why it was written. Of course, that is a silly thing to say. It was written because May Sinclair wanted to portray a particular type of man in a particular environment, and she has done it, brilliantly, admirably. Let us leave the skeleton metaphor alone. Think of it rather as if May Sinclair had made a series of delicate little outline drawings or pastel tints, because there is some color in the book, and we are looking over her shoulder as she turns the album; pointing to this she says: "Here is Anthony Waring at the age of four, and here is another where his mother lies in a coffin, and here he is again under the dominance of Aunt Sarah, and here is Aunt Sarah in a rage, and this is Anthony in love with Mabel. And here is Anthony having been jilted by Mabel. Now you see he has got into the toils of an unscrupulous woman." Even this passage in his life is drab. "Here he is in his father's home being nursed after a bad illness; now he proposes to the nurse with the bad-tempered lip; married to her. More rages, this time his wife and not Aunt Sarah. Another death. Soon Anthony's father dies (for Aunt Sarah is by this time dead). Now he falls in love again with the wife on another man. She goes her way and he goes his. Two or three more rages, facial paralysis for the wife, heart attack for Anthony, who is now 63, and death." Oh, the futility of life!

## A Mystic Story

**A** MOST extraordinary story is this, "The Love Child," by Edith Olivier (London, Martin Secker). It would not need a very strongly-developed bump of sympathy to follow the working of the mind of a lonely spinster who, at the age of thirty-four, loses her mother and begins to play with a little child born of her own imagination. I suppose all of us have at some time played make-believe games. Those of us rich in friends, and whose lives are filled with many activities have not the same desire for make-believe games as the person who has been brought up in seclusion, and whose temperament and mentality are such that ordinary human intercourse is difficult. Therefore, I was not at all disturbed by the fact that Agatha began to romp about with little Clarissa, whom she had created in her lonely childhood, but with whom she had been forbidden to play by a governess lacking all understanding of child psychology. Nor did I find it very difficult to believe that, as the days passed, Agatha actually saw Clarissa, felt her, bought clothes for her and began to look after her as if she were a real flesh-and-blood child. I think doctors would easily explain this by giving a short outline of a type of neurosis that might easily attack a woman of Agatha's years and peculiar habits. All right so far. But the author and I parted com-

pany when Agatha's maids and Agatha's friends begin to see Clarissa also, and when other young people called and invited Clarissa to a dance. It was too much for me! What is Clarissa? If she is but the outcome of an overwrought imagination of a middle-aged woman nearing a physical breakdown then it is absurd that she should be seen and be accepted as a member of the household by everyone else. I wonder if the author, Edith Olivier, is trying to convince us that a thought can become materialized. Only the other day I heard a very clever and sweet-natured woman say this: "My nephew died because those who witnessed the accident thought of death in connection with him. When the van ran over him had those standing on the kerb not thought he was killed he would not have been." Take the converse of this extraordinary pronouncement and we have Edith Olivier's theme clearer. Agatha, instead of having a thought of death and destruction, had a thought of love, and creation. In other words, through the love thought that she had created Clarissa, and just as the people on the kerb saw that poor little boy killed by the van, so I suppose the people in this novel saw the little girl created by Agatha's love-thought. Well, if this is the meaning of the story—we'll leave it at that.

## Sermons Without a Pulpit

**A**T THE time of writing this everybody in London is asking each other, "Have you read 'Lay Sermons'?" ("Lay Sermons," by Lady Oxford. Thornton & Butterworth). Margot Asquith is one of those fortunate, or unfortunate, people who arouse tremendous interest or antagonism. People either loathe "that woman," or have the greatest admiration for her. I was prepared to dislike "Lay Sermons" intensely because I was not in rapport with the personality that produced "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith." But I had only read one of the lay sermons, "Health," the second in the book, when I realized that here was something more than the self-expression of an intense egoist. Margot Asquith's lay sermon on health should be reprinted as a leaflet and sent to everybody in the Medical Directory. Sound commonsense, understanding and humor make of this chapter a lesson not to be forgotten. There is much that is equally important

and well written in the chapter devoted to "Taste," but I found myself becoming bored; Margot Asquith has been a little too diffuse, which is never good taste.

Another of these sermons which delighted me is the one entitled "Marriage." Here again good commonsense with a grain of humor has banished the abnormal egoist in Margot Asquith which so many people find so trying. I have not as yet read the other sermons but I am going to do so, for this is a book bearing the imprint of a cultured, brilliant mind endeavoring to express itself sincerely.

## Mysteriously Mystical

**N**OT so long ago I was commenting upon the appalling number of little societies there are in London; societies formed for the study of this and that philosophy. I say appalling because it is a sign of the mental restlessness of the age. Night after night there are little bodies of men and women gathered together, usually in houses now too large for their owners to use as residences, and each separate body is imbued with the belief that it has found the only true religion. One night it is Krishna, another night it is Mahommed, nearly always it is some teacher out of the Oriental past whom we are asked to study if we would receive the light. I have attended dozens of these meetings—there was one held a short while ago in the City Temple of the White Pulpit fame. This was the Fellowship of Faiths. A few nights ago somebody explained the teachings of Krishna, and assured us that only through him might happiness be attained. One is always meeting new thoughters, members of theosophical societies and members of dozens of mushroom organizations.

Now, what has this preamble to do with sturdy Tom MacInnes?

It has this: He has recently written a book called "The teaching of the Old Boy." "The Old Boy," otherwise known as Tau Tze, lived in China six hundred years before the birth of Christ. Mr. MacInnes has written in a delightful manner the legend of this philosopher's life, and then he gives us what he would have us believe is a translation from the work of Tau Tze. I say, "what he would have us believe," because I am not in a position to judge whether this entire

volume is not the outcome of Tom MacInnes, the Canadian, in a quaint mood, and imbued with Chinese philosophy. I am sure a good many of us can remember a most delightful diary, purported to have been written by a Chinese official not so very long ago. I was not the only one in Winnipeg who was "taken in" by this diary. A very noted Canadian journalist, of international fame, stole my copy because he could not get one of his own, so valuable had this book become! But whether or not Tau Tze ever existed outside of Mr. MacInnes' imagination, it is most interesting to read what he calls "The Heavenly Way." In the Heavenly Way we are put in touch with political principles and moral ideals so wise and so noble that it is surprising to think of the conditions of China as they are today.

## Hardly Possible

**I** FOUND the first part of this latest book of Peggy Webling's ("Anna Maria," Hutchinson) more interesting than the second half. Anna Maria, nine years old, daughter of a weak, blue-eyed widow, runs away when on a visit to an aunt near Eastbourne, and on her weary walk back to Chelsea falls asleep in the verandah of a wealthy young lawyer, who has staying with him a bronzed young sailor.

So far, so good. The rest of the story follows conventional lines, and after a long and not very happy marriage, and fortunately early widowhood, Anna Maria finds happiness with her bronzed but no longer boyish sailor. The point which would rightly brook discussion is whether the weak, lovable egoist Vivian, Anna's first failure as a husband, could possibly have induced the very affectionate mother to part with first her little girl and then later her little son, and allow them to be boarded in the country. Vivian, a playwright and author of one poem, claims that he must have peace and undivided attention if his inspiration is to bear fruit. But to me it seems that the whole incident, on which much hangs, is far-fetched. That it might be possible one can imagine, though it takes some imagining. But neither of the parents seem to suit the rôle for such a demand and such a sacrifice. Anna is a very mother, and Vivian is vain and weak, and it is difficult to believe she could so easily efface her motherhood.

It is a pleasant enough story about rather sloppy people. The only strong man in the piece, the distinguished sailor—author, takes a long time to show his strength. Moreover, we only guess at it because he lives most of the time in Japan.

## Country Life

**O**NE of the 1927 novels, and a clean, healthy, interesting story. What a joy to find the old type of novel beginning to raise its head above the psychological analysis that has passed for story-telling during the last decade. The scene of "The Row-forest Plot" by A. R. Weekes (Constable & Co.) is laid in Hampshire, and the ingredients consist of the impoverished old country family, the new rich, the peasantry, and the young naval cousin, the hero of the Antarctic, who saves the family estate, and marries the heroine, all in the most approved manner. I do not say this patronizingly. It is so soothing to have things go smoothly and happily, with just enough excitement and uncertainty to make one rejoice when things come right.



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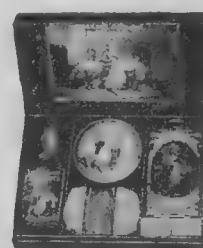
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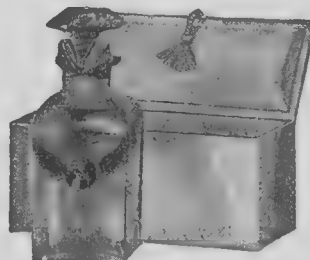
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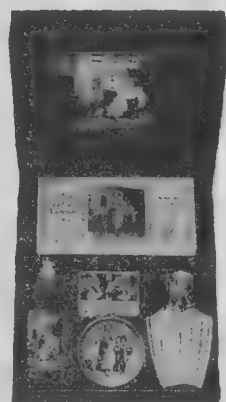
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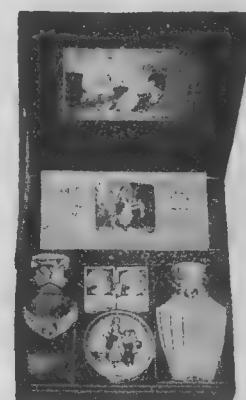
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# Christmas Music and Traditions

By a Winnipeg Musician

"Now thrice welcome Christmas,  
Which brings us good cheer,  
Mince pies and plum porridge,  
Good ale and strong beer:  
With pig, goose and capon,  
The best that can be,  
So well doth the weather  
And our stomachs agree."

THIS carol appeared in "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1695 and here is another specimen from the same publication the following year:

"Now that the time has come wherein  
Our Saviour Christ was born,  
The larder's full of beef and pork  
The garner's filled with corn."

This rather off-hand reference to the greatest religious event of the Christian world reflects in the cruder speech of an older day, that dual attitude toward Christmas we inherit along with our Christmas music—music which, in spite of the more elaborate works of some of our greatest composers, remains chiefly for us the ancient carols or Noels of the people. The merry old heathen Yule crops up in the purely festive kind, the missionary zeal of Rome in the religious ones.

Countless legends and songs have been inspired by the events of the Incarnation. Some of them seem very curious to us at this remote day. Consider for instance the well known cherry carol which persisted in different parts of northern Europe. The cherry-tree story occurs in one of the Coventry Mystery Plays of the 15th century and the carol which is thought to be based on it, is in two parts:

Mary and Joseph are walking through an orchard on their way to Jerusalem before the birth of the Saviour. As they pass a tree loaded with cherries Mary expresses a wish for some of the fruit and asks Joseph to pluck it for her. But Joseph first tries to put her off: "Come on Mary, that we were at yon citie or else we may be blamed" and when she sticks to her point he refuses outright:

"Your desire to fulfill I shall assay  
sickly,  
Ow, to pluck you from these cherries  
it is a work wild,  
For the tree is so high it will not be  
lightlie;  
Therefore let him pluck you cherries,  
that got you with child."

Whereupon the tree bows down and offers its fruit to Mary, and Joseph is instantly repentant.

France had a similar fruit tree legend but the story went a little further:

Mary longs for the apples but Joseph declines to get them for her, and the tree bends down to her and she plucks the fruit. Joseph then tries to get some but the bough springs back out of his reach. At once he understands he has been at fault and falling on his knees, he begs Mary's forgiveness.

Rev. Baring-Gould, authority on folklore says: "The legend of the cherry-tree is the lingering on of a very curious, mysterious tradition, common to the whole race of man, that the eating of the fruit in Eden was the cause of the descendant of Eve becoming the mother of Him who was to wipe away that old transgression." He refers concerning this legend, to the mythology of the Mexicans and to a romance found in Egyptian catacombs and other rare sources.

ENGLAND, Germany and France have a rich store of little manger songs, simple lays with realistic gentry rocking rhythms, breathing love for the Babe. That "divine touch made the whole world vocal." Into those of the French sometimes crept a hint of railleury as if "says Edmondstone Duncan," the outward trappings of the mysteries and pageants had sometimes excited a little rustic laughter." Scotland has "Ane Sang of the birth of Christ" about:

"My saull and lyfe, stand up and see  
Quha lies in ane cribe of tree

O my deir hert, zounge Jesus sweet."

The beautiful old "This Endres Nyghte," is in the form of stanzas spoken alternately by mother and child, each stanza ending with the refrain "Bye-bye, lullay." We sing the air to other verses.

One must speak of wassails, which are among the oldest known forms of the English carols. The holly, mistletoe, the Yule log and wassail bowl are relics of a pre-Christian age. We know best, probably the traditional North Country carol beginning "Wassail, Wassail, all over the town, our bread it is white and our ale it is brown," which sounds so jolly at Yuletide banquets. Another prime favorite and in that same hearty spirit is the 16th century "God Rest You Merrie Gentlemen."

Traditional carols of the narrative class include the celebrated one of the Boar's Head which is sung every Christmas at Oxford and which is the earliest known specimen of the printed carol. Perhaps you all know of the ceremony. A procession accompanies the bringing in of the boar's head with the precentor or soloist at the head, singing the chant to English words and the students join in the Latin refrain "Caput Apri deferro." Another carol of the narrative type is the 15th century "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In" with quaint verses asking: "Pray whither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas Day, On Christmas Day?" And the answer: "O they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas Day, On Christmas Day"—which proves our forefathers were a little shaky on their geography. One version of this same carol ends:

"There comes a ship for stieres then,  
Saint Michael was the stieres-man;  
Saint John was in the horn:  
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,  
And all the bells of heaven they rang  
On Christes Sunday at morn."

One is struck by the curious blending of nature and religion in such a carol as the priceless old "Holly and the Ivy" with its refrain "O the Rising of the Sun" and—to quote briefly:

"The holly bears a berry,  
As red as any blood,  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To do poor sinners good.  
O the rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ,  
Sweet singing in the choir."

Here the holly and the ivy and its berries are made typical of Mary and the Child; in other versions they represent the two sexes, the holly the young men, the ivy the maidens.

We find that the carols we sing the most and therefore the ones which have the strongest reason for survival, are generally those of rich sympathy and loving faith or of the hale, outdoors variety. Among the finest of the traditional ones must be included some founded upon the ancient plainsong melodies of the Latin Church, the familiar "Prose de l'Ane or Orientibus Partibus (Soldiers who are Christ's below), "Corde Natus ex parentis" sung to the hymn "Of the Father's Love Begotten," "In dulci jubilo" of the 14th century which we sing to "Good Christian Men Rejoice," "Tempus Adest Floridum" a Latin specimen of spring song adapted to our Christmas "Good King Wencelas" and "Conditor Alme Siderum" once a solemn office hymn for Advent can be found as an irresponsible little Noel tune in 6-8 time and also as Bach used it in one of his variations on chorales. From this period too, through a German source, comes "Resonet in Laudibus" (Christ was Born on Christmas Day). Also from the German and very old is "Es ist ein Ros entsprungen" (A Great and Mighty Wonder). We have, too, the English traditional melodies "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks." "Who can stand by tamely when a whole company is lifting up its voice in 'The First Nowell' or in 'Christians Awake' and 'Adeste Fideles' (O Come all Ye Faithful) of the 18th century? Or in Mendelssohn's ringing "Hark the Herald Angels?"

WE in this day and generation, have an inheritance of Yuletide song of many lands. Here in Canada we have only to stir ourselves a little and we may listen to it sung in the tongue of the country that gave it birth. Anglo Saxon, French, Scandinavian, German, Russian,

Polish—they are all at our doors. The France of centuries ago comes down to us in the old Noels that passed from lip to lip of her warm-blooded peasantry. As early as the 7th century she was welcoming Saxon youths lured by the liveliness of her musical activities. As we work and play and sing with her descendants in this Canada of ours, we think of an older mingling of the two races: That 13th century Anglo-Norman Noel "Ore entendez a nus" (Lordlings give ear unto us) reminds us of it. Imagine bands of minstrels wandering from one castle to another of the Norman nobility in England, sure of a welcome on so festive an occasion as Christmas. The six verses of the carol, supposed to be sung by the Shepherds about the Cradle, are all about eating and drinking. The refrain goes:

"May joy come from God above  
To all those who Christmas love"

And the third verse:

"To English ale and Gascone wine

And French, doth Christmasmuch

incline

And Anjous too."

We must mention the sad romance of that "Noel of Jean de Brebeuf," founder of the Huron mission in early Canada, indomitable nobleman and Jesuit priest, who bore unflinchingly the fiendish tortures of the savages of the St. Ignace. The melody "Jesus est ne" (Jesus is born), which was translated into the Huron dialect and entitled "Jesus Ahatonnia," was sung on the night of December 25th, 1648. Picture that heroic but doomed figure making his way to the chapel and there surrounded by the neophytes and catechumens celebrating for the last time on earth "la douce fete de Noel." Less than four months later, singing still but this time tortured at the stake, in the midst of the flames of the butcher, the song becomes the hymn of saints and martyrs. "That is why" says Earnest Myrand, "I find that plaintive air so poignant, why in that song of joy and cheerfulness are blood and tears, anguish and agony."

WE feel urged to speak of the unique treasure of song and dance and poetry that comes to Canada with the people of Ukraina—people possessing a natural capacity for expression. Centuries ago the Ukrainians prayed to Svaroga their sun god and to Horsa, goddess of the dawn, drinking in some of that golden strength that they give out in their songs. "Their Kolady" (Christmas songs) and Shchedrivky (New Year's songs) show their great gift for beautiful melody and the vitality of their genius for music," says Rev. R. G. Katsnuoff of Winnipeg. (Mr. Katsnuoff who is Bulgarian by birth, spent his university days at Constantinople and came to this country in 1913. He has made a special study of the people and the music of the Ukraine.) "Some of the songs are grave and imposing, others bubble over with gaiety as in the dance type, the 'kolomeyki.' Some are sad and haunting. But they are all full of vivid or appealing contrast. The Ukrainians have an inborn sense of harmony; they can improvise endlessly around their melodies."

While the Russians observe Easter and the Resurrection with great ceremony the Ukrainians concentrate especially on Christmas. For three days at least and perhaps a week, eating and drinking are important occupations and work is not to be thought of. They prepare for Holy Eve (December 24th) by fasting during the whole day, crowning it with a feast at night. The tables groan under the many dishes. In every corner of the room are sheaves of wheat or rye; the floor is strewn with straw. The banquet begins with the celebrated kutia, made of cracked or whole wheat, cooked and served with spices and honey or syrup. A little ceremony follows. The head of the family throws the Kutia, and on how it happens to fall, depends the fate of the honey yield. This and the holubtzi and peruhi constitute the three principal dishes of the feast. The combination of cabbage leaves with rice and meat, boiled together, is holubtzi. Peruhi, so one is told, is somewhat of an acquired taste-boiled dough in which you may find cheese or prunes or even cabbage, and which is served with cream.



Merry groups of boys and girls bearing their large star of colored paper tramp from house to house and standing beneath the window, open to welcome them, convey in their carols their good wishes to those within. Soon comes the reward in the shape of bacon, apples, nuts etc. Sometimes the older people go along, too, and in this case the money collected is presented as an offering to the church.

The Christmas songs may be divided into the kind sung by the little bands wending their way from dwelling to dwelling. For instance:

Solo—"Is the rich owner of this house at home?"

Choir—"Glory to Thee Great God in Heaven!"

And those with a solo voice improvising a love song in narrative style but the chorus singing in several parts a refrain of churchly character. This is a well known example and one of the many that refer to the Nativity:

Solo

"In the garden a gray horse is prancing  
And young Ivan got on its back  
And went to the king's daughter  
And asked her: "O king's daughter  
Will you be my true wife?"

Chorus

"Rejoice, rejoice O Earth  
The Son of God is being born."

And the purely religious Kolady such as this, which, with the other Ukrainian songs here printed, are translated by Mr. Katsunoff:

"God Almighty saw  
That the world was perishing  
And he sent Angel Gabriel  
To the village of Nazareth,  
To announce that in Nazareth  
The Word was born in a manger  
And from the east three kings  
Were bringing gifts to God."

This is another Christmas song:

"Rejoice O Adam (signifying mankind in general),  
O Eve (as first mother) wipe away thy tears,  
Because He whom you have awaited so long is born in Bethlehem."

The following is a typical example of the curious mixture of paganism and Christianity that obtained in the early songs. It deals with the building of a temple:

"The Saints were sitting  
And hewing stones  
Glory to Thee Holy Trinity, high  
in the Heaven!  
They were hewing stones  
Building a church  
An Angel flew down  
And sat on a throne.  
He served a mass  
And a tear ran down  
And from this tear  
Donan overflowed.

Another naive specimen of this early period:

"Blessed evening!  
In the field a plough is ploughing  
Blessed evening, happy evening,  
May it be to all good people!  
Jesus walks behind this plough  
Holy Peter walks behind him  
The Lord's mother carries a pail of food  
Carries the pail of food and asks the Lord  
'Plough O Son, this little piece of land!'"

The shchedrivky or New Year songs overflow with goodwill toward fellowmen. New Year callers carrying a budding branch apply it vigorously to the good people of the house. After which they enjoin upon them prosperity and many apples for the coming year.

OUR Christmas traditions and music have much in common with our compatriots of German and Scandinavian origin. No German family would be without its Christmas tree and their little folk carry visions of the Christ-child flying through the air, distributing his Christmas trees. The Christ-child is the theme of a great part of the Christmas songs. We borrow and keep many of their fine and nobly-felt hymns. The serene "Holy Night" is probably the one we know best.

Our Scandinavian friends bring still more of Germany by way of their chorales and hymns. The lack of Christmas songs of their own they attribute in a measure to their long-prevailing conservative tendency to keep everything secular out of the church. They draw on us Anglo Saxons too for material. We share with them gladly, feeling they ought to envy us a little for having such an abundance.

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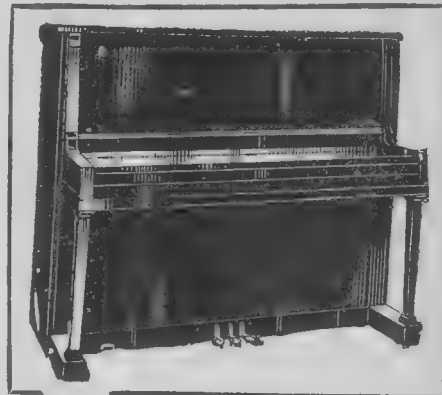
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# The Christmas Spirit

A PLAYLET—By Helen Palk

## CHARACTERS

|                                     |                              |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| The Spirit of Christmas Giving..... | } Dressed as winter fairies. |
| The Spirit of Love.....             |                              |
| The Spirit of Joy.....              |                              |
| School girls .....                  | Gladys, Dorothy, Mabel, Ruth |
| The two sisters.....                | } Jack, Nell, Jim            |
| Mother and three children .....     |                              |

## SCENE 1

(A living room in Dorothy's home. The four girls seated around a table writing Christmas lists.)

Gladys—Hurrah! My list is finished at last. Do you want to hear it girls?  
 Mabel—Yes, do read it. It may give the rest of us some ideas. I have the hardest time trying to think of something I want. I seem to have everything.  
 Dorothy—Well, I know one thing. If I do not get the things I've asked for my folks will hear about it.  
 Ruth—That's what I say. Last year I counted fifty presents in my pile, and most of the things I wanted were missing. Go on, Glad, read your list. I'm ready for suggestions.  
 Gladys—You'll get them here alright. Listen to this. First and foremost and most important—a pair of fancy skates and a new sport outfit, a gold Eversharp, a full set of Little Colonel books, a new party dress—  
 Mabel—Why Glad, you had a new dress for Ruth's party last month!  
 Gladys—Yes, I know I did, but I've worn that at least four times and I want a white one for Christmas parties, and of course, I shall expect heaps of candies, handkerchiefs, gloves, and all the rest of the things everybody gets.  
 Ruth—That's some list, Glad. I hope you'll get your modest wishes; but are we going to make Christmas presents this afternoon?  
 Dorothy—Oh! I hate making things. Mother always insists that I make something for Grandma and for numerous Aunts I have never even seen. How I wish there were Christmas fairies, and that one would come right now, and help me with my job. (Bells, heard outside.)  
 Gladys—Bells!  
 Mabel—What is it?  
 Dorothy—Santa Claus!  
 Ruth—Oh look! (Enter Spirits)  
 Mabel—Where did you come from?  
 Dorothy—Who are you?  
 Spirit—I am the Spirit of Christmas Giving, and these are my sisters, Love and Joy. We came in answer to Dorothy's wish. Perhaps you would like to know why we are visiting the world today?  
 Girls—Oh, do tell us!  
 Ruth—I never thought I would see a real fairy.  
 Spirit—We are the helpers of our Grandfather Christmas. You earth children call him Santa Claus.  
 Gladys—Oh, is Santa Claus really your Grandfather?  
 Spirit—He is, and at this time of year he needs many helpers. We have come at his bidding to visit the homes of the children who have written to him during the year. We see and hear many things, but we are seldom seen by mortal eyes. You see us now because we thought you needed our help. Will you take a little journey with us?  
 Mabel—Oh, girls! Wouldn't it be splendid? A journey with fairies!  
 Girls—Yes, yes! Please take us.  
 Ruth—But, where are we going?  
 Spirit—My sisters, here, have that planned. Love, where would you take them?  
 Love—I would have them see a home very different from this one. It is one room where two sisters live. The eldest is not much older than Gladys here. Yet she works hard all day to support herself and her little sister. Just now she is working very hard to make a little extra money for a Christmas surprise for the little sister, but you shall see them both for yourselves.  
 Joy—I, too, would show them a humble home where the mother and the children are preparing for Christmas just as you girls are, but I must not spoil the surprise.  
 Spirit—Are you ready, girls? Love will lead the way. When I lift my wand you will be invisible, but you will be able to see and hear all that she wishes you to see and hear. Follow this way.—(Curtain.)

## SCENE 2

(The home of the sisters. Fourteen-year-old girl is seated at a table making artificial flowers.)  
 (Enter little Betty.)

Betty—Oh, sister, we had such a good time at school today. We wrote letters to Santa Claus, and I wrote one too. Here it is.  
 Sister—Well, isn't that grand? Take off your coat and let me hear it.  
 Betty—(Climbs on sister's knee and reads.)  
 Dear Santa Claus:  
 I hope you can come to my house. I will hang up my stocking, and sister will hang up hers too. Please bring me a dolly that shuts its eyes, and a warm coat. Sister needs some shoes and some gloves. I hope this is not too much to ask for.—Your little friend,  
 You do think he will come, don't you, sister?  
 Sister—Yes, I do, dear. I'll tell you what we will do. Let us take the wish bone you found yesterday, and make a wish. See, here it is. Now shut your eyes tight, and wish hard that Santa will come.—(Curtain.)

## SCENE 3

(Christmas Eve in a very humble home. Mother and three children standing where one tiny stocking is hung.)

Jack—Come on, Mother. Yours goes up too, right besides Babe's here.  
 Mother—Oh, never mind mine, Jackie boy.  
 Nell—Of course, we'll mind. You don't know the treasures Santa Claus has for you. Up it goes, Mother, and you must skidoo while he fills it, and promise on your honour not to look until morning. Promise now; on your honour.  
 (Mother is laughingly pushed out of room and the door guarded by Jim.)  
 Hurry now, where are the royal gifts for the Queen of the Home?  
 Jack—Gee, I wish I had something better, but I could only save fifty cents altogether, and you know we all had to dub in for Babe's little doll because she had written so many letters to Santa Claus asking for it. That left thirty cents for the rest of my family, so you see where your presents went, eh kids?  
 Jim—Oh, shucks. I don't care so long as Mother gets one. What is it, Jack?  
 (Jack unwraps an egg-beater and shows it before putting it into the stocking.)  
 Nell—Now, yours, Jim.  
 Jim—Mine isn't as nice as Jack's. It's a calendar I made at school. Do you think she'll like it, Nell?  
 Nell—Of course, she will. Now, mine goes in. Mrs. Murray gave me \$1.00 for taking her baby for an airing after four. Four airings at twenty-five cents an airing makes one dollar. After my share went for Babe's doll, I bought this. You know how Mother has been wishing for a new pen. Continued on page 50



## The beauty killer

Here, it strikes a young and beautiful woman—and in a few years her charm and freshness will have fled.... Here, it grips a man at the height of his promise—soon he will have lost his vim and energy—to sink, with blighted prospects, into obscurity....

What a blessing that there is safe relief from this dreadful scourge! More—prevention! Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to relieve constipation. To prevent it ever beginning its deadly work.

### Why ALL-BRAN alone is effective

ALL-BRAN has "bulk." This bulk absorbs moisture and carries it through the intestines, at the same time gently distending them—cleansing, purifying, eliminating poisonous wastes. That is why doctors recommend ALL-BRAN instead of part-bran products. Because ALL-BRAN is 100% bran.

### Different from habit-forming drugs!

And contrast ALL-BRAN with dangerous drugs and pills—which become useless unless the dose is constantly increased. ALL-BRAN is delicious with milk or cream. Fruits or honey, added, make it an extra treat.

Serve it with other cereals. In soups. Try the recipes on every package. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

Insist on genuine Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants and cafeterias. On diners. Made by the Kellogg Company in London, Ontario. Write for free "Treatise on Constipation."

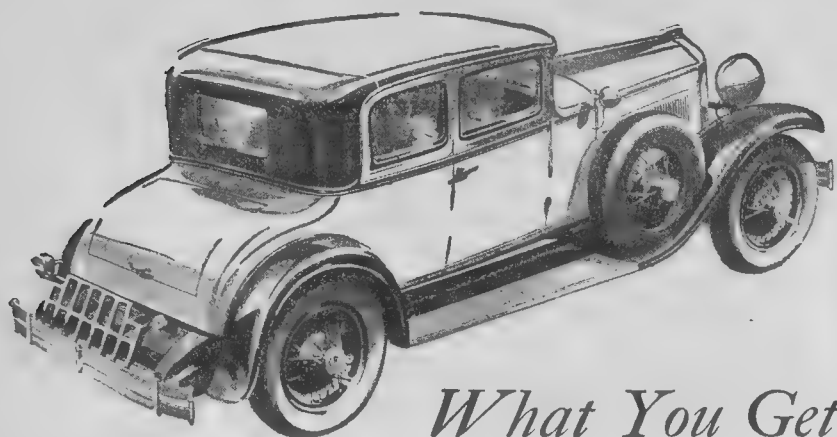
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.



**Kellogg's**

**ALL-BRAN**

# NEW



## What You Get

These are a few of the many features in the new Hupmobile 1928 Six which make vital contribution to performance, comfort, convenience and safety. The fundamentals which have been proved and improved for years, remain unchanged.

1. Exclusive Hupmobile-Midland (Steeldraulic) Brakes. ( $\frac{1}{8}$  inch clearance; quick, clean release prevents drag, saves power, assists getaway.)
2. Larger engine—more power. (Brilliant performance in hill-climbing, acceleration and speed.)
3. Direct pressure lubrication to piston pins. (Positive oiling instead of uncertain spray or splash.)
4. Exclusive patented device prevents carbon formation on valve stems and sticking valves.
5. Front springs shackled at spring horn. (Steering much easier.)
6. Tailored form-fitting cushions. (A new idea and an entirely new comfort in motor car seating.)
7. Adjustable steering wheel. (Comfortable control for tall, average, and short individuals.)
8. Lower center of gravity. (But no lessening of head room or road clearance, due to double drop frame.)
9. Non-shattering safety glass at slight extra cost. Non-glare; non-steaming; does not hold snow.

Twenty-four Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, ranging in price from \$1835 to \$2120, f. o. b. Windsor.

# HUPMOBILE



# 1928 SIX

WE BELIEVE THE HUPMOBILE TO BE  
THE BEST CAR OF ITS CLASS  
IN THE WORLD

## The Luck of the Tuffets

Continued from page 13

The whole effect was one of semi-funereal propriety. As a prospective car-demonstrator Mr. Tuffit was a genial undertaker's assistant out on a holiday. But pleased nevertheless. He flattered himself that he had acquired a rather sporty and a decidedly youthful appearance, which was exactly what he had striven for, because he well knew that in an age that callously proclaims forty-five the dead-line an aptitude for mechanics would count for less than a look-at-me-I'm-a-hustler manner. Yes, Mr. Tuffit was wise in his day and generation. Give the man credit, if you won't give him cash. Prototypes of Bill Tuffit are all about us and they know rather more than you think.

"Cheerio, Mrs. T"! Mr. Tuffit cried, addressing her curl-papers, which was all that was visible of her. "I'm off now. From this day on we're nobody's sparrows—and don't you forget it!"

"Be 'ome early," she mumbled from underneath the quilts, "I shall need you to roll up the rugs and tike down the pipes."

"Wot in tunket! 'Ousecleaning"? he demanded. "Tike down the pipes? Wot for?"

"I'll show you wot for if you come back without that job," she replied, rolling over and pulling the bedclothes over her head.

But nothing could quell Mr. Tuffit's naturally high spirits, and as he passed along the street friends and neighbors still at breakfast heard his familiar whistle on the frosty air and said one to another: "There goes Bill Tuffit looking for another job."

And he whistled coming back, an hour or two later—whistled right up to the discretion point which was, roughly estimated, four doors from his own. It was a quarter of eleven and Mrs. T. was paring potatoes at the sink. She turned quickly at the sound of his step and watched him closely as he entered with a swish of cold air and a stamping of snow-covered feet. He had a morning paper with him that he had fished from a snow-drift where someone had thrown it and this he spread carefully over a chair-back to dry out.

"Looks like we're in for a bit more snow," he remarked, shaking a little drift of flakes from the rim of his bowler before hanging it up. He took off his overcoat and shook it too, then with meticulous care adjusted it on a hanger on the pantry door. Mrs. T. watched this pantomime grimly.

"Well"? she said, at last.

"I'm a-coming to it. Just give me time," he said cheerfully. "I'm a bit out o' breath. S'pose I ought to do more walking—not so young as I used to be. Middle-aged, Mrs. T., that's me! Might as well face the truth."

"Bill Tuffit," she said in a voice deeply charged with emotion, "are you a-going to stand there and tell me you didn't get that job? Answer me—yes or no. 'Urry up! I'm waiting to 'ear.'" He regarded her with an urbane smile and spread out his hands to the fire.

"I'm going to give you a bit o' pleasure," he announced.

"Pleasure"? she echoed, uncertainly.

"The pleasure of saying 'I told you so,'" he explained. "Mrs. T., a younger man did get the job."

THERE was a long silence. Mrs. Tuffit went on peeling spuds, but now with vicious little jabs of the knife. Her thin lips were drawn into a straight line and her attitude conveyed the idea that this was only what she had expected. Her husband's persistent cheerfulness in the face of repeated disasters was but an added trial, for, as some

wise philosopher has said, there are few people harder to endure than your incurable optimist.

"Some young foreigner, I dare say—some pushing young upstart wot can't even talk the language," she said bitterly, at length. "All you need is gall and pull nowadays . . . Didn't you get there early enough?" she demanded.

"I was there afore the doors was open."

"Oh well, you never had a chance in the first plaice," she declared. "I told you so."

"This young chap wot got the job—I didn't see 'im myself—was hired larst evening, they told me. From out o' town 'e is. They say 'e's 'ad lots of experience. I wish 'im luck." Saying which, Mr. Tuffit lighted his old pipe, took a chair and stretched out his legs to the fire. As the wet and dirty newspaper dried, sheet by sheet, he took it up in sections and read it, but the process was long and complicated and Mrs. Tuffit found him in the way finally and ordered him out from under her feet.

"We'll 'ave a bite o' dinner," she said, "and then we'll begin packing up. I'm fair fed up with this country out 'ere, so I am."

Mr. Tuffit transferred himself to the lumpy old couch to await the meal. He took several sidelong, searching glances at his better half, and a wistful look replaced the habitual twinkle in his eye.

"I was passing the Midges," he said at last, apropos of nothing at all, and their Jessie was playing on the pianner and singing."

"Orful voice she's got. Needs training," submitted Mrs. T.

"Well, it sounded real nice this time. I've 'alf a mind to get a litle radio set," he ventured. "Know wot she was singing? She was singing: "'Ark the 'Erald Angels Sing.' I mind you used to sing that when you was a gel in the Old Country. Nice voice you 'ad."

"Huh," said Mrs. T. "Much good it did me."

"I don't never 'ear you singing now," Mr. Tuffit remarked.

"Wot 'ave I got to sing about"? she retorted.

This was indeed a poser and Mr. Tuffit was silent. Presently she called him to bring a chair to the table and begin eating before the soup cooled.

It was a strangely unpalatable meal, not because Mrs. T. couldn't cook—for she could—but owing to the depressing atmosphere. They had just started on the cold rice pudding (Mrs. Tuffit will never to her dying hour think of cold rice pudding without a thrill) when brisk steps sounded crunchingly on the hard-packed snow outside and a light, quick knock was heard at the door.

Mrs. Tuffit rose to answer it.

"We don't want to buy nothing," she said to the well-dressed young man who stood there. "Our rent's up 'ere at the end o' the month and we're moving. We don't want anything."

She was about to slam the door in his face when he spoke.

"Is this where William Tuffit lives"?

Mr. Tuffit, who was engaged in the business of inhaling tea from his saucer looked up at the mention of his name.

"Wot're you selling"? he asked, just as a matter of form.

The young man laughed cheerfully.

"Why, as a matter of fact, nothing," he replied. "I'm sorry if I've disturbed you at your lunch, but I was at the front door and couldn't make anybody hear. I—am you William Tuffit"? He regarded the older man curiously.

Mr. Tuffit had opened his mouth to reply when a sharp cry from his wife



halted the words on his lips. Mrs. T. was acting very strangely. Had she "gorn off 'er chump"? Actually she had thrown her arms around the young man's neck, and he, in his turn, had dropped his cap and fur mitts and was embracing her!

"It's 'Orace—it's Orace, Bill"! Mrs. T. was shrieking. "It's my boy—my bibe—come 'ome"!

"It's 'oo"? cried poor Mr. Tuffit, his round eyes almost starting from his head. He stood open-mouthed, watching the pair.

"It's 'Orace, Dad! It's our own little boy"! Mrs. T. continued to repeat over and over, like some joyful refrain.

"Little"! exclaimed Mr. Tuffit. "Wot in the blinkin' blazes—" and speech deserted him utterly.

THE tall young man bore no resemblance whatever to the picture of the little fellow in sailor suit on the wall of the living-room. At least, not at first glance. Only gradually did the conviction steal upon him that this must indeed be Horace as Mrs. T. kept insisting. He had his mother's eyes, and there was still a trace of the freckles across his nose, but his voice had changed and he stood five-foot-eleven and probably more.

"Hello Dad"! he now shouted, reaching out to grip his father's hand and wring it. "Gee, dad, I knew you right away! It was all I could do to stall, like I did. And the dear old Mater. I wondered how long it was going to take her to recognize me"!

Mr. Tuffit passed the back of his hand across his forehead and stared, still bewildered, at the speaker. Mrs. T. showed symptoms of swooning.

"Where—where's the circus"? asked Mr. Tuffit weakly.

"Where's the what"?

"Ain't you—ain't you with a circus or something," Mr. Tuffit persisted. "Wot ho, Mrs. T., brace up there! Lay your mar down on the lounge, my boy." He pushed the still-open door shut and together they assisted Mrs. T. to a prone position, her husband proceeding to fan her violently with an illustrated newspaper.

Poor Mr. Tuffit, it took him some little time to grasp the situation. He gazed at Horace closely as though suspecting a trick.

"Oh, I'm your erring son, all right, all right," the young man assured him. "Needn't look at me like that, Dad. There, there, Mother. Feel better? Honestly, I didn't mean to give you a heart attack. All I wanted—all I aimed to do—was surprise you."

"You've succeeded, you blighter," Mr. Tuffit said, slapping him on the back. "I—I don't rightly like this in. Where've you been, you d— young scalawag? And wot do you mean by blowing in 'ere after eight year and scaring the blessed wits out o' your pore mar? Tell me that"!

Mr. Tuffit had mustered a lot of severity into his tone. Mrs. T. stirred, opened her eyes, half rose.

"I just got here last night," said Horace. "I've been sent on half a dozen false trails in search of you—it seems nobody knows you as William Tuffit. Just Bill. And there are other Tuffits in the city. Some burg this has grown to be," he added.

"Oh 'Orace, we gave you up for dead"! murmured his mother. She had slowly revived under the ministrations of Mr. Tuffit, who had brought her a glass of water and spilled most of it down her neck.

"Dead! Do I look like a dead one"? the young man wanted to know, with a laugh. "But on the level, folks, it's great to be home."

"I've a good mind to tike you across my knee," threatened his father gruffly. "Where 'ave you been"?

"Everywhere," answered Horace. "On

the stage—no, I wasn't with a circus—travelling for various firms, working in garages, to cite only my more respectable callings. For the rest, selling papers, shining shoes, beating my way on freights, stowing away on steamboats, panhandling, acting as cow valet on cattle boats, sheep-ranching—anything I could find to do I did. I've been all over the known world, and how"!

"It's in 'is blood," nodded Mr. Tuffit. "E gets it from your par, Mrs. T., wot was a sailor."

"More like from your uncle wot was said to be a Gipsy," retorted Horace's mother. "E don't get it from nobody on my side," she declared, bristling.

Mr. Tuffit regarded his son gravely.

"And wot're you going to do now—settle down"?

"You said it," replied the prodigal.

"Orful queer langwidge 'e talks," complained Mrs. T.

"Americanized," said Mr. Tuffit.

"We'll take that out of 'im."

Horace had risen and discarded his overcoat and was walking around, hands in pocket, examining everything.

"Say, listen," he began, "my traps are down at the depot and there's a dog—"

"A which"? queried Mr. Tuffit. "Is 'e a little feller with a sniffle and 'is teeth all gorn and fleas"?

"No, he certainly isn't. He's a little fellow, hardly a year old and he's worth a lot of money. A wire-haired terrier. Can—is it all right to bring him up? I thought maybe the Mater—"

But Mrs. Tuffit again fell on her son's neck.

"This is my lucky day," she said in a voice that shook with emotion. "Urry up and get 'im 'ere. I shall call 'im Tweedledee, after pore dear—"

"Call him what? Oh, all right, Mater, only his right name is Rags. But anything to be agreeable."

"If you're going to settle down," suggested the boy's father, "I 'ope to 'eaven you've got a job, for I 'aven't."

"Have I got a job"? laughed young Horace. "I'll say"!

"Wot's your line"? Mr. Tuffit inquired.

"Motor cars are my dish," replied his son. "And I've just landed a dandy job demonstrating for the Rolls-Over Company."

There was a silence, at the conclusion of this speech, in which one might have heard a feather fall. Mr. Tuffit looked at his wife and Mrs. T. looked at her husband. Words for the nonce had failed both.

"Say, I haven't had anything to eat since breakfast," Horace observed finally. "Trundle the fatted calf along, eh"?

"It—it's a bloater. And rice pudding," said his mother, faintly.

When he had eaten, Horace put on his overcoat again.

"Wot ho! Off agine"? demanded Mr. Tuffit.

It still seemed so much like a dream that he was fearful it would vanish.

"Oh, I am just going to see about my trunks and grips," the young man said, his hand on the door. "I—I hope Santa Claus hasn't beaten me to it, but there's a furcoat for the Mater and I've got a peach of a radio set for you, Dad. In the spring if all goes well I'll have a car."

Mrs. T. pressed her hand to her heart and closed her eyes. To her, also, it was more a dream than a reality.

"A—a car, 'Orace"! she breathed. "And a fur coat"!

"Ow! Wait till the Midges 'ear about this," said Mr. Tuffit. "My word, wot a jolt for 'em"!

"Who are the Midges"? Horace inquired.

His mother sniffed.

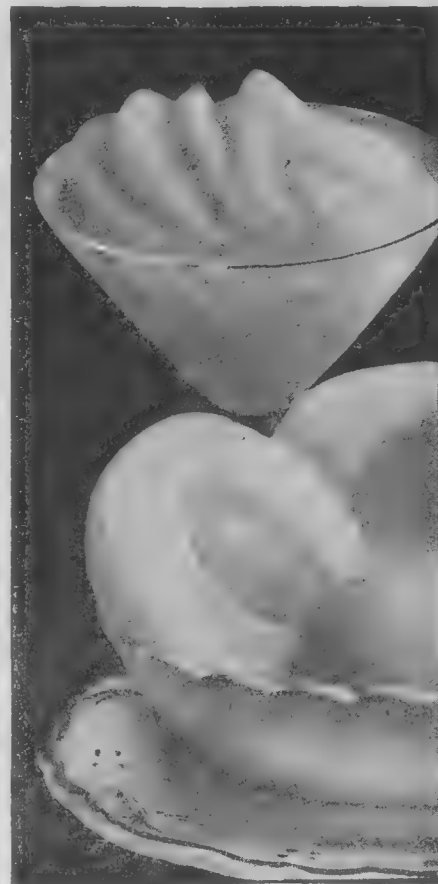
"Just a low-class family up the street," she replied. "I expect the

Continued on page 85



## You wouldn't go marketing blindfolded

—and yet, that's no worse than buying canned fruits without knowing what the label stands for



You'll be surprised how much better they make your old favorites, too!

You probably have some favorite recipe—some simple pudding or fruit salad the whole family likes.

Well, here's a prediction. We venture, no matter how well you like that recipe now, you'll like it better if you add DEL MONTE Peaches.

They're not only a luscious dessert by themselves—and naturally good in such special treats as cobblers, pastries, pies and sherbets—but also the finest kind of addition to almost any other everyday dessert or salad.

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Just be sure you say

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That's why it's so important to insist on DEL MONTE Canned Fruits.

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### TICKETS ON SALE

From all stations Manitoba (Winnipeg and West), Saskatchewan, Alberta.

DEC. 1 to JAN. 5 (Incl.)

Good returning  
ANY TIME WITHIN THREE MONTHS

\*\*\*

## PACIFIC COAST

VANCOUVER - VICTORIA  
NEW WESTMINSTER

### Tickets on Sale

From all stations Ontario (Port Arthur and West), Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Dec. 1, 6, 8, 13, 15, 20, 22, 27, 29.

Jan. 3, 5, 10, 12, 17, 19, 24.

Feb. 2 and 7.

RETURN LIMIT, April 15, 1928.

\*\*\*

## CENTRAL UNITED STATES

### TICKETS ON SALE

From stations in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

DEC. 1 to JAN. 5 (Incl.)

Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Cedar Rapids, Chicago, Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Dubuque, Fort Dodge, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Omaha, St. Louis, Sioux City, Waterloo.

RETURN LIMIT THREE MONTHS

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## OLD COUNTRY

### TICKETS ON SALE

DEC. 1 to JAN. 5 (Incl.)

To ATLANTIC PORTS  
St. John, Halifax, Portland.

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS  
and  
SPECIAL TRAINS

TO THE SHIP'S SIDE  
AT SAINT JOHN

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For Full Information  
Ask the Ticket Agent

# Canadian Pacific

## The Frenchman

Continued from page 7

was, we must admit, a good idea, but, alas, few male parents, in whatsoever sphere we look, would voluntarily shoulder, unaided, the responsibility of a family of seven.

Thus, though Gwin had proved decidedly lacking as a sweetheart, as a father he was surely a model, for no woodland mother ever sat her eggs more solicitously than he did. Another strange fact was that from that day on, he and his wife ceased to live their lives as such. Their sweethearting hours had been brief, their married lives were to prove still briefer, for now there rose between them a jealous rivalry, and in prying into each other's affairs they were not above exchanging blows.

Thus it came about, indeed, when one day Gwin returned from his hastily snatched morning meal, he discovered to his chagrin that his wife had firmly established herself on his eggs. This, perhaps, was quite natural since it was really she who had laid the eggs and perhaps she could not disperse all motherly interest; but after all she had her own clutch under the bramble, and one cannot help feeling that she did it to spite Gwin.

To say that Gwin was furious would be putting it mildly. He ran round and round the bush, wild-eyed and bristling, in a way which made one giddy to watch, then he attacked her beak and claw, but she retaliated so vigorously that he could make no headway among the aggressive thorns. Thus for a full hour he strutted and scuttled impotently round and round while his wife, sitting his treasures, eyed him defiantly. In the end, however, she realized that her own eggs would be stone cold if she did not go back, so away she went, leaving Gwin in possession, and the day following Gwin postponed his breakfast hour till he had seen her safely back to her own nest.

BUT a little while later a sad thing happened, for Jim Ross, crossing the rough pasture, concluded that the whins were occupying too much valuable ground, and since it was dry and there was no wind, he set fire to several of the bushes. From one, as the flames took hold, a partridge rose and went hurrying off, and though Ross guessed that there would be a nest in the thicket, it was now too late for him to go back on the deed. When he eventually got the fire out he found the clutch of eggs, and feeling sure that the old bird would desert after the disturbance, which had quite altered the general aspect of the bush, he lifted the eggs and took them home. There he placed them under a broody hen in a coop on the grass plot opposite the house.

But I am quite sure that for all the man's fears Gwin would not have deserted his treasures, for immediately Ross was gone he returned to the bush and searched. He ran in and out and craned his neck as though unable to understand; then he went to his wife, no doubt for sympathy, but he did not get it. He tried to edge her over and cover half the coveted clutch, but she would have none of it. She was not going to share her brood with anyone, and she pecked at him furiously, eventually driving him out to face his widower solitude.

Poor Gwin! I fear—I know—he took it much to heart. The next day was dull and wet, and it was no duller than Gwin's spirits. He sat on a little barren hillock, exposed to all the storm, and while his mate cosily covered her clutch he dripped and dripped till quite a puddle formed under his tail-feathers. In the evening it brightened, and he went back and looked at the burnt bush which marked his blasted hopes. Also

he tried to strike a fresh bargain with his wife, but with no success. "Mais non, Monsieur!" she answered. "It was not so politely that you treated me when I asked for a share of yours. Oh, no! Allez, mon vieux, and if you want more eggs you jolly well lay them!"

So for several days, wind, sunshine and rain, Gwin sat solitary and alone on his naked anthill, but this I must record of him—that when one day a domestic cat appeared, creeping down the hedge bottom towards his mate, he alighted beside it like a bursting hand grenade, and that cat fled with tail erect.

So the morning came when Mrs. Gwin proudly strutted forth from her bramble thicket with seven peeping balls of fluff in close attendance. She was blown out like a sunfish, and though she pretended not to see poor Gwin, craning his neck on top of his sodden hillock, she kept a weather eye on him. How he craned and stared, and how she swanked!—I can think of no more appropriate expression—till, unable to stand it longer, he came running down and fell in at the tail end of the procession, while anon his wife pivoted and turned, warning him against approaching too near.

In one respect Gwin was an inspiration, for though mother love permeates to every corner of the wild, father love is rare as winter hollyhocks. To Gwin was given the power in unrivalled share for surely he possessed that sense for which we have no other term save mother love. Everywhere in the wild we find it, from the barbarian mother who cut away her flesh to use as bait wherewith to catch fish to keep her child alive, to the vixen who comes back again and yet again, fearless of man and dogs, to nurse the cub whom they have stolen. Many of the fathers of the wild love and guard their offspring, but whereas wild mothers are mothers before sweethearts, to the father the reverse applies. Mother is all the Wild and all the Wild is mother, and few wild fathers, indeed, could take her place and supply her guarding instincts.

IT WAS a stormy day above and below, but quietude fell with the dusk, and overhead an angry, fissured sky, red-rifted and billowed, hung low upon the wolds. Everywhere quietude reigned. Not even a partridge called, not even a mavis whistled in the plantings. So the sun dipped from view, yet it grew no darker, and when Jim Ross took his candle and climbed the rickety oak staircase, with its smell of farmhouse and its burnished brasses, he wondered vaguely what the weather gods had in store. Then, gaining his room, he heard through the open window, where the ramblers clustered, a sound which he rarely heard—the musical calling and creaking of a red-legged partridge, a sound more melodious than the familiar note of the little brown birds of our homesteads. It was like a French partridge, he thought, so different in many ways from the grey variety, to call when all other birds were quiet, but as he listened he realized that the sound came from his own paddock not ninety yards away. This started a strange train of thought, for if his calculations were right, the old broody in her coop should bring off her sitting of alien chicks about tonight.

It could only be coincidence, of course, yet long after Jim Ross had tucked himself up, that partridge went on calling and calling, now about the grass plot, now under his very window, and Jim's last sleepy thought was that the bird might indeed have heard the

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## The Truant Soul

Continued from page 16

unendurable. For an instant a glimmer of amusement passed over the doctor's face.

"Why, Miss Wentworth, you are a regular spitfire," he said.

"It is true, then?"

"Well—yes, it is true. My work at Avonmouth is not too exacting for me to come here frequently."

"You knew you were coming, and you did not tell me. And you hinted at a patient requiring care. There is no patient, unless it is yourself. Doctor Lancaster, you engaged me for certain work here, and I am ready to fulfil it. It is not requisite that you should explain anything to me. But please give me the work you hired me to do, and do not try to deceive me."

Lancaster, who had been regarding her intently as she spoke, glanced hurriedly into the hall before replying. A look of fear had come into his eyes. Joan knew that it was Myers whom he feared. There was something dreadful in seeing this man cringe before the bully; this man who had, in turn, made others cringe before him.

"Miss Wentworth," said Lancaster in a low tone, "believe me, I have no intention of deceiving you. On the contrary, it is my wish to confide in you. Will you come out on the porch and permit me to smoke?"

She bowed, and they went out together. They took their seats upon two chairs at the end of the verandah, Joan purposely seating herself between her companion and the door. She knew why he kept glancing toward it.

"Miss Wentworth," Lancaster began, "we spoke of loyalty the other night. If you saw a human being in trouble of his own making, would it be your impulse to help him or to leave him to fight his battle alone?"

"I should help him if I could," said Joan.

"Then help me," said Lancaster. "It was myself of whom I spoke to you. Will you help me with loyalty and sympathy, and refuse to be discouraged?"

The girl softened toward him; he was obviously sincere, and obviously distressed. "Gladly, Doctor Lancaster," she answered.

"I thought that I could trust you when I saw your face, and I was sure of it when you talked of your vocation. And I cannot trust anyone else. I have no opportunity——" he broke off irresolutely and then went on, "I have had no opportunity of taking up that matter with the board yet," he continued.

Joan knew that he was not speaking frankly now; but his next words were in the same tone of sincerity.

"Miss Wentworth, that matter and this is all bound up together. You must help me before I can help you, as I said to you when you came into the consulting room. I cannot explain any more now. I want help in the biggest fight of my life, and if I fail, I want a witness that I have fought. I saw you and thought you would give me your help. For God's sake, don't refuse me!"

In spite of his sincerity the idea flashed through Joan's mind that his troubles might be the fancies of a sick man.

"If I discharge you before the month is over, don't go. Refuse to go. Nobody can make you go. I am at the head of the Institute. Ignore me. Stay!"

"I'll stay," said Joan, and then, looking at his white face and trembling hands, she thought she knew what was the matter with him.

"Listen, Doctor Lancaster," she began, laying her fingers on his arm. But then she saw that he was not looking

at her. He was looking past her toward Myers, who was coming across the pasture toward the entrance. His expression was transformed.

"Miss Wentworth," he said, with a sudden change of tone, "what was I saying to you? I am not myself at all today. I have been greatly overworked, and talking nonsense. Don't remember it. I meant nothing at all. Of course you must remain your month, in case any patients come, and then we'll see what we can do about the position."

And, as Myers came up to them, the same hopeless, cringing expression came into his eyes.

The secretary ignored Joan completely. "Well, Doctor," he said, "I have the quarterly statement ready for you. Won't you come and look over it? I must have your signature, and you know how hard it is to fasten you down."

"Yes, I'll come, certainly, Myers," said Lancaster, rising.

The two men went into the house together. Joan heard the door close behind them. She was left to ponder over that interview.

She was conscious of two conflicting impulses: to leave, and to remain for Lancaster's sake. There was something about the man's pitiable condition that aroused all her sympathies. But there was something about the whole place repulsive in the extreme.

She must get allies in this blind fight against the secretary if she remained. Whom? Mrs. Fraser? That was impossible as yet.

At that moment she saw Doctor Jenkins driving up the path, and went to meet him.

The boy sprang to the ground and raised his hat. "Good morning, Miss Wentworth. How is the doctor today?" he asked.

"Doctor Lancaster looks very ill," she answered. "And Doctor Jenkins, I want to ask you——"

"Pardon me, Miss Wentworth. Can I see him?"

"He is with Mr. Myers."

Jenkins' face assumed an aspect of profound discouragement. "Then I'll come back this afternoon," he said, preparing to enter his buggy again.

But he found Joan intercepting his passage. She had noted the look on his face, and she felt that he understood much which could be explained.

"Doctor Jenkins," she said quietly, "Doctor Lancaster is unwell and I am his nurse. Will you not tell me what is the matter with him?"

"Why, Miss Wentworth——" stammered the doctor.

"There is no reason why you should not see him because he happens to be with Mr. Myers."

"Well, Miss Wentworth, you see, Mr. Myers is his secretary, and there's always a lot of business to be done."

"Doctor Jenkins, Doctor Lancaster is in no condition to attend to business," said Joan. "What is the matter with him?"

The doctor looked right and left, as if trying to find some refuge. But the girl was standing in front of him, and he could not enter the buggy without pushing her away.

"Miss Wentworth, please don't ask me about the doctor," he said. "I do my best for him. It isn't in my power to do more than I am doing."

"It is in your power to help him to be master of himself. How can the most famous surgeon in the South come here and be at the mercy of a man like Myers?"

"Why, Miss Wentworth, you've got that wrong," protested Jenkins. "Mr.

Continued on page 40

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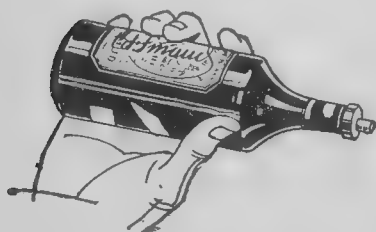
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## PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

## The Truant Soul

Continued from page 39

Myers is only the secretary. Mr. Myers does all he can for the doctor. We've got to keep the Institute together, Miss Wentworth, and we're doing our best. You see, the trust fund wasn't made over to the doctor. He was only in charge of it, and when the money was missing it worried him. And—and—"

He stopped, as if he had caught himself babbling about something that should not have been mentioned. Then, as Joan stood aside, he leaped into the vehicle. "Good morning," he muttered, raising his hat, and drove away furiously.

Joan remained where the buggy had been. She realized that for the present she could get no help from Jenkins.

He had seemed afraid, not for himself, but for Lancaster. What had Lancaster done, then, that he should be in the power of Myers? Had he embezzled the funds of the institution?

The question was an absurd one. It was unbelievable that Lancaster should be a thief; besides, the explanation would not solve the problem at all.

She went back to the verandah. She was resolved to reach the bottom of the mystery, for Lancaster's sake; to prove her loyalty although he had withdrawn his demand on her.

As she reached the front door she was startled to hear her name spoken in the matron's room. The speaker was Myers.

"She knows a good deal too much," Myers was saying.

"But she knows nothing at all," Mrs. Fraser answered. "What do you suppose the doctor brought her here for, if not to try to publish his shame to the world?"

"Aye, his shame," repeated the matron bitterly. "It's hard work for three people to try to hold up one man, without a fourth coming in."

"Well, is that his game?" demanded the secretary. "Is it, or isn't it?"

"We want a nurse. You know we've often tried to get one, Mr. Myers, but they won't stay here. It's hard work taking care of the patients sometimes, when there's a rush."

"Rush!" repeated Myers scornfully. "Who'd rush to this old place with the doctor's reputation?"

"They do come, and the people trust him," said Mrs. Fraser, half crying.

"Yes," scoffed the other. "And the doctor still has his grandiose ideas about building up the institution—him that wrecked it."

"Well, that girl knows nothing, anyway."

"I tell you she means to help the doctor in his crazy plan of notoriety. She means to undo all our work in his own interests," cried Myers vehemently.

Joan walked away. She had overheard unwillingly, and enough to convince her that there was a mystery, with Myers at the bottom of it, and she had rightly sensed an enemy in him, and him in her. Now her mind was resolute to remain and fight for Lancaster. It was as if her decision, suddenly crystallized, had suddenly grown crystal-clear.

But she had not passed the entrance when the matron's door swung open violently and Myers came out. He stood confronting Joan with his insulting leer.

"Miss Wentworth," he began, "when you and I had our talk this morning you hadn't seen the doctor. You didn't know how things were situated, and I don't blame you. Now you've seen that the doctor needs a guardian. Well, I'm his guardian."

"I do not think that Doctor Lancaster needs a guardian, Mr. Myers," answered Joan, facing him steadily.

"See here, now, Miss Wentworth," said Myers, swallowing hard. "You don't get the drift of things, just as I thought. You think I'm trying to stand in the way of your work, when I'm only trying to reach a sort of working agreement to keep things in running order. That's my aim. Am I right?"

"I don't know whether you are right. I think you are extremely uncivil. Take off your hat!" flashed Joan.

Myers removed the hard hat from his head and stared at her in astonishment. He could not understand her sudden initiation of hostilities.

"Well, I reckon that's my nature, and I'm sorry," he said. He was trying to be conciliatory now. "I'm sorry if I get on your nerves, Miss Wentworth," he persisted, "but I wasn't brought up to be a ladies' man. However, I know my job, and I reckon you know yours. If you think I'm trying to stand between the doctor and you, come and see him right now."

"I have no complaint to make, and I have made none," said Joan.

"Come and see him," persisted Myers. "You're the nurse, and I guess it's up to you."

She looked at him, dismayed by his expression. "Is Doctor Lancaster worse?" she asked.

"Well, nothing that I didn't expect, but he might be better," said Myers, sneering.

He walked toward the door of Lancaster's room and opened it. Through the aperture Joan saw Lancaster stretched out in a large chair, his head bent forward on his breast, his limbs immobile. She hurried into the room.

But Myers preceded her to Lancaster's side. He raised the limp arm and turned up the sleeve. Joan saw that the skin was densely scarred with tiny punctures. Lancaster was breathing heavily, and beside him, upon a little table, was a syringe, and near that a little bottle containing a few drops of a pale fluid. Joan drew in her breath quickly. It was what she had feared.

"Morphine," said Myers. "He always does this when he comes home. Now you understand what I was trying to get at this morning, Miss Wentworth. I'm responsible for him. It's my job to keep him straight if I can. When I can't, I try. Now you see, perhaps, why he's lost his will-power, and why I have to keep after him like a dog following his master. And I guess you won't think I'm trying to set him against you."

The bully in the man was coming to the surface again. He thrust out his head toward Joan.

"Because if you do, I may as well say, Miss Wentworth, I'm the boss here. Understand that?" he continued, with a blustering air. "The doctor hires all sorts of people when he's like this, and it doesn't mean nothing. He can't pay out no salaries unless my O.K.'s on the vouchers. We want a nurse, and if you like to stay on you can. But if you stay you help me so far as the doctor's concerned, and you do what I tell you. That's straight. Is it clear or isn't it?"

Joan looked at him indifferently. "Help me put Doctor Lancaster on the bed," she said, "and then run and get me a hot-water bottle."

He scowled furiously, but he obeyed her. And all the while Joan sat at Lancaster's side watching him, her mind ran over the questions that were puzzling her.

Why had Myers spoken of Lancaster as coming home when he lived in Avonmouth?

Who had hired him to be the doctor's keeper?

Continued on page 41



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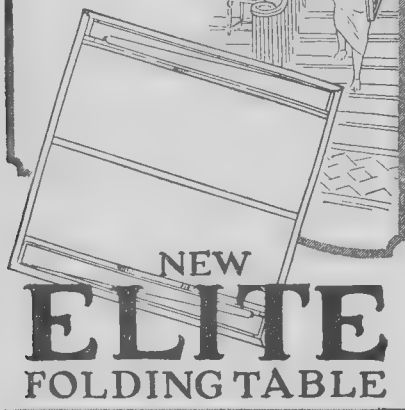
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## The Truant Soul

Continued from page 40

And with whom had Doctor Lancaster been speaking so bitterly in his consulting room that evening when Joan called at the house?

SHE sat for hours beside the sick man, conscious sometimes that Myers had come in and spoken to her. But she never answered him. As the pulse strengthened she let her mind work upon the problem again. Lancaster had taken an immense overdose, one inconceivable in the ordinary morphine habitue. And he must have taken it during the brief period when Myers was with him; he must have taken it as soon as he got back to his room. Why had Myers permitted it?

At last Lancaster opened his eyes. His gaze fell upon Joan's face, at first without recognition, then with wonder.

"Water!" he gasped, after a few ineffectual attempts to speak.

Joan drew a glassful and gave it to him, and then another. Lancaster gulped down the liquid greedily. Presently he sat up, stood on his feet, and groped his way to the chair.

"I'm sorry," he said, looking at Joan with a whimsical expression. "I should have told you."

"Doctor Lancaster, I'm ashamed of you," said Joan.

"God knows I'm ashamed of myself," he burst out fretfully. Miss Wentworth, in the third drawer of that desk beneath a pile of letters, you'll find a bottle—"

"No," said Joan decisively.

She knew by the wholly unnecessary secrecy in the concealment, characteristic of the drug habitue, that Lancaster had gone a long way down the delirium.

"Miss, Wentworth, you misunderstand me. It's an antidote for alkaloidal poisoning. I was experimenting with a new drug."

Joan found herself sobbing, and she was astounded. It was the wreck of a man's moral nature that was unbearable. She saw the latent fineness in him, and it was as if the needless lie was the voice of the morphine devil that spoke through his lips.

Lancaster looked distressed. "Miss Wentworth, you had better leave me and go back to Avonmouth on the evening train," he said. "I ought never to have brought you here. It was pure selfishness on my part. Miss Wentworth, please don't cry. Go away now, and we'll talk it over before you start for the station."

"If I go away," wept Joan, "you'll take another hypodermic."

"I pledge you my word of honor no," said Lancaster, with almost ingenuous candor. "I am really not accustomed to such a thing; that is why it knocked me out. I have been suffering from insomnia, and I tried a new alkaloid—not morphine, you know, but a derivative—for the benefit of my patients."

The words came from his lips so glibly that Joan was almost convinced—would have been, had not the first lie been different. She hesitated. She had no intention of leaving the room, but she turned away.

Lancaster misunderstood her action. With incredible swiftness his hand shot out toward the little bottle. He had uncorked it and plunged in the syringe before the girl could snatch it away.

"Your word of honor!" said Joan.

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her with amusement.

"Miss Wentworth," he said, "you are a nurse. Surely you are aware that I am not to be trusted; that my word of honor is worthless? That I am essentially devoid of honesty and decency? Don't you know that this

accursed thing"—he pointed toward the bottle—"robs men of their honor and self-respect, and lowers them beneath the beasts?"

He spoke as if at a clinic, and quite impersonally; there was the shadow of a whimsical smile about his lips, which twitched, nevertheless, with pain.

"That does not refer to you," answered Joan. "You asked me to help you in the biggest fight of your life. Well, I am going to help you in that fight."

"It is too late," said Lancaster.

"Never!" replied Joan valiantly.

"You don't understand, Miss Wentworth. That's the mistake all people make in trying to cure us. Don't you know that a man or woman never becomes a victim to a drug except from sleeplessness, or physical pain, or under stress of mental anguish? If you could cure me the old trouble would still be there. I should fall a victim again. Life is worthless to me, Miss Wentworth," he ended, quite simply.

"For happiness, perhaps—I don't know. But not for duty. Your life is to be used, Doctor Lancaster, for the sake of the people, and I am going to help you use it. Your wonderful skill—"

He groaned at the words. Joan saw that, though he was suffering physically, there was some mental trouble which her words had evoked.

"Doctor Lancaster," she said, "the first thing you have to do is to use your will. And I am going to give you your first test; a little one only. It will last thirty seconds. Can you put forth your will just that length of time?"

He fixed his eyes anxiously on hers and nodded. Yet she saw them waver toward the bottle.

"I am going to cross the room," she said. "Don't stir a finger until I return."

She heard Myers in the hall, and, going to the door, she turned the key. She heard Myers halt near her door. But she had not time to think of him. She went back to Lancaster, whose hands were strained hard against the arms of the chair.

"Well done!" she said.

"Miss Wentworth, I must have that hypodermic now."

"I want you to wait. Wait half an hour, Doctor Lancaster."

"I can't!" he cried, starting up. "I tell you I must have it. After an overdose one must have a smaller one. It will set me up nicely. Just half the quantity, Miss Wentworth."

"In half an hour," said Joan.

He sprang to his feet, shaking and furious. "Give me that bottle at once!" he cried.

"In half an hour."

Lancaster sat down. "Confound you, why did you ever come here?" he asked. "Suppose that I discharge you?"

"I shall not go, Doctor Lancaster. We have covered that point in our conversation already."

Then, seeing his distress, she went on rapidly: "Listen to me, Doctor Lancaster. You brought me here on an impulse, because you had no one whom you could trust. You wanted to fight and you wanted me to fight with you. Well, I am going to do it, and we are going to win." She took out her watch and laid it on the table. "In twenty-five minutes you shall have half a dose. Then we shall have won the first skirmish. Oh, Doctor Lancaster, fight like a man and help us win!"

She spoke with so much earnestness that she kindled his enthusiasm. "Yes, we'll make the fight!" he cried, with blazing eyes. "If I had had you long ago!"

Continued on page 47

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# A Christmas Gift for All the Family

## "Something for the Home Each Year"



By Katherine M. Caldwell

**P**ERHAPS it is to the family of friends that you will make your gift of "something for the house"—instead of the half dozen rather difficult selections for its individual members; perhaps like all the famous Sir Joseph Porter, you have your "sisters and your cousins whom you reckon by the dozens—and your aunts!" How welcome the thought of a single gift to that overflowing household!

But more often, perhaps, it is when you think of your own house that you see such opportunities for a gift to fill an empty corner—and an empty corner in your family's desires, at the same time. Perhaps it will be the gift of Dad or Mother to all the family; or the younger members' present to Dad and Mother; or everyone's present to everyone else in the house! I know of one most successful application of this last idea; the dining room in my friend's house had just been redecorated—the walls beautifully painted and panelled, the heavy-piled rug dyed, new net curtains hung at the window. But when it came to selecting new side-curtains, one sample of rich brocade so far outshone all rival offerings that they were all sent back to the shop; for the brocade was, alas, far in excess of the modest sum that the family budget had allowed for curtains.

Then came the happy thought—"let us all chip in, and give it to ourselves for Christmas! Seven of us—each giving half a dozen small individual gifts—it would mount up splendidly." And so it did—to everyone's lasting satisfaction, for the completed room was very beautiful, and the handsome fabric has only begun its long term of pleasure giving.

In another home I know, where there is ever a jolly sequence of informal entertainments and the hospitable household delights in visits from its friends, the need for a handsomer guest-room made itself felt. Money was not so plentiful that the improvements could just "happen," as an extra expense. It had to be contrived.

Came Christmas. And the result of a delightful plan. The two high-school students gave the materials for redecorating—and in the holidays, actually did the work, with a care that deserved the fine results it achieved. Mother made new curtains and bedspread; the elder daughter deserved all the credit she received for a delightfully colourful hooked rug and her small sister contributed carefully fitted covers for the old chest of drawers and the dear little new dressing table that was Father's gift. No miscellaneous collection of ties and gloves and other welcome personal gifts had ever meant quite so much to this family, as did their complete and charming guest-room, now so ready to arouse the admiration of the many friends they all planned to have share it.

**IT** IS not always desirable to put all the Christmas eggs into one basket in this fashion, but perhaps you will think well of making very small individual gifts this year and stressing some special thing that will bring pleasure to all the household; or one member of the family may give a single gift to all the others, one that all can share.

Of course in any home that has not yet acquired a radio—or that has merely gained a bigger ambition with possession of a small beginners' set—there is bound to be discussion



of how best to communicate the crying need to Santa Claus. Or perhaps a phonograph is the desire of a music-hungry family. There is wonderful pleasure and companionship, amazing opportunity for the development of new interests, broader knowledge, in the mechanical marvels that science has given us in the past few years.

We have broadened out in other ways, in recent times, however, and not the least considerable of these is in the matter of beauty and comfort in our homes. All the world—our world—has come to realize that it was putting up with a lack of beauty that was not necessary. The end of the nineteenth century went out in a blaze of ugliness that history is hard put to it to duplicate. And it took some time for people who had inherited a lot of possessions that they were in the habit of regarding in an impersonal sort of way, people who were accustomed to the idea that the prevalent style of home equipment was practically the only one

available to break away—to see for themselves that a very different era had dawned for the average home. Given good taste, a mind eager to judge for itself beauty and becomingness and usefulness in home furnishings, and the spirit that will pursue and capture those desirable things for the home that means so much—given these things, *anyone* may bring a certain loveliness, a comeliness, into the most modest home.

It is not of ways and means that we must talk at present, for this article is intended to offer suggestions to home-lovers, for home-lovers, to help solve the pressing gift problem. And many of the most useful ideas will be found amongst what we have come to call incidental pieces of furniture.

They are not exactly the essentials, these "incidental" bits; not the table from which meals are served, the necessary chairs to draw around it; not the bed nor the minimum quota of drawer space—but rather the cozy little tea table or the elbow table that chums closely alongside a favourite chair, sharing the interests of the moment, be they books, work or tobacco jar; the long tuck-up-your-feet chair that has descended in many forms from the chaise longue of luxurious French ladies of a long-ago day; the close-to-the-shoulder lamp that may do more than new glasses to restore the pleasure of

reading to the one who has missed them lately; the longed-for pieces of electrical equipment that will at once simplify and improve meal-service by carrying on their pleasant tasks right at the table.

**A** FEW such pieces are illustrated here, each of them suggesting its own sisters and its cousins and its aunts, in case they have more appeal for you. For instance, there is the fire-screen. This was never absent from the fire-side of the comfortable home, in the days when the open hearth was all the household had to depend upon for warmth in the chilly weather. Activities naturally gravitated toward the comfortable blaze—but it was not always comfortable to take the full glare of the fire on one's face, especially when needlework or some other quiet occupation held one there. So the screen was drawn into just that position in which it would shelter the face and still afford its needed warmth. It is just as welcome beside the open fireplace today—and just as useful, and so there are fire screens aplenty offered in the shops, most of them new ones made along old-time lines, some actually the old screens, well preserved or carefully restored. If you have even an old frame, on its simple or elaborate stand, you are indeed lucky; and perhaps it will stimulate you to try your hand at the new-old art of needlepoint, for nothing is quite so fashionable at present as the hand-made copies of our grandmothers' patient needlework. If your skill and your time do not permit you to undertake such a task, a panel of any fabric that will fit into your room's furnishing scheme, may be fitted into the frame, with ample opportunity to add a very decorative touch to your room.

Perhaps there would be inspiration toward the arts of the needle, in a sewing table somewhat along the lines of the one pictured. This is probably the most popular of all the designs in use for this useful article and bears a name that in our neighbours' country is synonymous with the housewifely virtues—Martha Washington. This popularity is well-earned, for it is due to the sensible and commodious arrangement of the little table-cabinet, and the simple good taste of its lines, which permit it to fit into almost any surroundings. There are of course many other types of sewing tables, from these with drawers and wells and table surface, to a little saw-horse arrangement with a cretonne bag to hold the sewing and its accessories. Above all I would say to those who would give any kind of sewing table, box or basket as a gift—fit it out with at least the most useful of the hundred-and-one little things that a sewing kit needs (and the average woman seldom possesses!). Put in needles galore, a thimble of proper size, a good pair of scissors, tape measure, bodkin, darning equipment; then prepare to hear yourself called blessed!

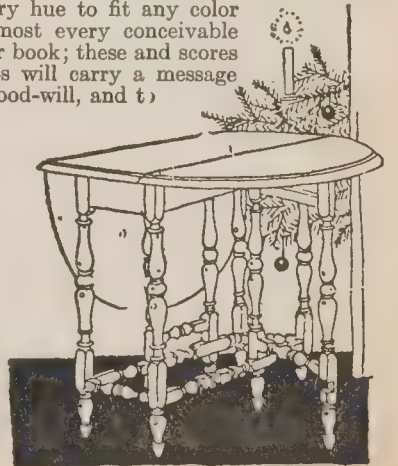


I have spoken of a tea-table, and have put forward for your special notice one of the gate-leg tribe. It has virtues that will commend it to many people; it is sturdy—nothing tippy or flimsy about it when it is opened up; and when the full top is not needed, so much of it will drop down demurely and what is left of the surface will do willing duty beside chair or chesterfield, or as a narrow table against the wall. The gate-leg, whilst it holds its own against all comers and appears in the most expensive and exclusive finishes, is also developed in very reasonably-priced styles and woods, and it never loses its distinction with its costliness.

**A** KIN to the tea table, is the tea wagon—and I have shown a type that has virtues that the early tea wagon never dreamed of. Softly rubber-tired, with ball-bearing wheels that take all the awkwardness and the hazard from its journeyings, this most modern of tea wagons has assumed new duties and responsibilities. Its easy motion asserts at once its fitness for the job of carrying all your dishes to and from the dining-room—cutting down scores of footsteps every meal hour. It will do more than that, however; with all the dishes and the meal itself, for from two to four people aboard, the tea wagon may be trundled to dining-room, living-room or porch, its automatic drop-leaves raised, and at once a neat little table that will easily accommodate several people, is almost completely spread for the feast.

Still more tables—a nest of them, this time! We have come to place the greatest value on the little group of tables which, tucked one beneath another, can be so easily accommodated when space is scarce, and so readily brought forth when the occasion warrants. I always feel that it was a man who hated "pink teas," who invented the nest of tables, for there is no mistaking the relief of the masculine guest who finds that he is not called upon to balance unaided a salad plate, cup and saucer and whatever else may be incidental to a pass-round tea. It certainly adds to the comfort and enjoyment of both men and women, to find a flock of these handy little tables appearing as though from nowhere, when the tea tray is brought in. And if there are between-time services that the individual tables can render by acting as elbow-tables beside the chairs, to hold a plant in a sunny window or a lamp in a shadowed corner—so much the better!

**T**HE list goes on; a comfortable easy chair or a protective wing chair, so good at cutting off a wandering draught; soft, deep cushions for the couch, in serviceable, colourful covers; new lamp shades, if the lamps themselves are adequate; a lovely pottery lamp base or flower bowl; a single fine picture, worthy to hang beside others as satisfying—or to prove so satisfying in itself as to sweep out half a dozen that only held their place by tolerance; a charming bit of wicker or reed, finished in a lovely colour (there are the most fascinating bookshelves, desks, tables, chairs and what-not, in softly shaded finishes that to see is to desire); pot plants and bowls of bulbs that have been started in time to have them beautiful for the gift season find a welcome in every home; artistically finished containers for tea, sugar and so forth will brighten up and help to beautify kitchen shelves and gladden the heart of any good housekeeper; the highly ornamental bread boards and servers which are now obtainable in every hue to fit any color design and in almost every conceivable shape; the popular book; these and scores of other home-bits will carry a message of affection and good-will, and to repeat it as the days stretch into months, and the months become years! Mere beauty is not always given due appreciation unless the donor combines becomingness, good taste and usefulness in their choice of gifts when out Christmas shopping.





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# Are You Correctly Costumed



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Makes a most acceptable Xmas gift.





## Fashion's Latest

The Winter fashions are both feminine and simple, but withal have a note of elegance accentuated in fabrics and trimmings.

The flaring silhouette, the raised waistline and uneven hem line were indicated in the past season, and they are brought out again more attractively and gracefully. For tailored costumes, tweeds, and jerseys and other woolsens are used.

Formal dresses are made up in metal cloth, printed velvets, satins, and moire. Lovely fabrics, elaborate drapery flares, and flounces and sparkling trimmings are important to the evening mode.

Skirts of evening gowns are longer and the fitted bodice, and uneven hem line are outstanding features.

Black taffeta and also black velvet is used for youthful frocks made with bouffant skirts and molded bodices.

Skirt treatments on afternoon dresses show tiers, ruffles, spirals and drapes. Neck edges vary from round lines to the pointed and square.

A smart tailored suit is very effective in black and gray printed velvet. It is made with a box jacket, and a wrap-around skirt.

Lace is used for entire dresses and also in combination with crepe, georgette or satin.

The conventional two-piece tailored suit of cloth is very popular. Roman stripe velvets, plaid velvets and plaid and checked silks are shown in lovely color combinations.

Continued on page 73



## The Truant Soul

Continued from page 41

He was in the full reaction from his despondency. He struck his fist emphatically upon the arm of the chair. "I'll be a man again!" he cried. "If you knew everything, Miss Wentworth, you might understand how a man can be caught in a snare of his own making. But I'll win, with your aid, and I'll be my own master again."

"You are your own master now, Doctor Lancaster. Always think that and remember it."

"My own master? When that hound follows me—"

"Mr. Myers is your servant."

Lancaster laughed harshly. "By heavens!" he cried, "I'll tell him so. Miss Wentworth, give me that dose now, so that I can feel like a man again and have the strength to send him about his business."

"It will give you strength," she answered, "but it will not make you yourself, your better self. You will no longer want to send him about his business."

Lancaster stared at her. "How do you know that?" he asked. "Are you a witch? It's true. But I can't wait any longer. I have waited fifteen minutes. Half an hour next time. Miss Wentworth, the third drawer—"

As her eyes went toward the desk he snatched up the bottle and hypodermic from the table. Joan caught at his wrist. But Lancaster had already plunged the syringe into the fluid, and he was upon his feet.

He tried to free his hand; he fought furiously, but Joan succeeded in knocking the bottle from his grasp. It fell upon the table. Lancaster righted it, and suddenly darted towards the desk. Joan caught him. He flung her across the room. He had got the drawer open when she grappled with him again.

He struck her with his right hand, beating her about the wrists, but she would not let go. She would never leave go, not though he struck her in the face. He tossed her this way and that, but never unclasped her hold. At last he dropped into his chair exhausted and covered his face with his hands.

"Twelve minutes more," said Joan triumphantly, looking at her watch.

Then she realized that all through the struggle there had been a hammering at the door. She got up. "Who is it?" she called.

"Miss Wentworth, unlock the door, please," came the frightened voice of Mrs. Fraser.

"In a few minutes," said Joan.

"Miss Wentworth, what are you doing to Doctor Lancaster?"

"I am taking care of him."

"Mr. Myers says you will kill him. He has got to have his morphine; you can't stop a man abruptly like that. Mr. Myers understands him—"

"Mr. Myers can come in in fifteen minutes," said Joan. All the while she spoke she had never taken her eyes from Lancaster's face.

Lancaster was suffering acutely. The sweat streamed down his face, and he was looking at her with the eyes of a suffering animal. Yet it was not until the watch hand was on the hour that Joan took the bottle from the desk.

"The whole bottle is a normal dose," said Lancaster, through his teeth.

Joan drew one-fourth into the syringe.

"You must give me all, Miss Wentworth. That little quantity is useless."

He was lying about the strength of the dose, and he knew that Joan knew. She did not answer him. He extended his arm, and she plunged the needle into the wrist. Then she corked the bottle and put it into the pocket of her uniform, having previously added

the small quantity in the bottle upon the table.

The hammering at the door had begun again. But the girl waited until the spasms of pain disappeared from Lancaster's face. He rose.

"Miss Wentworth," he began gratefully. Then, catching sight of her bruised wrists, he took her hands in his.

"Did I do that?" he cried.

"Not you, Doctor Lancaster," answered Joan, snatching her wrists away. "Your enemy—our enemy, who is now worsted in his first field of battle."

"Miss Wentworth, you now see what I am. I can't hold you to your promise. You must leave me. Who's that at the door?"

"We shall see," answered Joan, and unlocked it.

Myers was standing outside, white with rage, and with him was Doctor Jenkins, looking uneasy, and embarrassed; his eyes fell before Joan's.

"Tell her what you told me!" stammered Myers, beside himself with anger.

"Miss Wentworth," faltered Jenkins. "indeed you don't understand what you are doing. Doctor Lancaster—"

"Is a mighty sick man," burst out the secretary. "And it's my job to prevent him from being killed by meddlers. He picked up this nurse somewhere and she's trying to get rid of me and have charge of the doctor. I won't stand for it," he added to Joan. "I warned you twice today, and you paid no attention to me. Now you can pack up and leave the Institute. Isn't that right, Doctor," he added, to Lancaster.

To Joan's stupefaction, Lancaster's old irresolution had already returned, and more: he seemed to ally himself with the secretary. The morphine, which had restored his body, had lent him its own false personality.

"Well, you see, Miss Wentworth means well," he said slowly, "but she doesn't realize conditions. You see," he added, turning to Joan but not meeting her eyes, one has to taper off very slowly in a desperate case like mine. I'm very far gone, and heroic measures are useless."

"That's right. Now tell her to go," said Myers.

"Yes, Miss Wentworth, I really don't believe that you can do any good here," said Lancaster obediently. "It has been a mistake. You shall be paid a full month's salary. Ask Mr. Myers to make out your check."

"She can drive back with Doctor Jenkins now," suggested Myers.

"She can drive back with Doctor Jenkins," agreed Lancaster, and Joan saw the secretary's pale face blaze with triumph.

"And you might get me a few more bottles from the storeroom," whispered Lancaster to Myers. "I'm very shaky. I must have enough on hand in case I wake up in the night. You understand my needs, Myers," he continued, with a catch of self-pity in his voice.

Joan did not hesitate a moment. She slipped between the two men and ran to the storeroom. With a muttered oath Myers ran after her. The girl was just in time to slam the door in his face and lean against it inside, bracing her foot against a plank and using the whole weight of her body.

She heard Myers breathe loudly as he tried to force his entrance. He dashed himself madly against it, but Joan knew that she would die rather than yield.

"Open that door!" shrieked Myers in uncontrolled fury. "Open at once, do you hear me?"

Joan looked hastily about her. Some

Continued on page 50



## Can you do more for your teeth than keep them CLEAN?

WHAT is the utmost you think can be done to make your teeth healthy, beautiful, bright? If you ask your dentist this question, his answer will surely be, "Keep them completely clean!"

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34



**What  
Shall  
We  
Give?**

**B**ACK through the centuries Christmas has always been a time for the giving of presents—big or little things to delight and gladden the hearts of children and their elders.

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**A** VERY interesting case has been decided by the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal in determining whether an engineer on a threshing machine is entitled to be paid only for the time the machine is running and not for the time occupied by him in making repairs. It appears that the Plaintiff was employed by the Defendant as engineer during the threshing season of 1925, and during this time there were two breakdowns, during which the Plaintiff altogether worked 57 hours in making repairs. He claimed that he was entitled to charge \$15.00 per day for this work, the rate at which he was employed to run the engine, but reduced his charge to the sum of \$10.00 per day or \$1.00 per hour, which he stated was a reasonable amount. The Defendant in answer to this claimed that it was customary and usual for repairing to be included in the amount paid as wages to the engineer while the machine was in actual operation. There were witnesses on both sides testifying for and against the custom as set up by the Defendant, and after considering the matter the Court held that the custom as alleged by the Defendant was not universally admitted in the district and the Plaintiff was therefore entitled to be paid for the time spent in repairing the engine.

**W**HAT right has a school master to inflict corporal punishment on a pupil for violating the rules of a school? Recently a school master in Western Canada was convicted of committing an assault on a pupil by strapping her. When the case was appealed it was disclosed that the pupil in question had contravened the rules of the school, and in punishment the principal strapped her. The pupil was found to be very disobedient and provoking. The court held, therefore, that the instrument by means of which the punishment was inflicted was a proper one to use under the circumstances and further that the principal was not guilty of any malicious intent or ill will against the pupil. The law has long been laid down that the parent may lawfully correct his child, being under age, in a reasonable manner; for this is for the benefit of his education. He may also delegate part of his parental authority during his life to the tutor or schoolmaster of his child, who is then in loco parentis and has such a portion of the power of the parent committed to his charge, viz. that of restraint and correction, as may be necessary to answer the purposes for which he is employed, and the court further pointed out that parents who send their children to school contemplate such an exercise of authority by the schoolmaster as is necessary for the welfare and education of the child, and the preservation of discipline in the school. There can be no question but that a school teacher has full authority to administer moderate and reasonable corporal punishment. The conviction against the school master was therefore quashed and he was released from any liability in connection with the matter and was also granted costs of the case.

**"A"** AND **"B"** entered into an agreement whereby **"A"** leased certain farm lands to **"B"** under a written lease. One of the terms of the lease provided that the tenant should in each year in a proper husband like manner seed to wheat or such other grain as the lessor should consent to in writing, all of the said land then converted into tillage save such as was to be summer-fallowed as provided by the agreement. The lease contained a further provision that the landlord was to furnish all the seed and to pay half the twine and half the threshing accounts as well as all the taxes assessed against the land. In the Spring of 1925 the tenant wrote to the landlord requesting that she be furnished with a certain quantity of

seed wheat. The landlord never replied to the letter and no attention was ever paid to the request for seed. Owing to the landlord's failure to supply the wheat the tenant seeded a portion of the land with oats belonging to the landlord which had been left on the farm from the previous year. At the expiration of the harvest the tenant sued the landlord for the difference in value between the crop of oats and the crop of wheat which she would have obtained if the landlord had supplied her with seed wheat in accordance with his agreement. The question to be decided was whether she was entitled to damages. In the Lower Court the Trial Judge held that she was entitled and allowed her a certain sum of money as damages, and on appeal to the Court of Appeal this Judgment was sustained.

### ANSWER TO QUERIES

Regina, Sask.

**Q.** **"A"** Furnishes her brother-in-law **"B"** with \$1000.00 which **"B"** uses in buying a house and lot. The purchase price was \$5,000 and **"B"** paid the balance, and the property was transferred to him. Both **"A"** and **"B"** lived in the house for nearly 15 years without any assertion of title to it by **"A"**. **"B"** then desired to sell the property and claimed that **"A"** had no interest therein as **"A"** intended to give him the money. Can **"A"** recover her interest in this property, and if so how? **A. C.**

**A.** In the case submitted the law presumes that **"B"** is a trustee for **"A"** for a one-fifth interest in the property. Ordinarily **"A"** would have no difficulty in obtaining redress through the courts if **"B"** endeavors to defeat her claim. A possible obstacle would be that **"A"** cannot prove the giving of the money or that it was applied on account of the purchase price of the house.

Ordinarily the Statute of Limitations does not run in favour of a trustee but in cases such as the above case, the limitation will run from the time that **"B"**, first makes any claim that **"A"** has no interest in the property. We would advise **"A"** to commence proceedings to establish her claim in the title and file a lis pendens to give notice to other parties. Another course open to **"A"** would be to file a caveat against **"B's"** title.

Saskatoon, Sask.

**Q.** A man owes me a considerable sum of money. He has been in business lately but not doing well and says he cannot pay me at present. I just learned the other day that he owns the house that he lives in, but that last Summer he transferred it into his wife's name. Is there any way that I can attach the house so as to get my account paid? It seems to me that he transferred his property to his wife so as to keep me from being paid.—Merchant.

**A.** On the face of it there is nothing fraudulent in the husband conveying any property to his wife, especially when it is their home. However, if the husband was in poor circumstances at the time the transaction will be very closely scrutinized and if the intention of the husband in conveying the property was to defraud or delay his creditors then the transfer can be set aside by a creditor. It is a question of fact as to whether the husband intended fraud, and under such circumstances the Court will be more anxious to infer fraud than if he transferred the house to a stranger. To give effect to your claim and set aside this transaction you could take court proceedings to do so. Another way to obtain your purpose would be to have the husband declared a bankrupt. Under the Bankruptcy Act every conveyance such as this may be set aside by the Trustee within one year from the date of the assignment or receiving order.





**D**URING the month of November there is being held at Ottawa a conference between the representatives of the different Provincial and Federal Governments, called for the purpose of smoothing out and settling difficulties which have arisen between the different Provinces and between the Provinces and the Federal authorities respectively. It is indeed most fitting that in this the year of Jubilee such a conference should be held to give added impetus to the spirit of unity which was so marked during the Jubilee celebrations.

The meeting is not held under any legislative authority but is simply an attempt on the part of the authorities to ascertain the view point of all members of the Confederation group. All of the Provinces and the Federal Government are represented by their leaders and assistants and we have no doubt that a great benefit will accrue as a result of this meeting. It has been decided to introduce an agenda dealing with constitutional amendments, senate reform, control of water powers and "Blue Sky" laws.

Every Province will have some matter to be brought forward for discussion. In British Columbia the predominant question is the obtaining of assistance for its railway development, and if this assistance cannot be obtained from the Federal authorities it is hopeful that some arrangement can be made with the Alberta authorities to carry this into effect. The Prairie Provinces are particularly interested in the introduction of legislation to prevent the undue exploitation of its citizens through the medium of Federal companies which have not been compelled to submit to any investigation prior to the issue of their shares. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are primarily interested in reduced freight rates, and in particular New Brunswick is very much concerned about a commission for the St. John Valley Railway. Ontario and Quebec have much in common in dealing with the question of water power. Altogether many subjects will be discussed to the mutual advantage of all concerned.

In the next issue we propose to summarize the result of this conference.

We are again indebted to the monthly letter of the Royal Bank of Canada for the valuable information concerning the crop conditions of Canada. This monthly letter is a valuable index of conditions in Canada and is moreover interesting, particularly in the November issue, when it deals with Art and Industry.

In dealing with the crop report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics it reports that the outstanding conclusion was that the quality of the field crops throughout Canada in 1927 is somewhat above the level attained in 1926. The most important crops in Canada are obviously those from the Prairie Provinces, and subject to the weather being such as to permit threshing without undue deterioration, the prospects in the West may be described as follows:— Alberta, excellent; Saskatchewan, good; and Manitoba, fair. In general, the story told by recent reports from the West augurs well for business in Canada during the coming year. Such a conclusion is also justified by current reports covering an improving volume of orders from wholesalers and retailers in the West, and by the statistics from the railways, which show an increasing volume of merchandise, and miscellaneous car loadings.

In Quebec, the pastures are reported as in excellent condition and crops have done well, but in Ontario the yield and quality of the cereal crops was only fair. The potato crop of the Maritime Provinces was heavily damaged by wet

weather. In British Columbia, weather conditions were poor during harvesting and threshing, causing loss of crops and reduction in grades. In the Kelowna district, this year's apple crop will approximate 650,000 boxes as compared with 1,049,000 last year.

#### A NEW INVESTMENT HOUSE

**T**HE last year has seen the old established firm of James Richardson & Sons Limited, Grain Merchants, expand their activities to the investment field. During the past few years conditions throughout Western Canada have taken a decided turn for the better, and as many people are now beginning to feel this improvement, the result has been that there is a growing amount of money seeking investment in sound bonds and stocks. These, if properly chosen, give the investor a good return on his money and also afford him an opportunity to enjoy the prosperity which Canada is bound to have.

This firm maintains through an extensive private wire system, a complete service from coast to coast in Canada extending to the various markets in the United States. As a result they are in close touch with such markets as the New York Stock Exchange, Montreal Stock Exchange, Toronto Stock Exchange and Toronto Standard Mining Exchange, and are in a position to offer to the residents of Western Canada as complete a service on orders and investment information as is available to those in the older and more populous portions of the east.

In branching out into the investment field, it was necessary in order to be of most service to their clients to establish special departments such as a Bond Department which keeps in close touch with the bond markets and hence is in a position to keep clients well informed of the current trend, as well as being able to make offerings of any new issues which may be brought out. A Statistical Department also is maintained which invites inquiries concerning investment securities. A feature of this department which is of particular value is that of analysing and offering constructive criticism of investment holdings.

This firm has offices throughout the prairie provinces which, due to their wire service, are in instantaneous touch with their main office in Winnipeg.

**I**S THE Tourist Industry profitable? From the figures recently issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics it is apparent that the tourist trade is one of the greatest sources of revenue in Canada. The value of tourist traffic during the year 1926 reached the sum of over \$190,000,000 of which the greater amount was received from automobile traffic. It has been extremely difficult to estimate accurately the amount spent by travellers but we believe that this is an approximate figure based on conservative estimates. It certainly reveals possibilities in this direction, and should be a good argument for the Provincial authorities to start on an extensive campaign for the construction of good roads.

It may be surprising to hear that tobacco is now being raised extensively in this country, largely due to the British preferential tariff whereby a decided advantage is given to Canadian growers over American. Both in Ontario and Quebec a large acreage was utilized and the estimated production is over 43,000,000 lbs. being the largest crop ever harvested in Canada.

## James Richardson & Sons, Limited GRAIN MERCHANTS

Established 1857

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG



## I RESOLVE—

I RESOLVE that today I will give some thought to the protection of my family and those dependent upon me.

I RESOLVE that I will put my financial affairs in order, review my investments, and provide for the future, not so much for my own sake, but so that I may fulfill those obligations which are the direct responsibility of every family head.

I RESOLVE that in order to obtain the best services available for carrying out these resolutions, I will place my financial affairs in charge of a trust company, whose special business it is to handle investments, to act as custodian of securities, and as executor and trustee of my estate.

I RESOLVE that I will procrastinate no longer and that I will do this NOW.

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## THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

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13

## Winter EXCURSIONS to Pacific Coast

### VANCOUVER VICTORIA NEW WESTMINSTER

**\$75.60**

from Winnipeg Return

**TICKETS ON SALE**

Dec. 1, 6, 8, 13, 15, 20, 22, 27, 29.

Jan. 3, 5, 10, 12, 17, 19, 24.

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**Good to Return until**

**April 15, 1928**

LIBERAL STOPOVERS  
OPTIONAL ROUTES

**On the Way See**

**BANFF and the  
CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES**

**TWO TRAINS DAILY**

AFTER VANCOUVER and VICTORIA  
SEE CALIFORNIA

## Ask Canadian Pacific

Carry Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques.

## The Truant Soul

Continued from page 47

instinct seemed to tell her that the case of morphine bottles was hidden under the linen pile in the near corner. By stretching out one hand without giving way in the least Joan could just reach far enough to toss away the napkins. There were dozens of the tiny bottles in the packing case beneath—enough to kill a herd of oxen.

Joan heard Jenkins' protesting voice outside, and the irresolute tones of Lancaster. The matron was speaking, too. The girl did not know what they were saying to Myers, beyond the general sense of their expostulations, but she felt her will ride high above the storm of conflict.

A hammer lay on the shelf. Joan took it in her hand.

"Listen!" she cried to those outside. "I have the morphine and I have the hammer. And I am going to break every bottle in this room—"

Lancaster cried out pitifully at her words: "Miss Wentworth, you will kill me if you do!"

"Unless this case passes into my possession. I am going to have the store-room key, and am going to take charge of Doctor Lancaster, who has employed me for that especial purpose, during this month."

The silence of stupefaction outside was complete. Joan flung the door open boldly and stood before the group with the hammer in her hand. She saw Lancaster, with eyes bent inquiringly upon hers, the matron and Jenkins, mute, and Myers, leaning against the opposite wall of the passage, regarding her with venomous impotence.

"Well, what do you say to that, Doctor?" he sneered.

"It is not what Doctor Lancaster says," answered Joan. "It is what I say. Mrs. Fraser, please give me the store-room key."

The woman, looking askance at Myers, let her hand slip down toward the bunch at her side.

"The key, please," repeated Joan, and received it. Quickly she locked the door and put the key in the pocket of her uniform.

"Now," she said, "I want you all to understand this situation. I am employed by Doctor Lancaster. I am under orders not to go until the month is ended. I am in charge of him. Until he is responsible for his actions I shall remain in charge, under Doctor Jenkins. Doctor Jenkins, is it your order that Doctor Lancaster is to receive a whole dose of morphine every few hours, of the amount he has been taking?"

"Why, Miss Wentworth, I never ordered that," protested Jenkins. "You see, Miss Wentworth—"

"Until you do," interposed Joan bluntly, "I shall continue the treatment as I learned it in Doctor Lancaster's hospital at Avonmouth. And if the storeroom is opened by anyone but myself I shall take legal action to protect Doctor Lancaster's interests."

"Miss Wentworth!" cried Myers, "you are making a tragedy where none exists. Nobody wants to harm the doctor. We all have one sole thought, to help him. Don't we, Doctor?" he continued, addressing Lancaster.

"You are all—very kind to me," Lancaster mumbled.

"There, you see!" said Myers, turning toward Joan again. "There may exist differences of opinion," he continued in a facile manner, "and maybe I've expressed myself too forcibly. But we're all at one in wishing the doctor to get well as quickly as he can."

He was almost fawning now, but Joan remained inflexible. She knew that if she relaxed from the nervous tension that was upholding her she would become hysterical.

The group dispersed. Myers followed the girl out upon the verandah and stood for a long time near the door, watching her as she sat at the farther end, trying to compose herself. At last he came up to her.

"See here, Miss Wentworth," he began impetuously; "I've come to you twice and spoken fairly to you. Maybe you see now that you would have been wiser to have met me in the same spirit. Come, now, are we to work together as friends or not?"

"I have no objection," answered Joan, "but my duty concerns nobody but the doctor."

"You mean you won't co-operate with me in saving him from himself?" He looked at her with sullen challenge in his eyes.

"I do," said Joan.

Myers thrust his hands into his pockets. "Right!" he said. "Three times is enough. I understand. And that's the last you'll hear from me about it."

He went away, and Joan sat staring out across the darkening hills. How had she managed to fight this blind battle of hers to a successful issue? She did not know; but, whatever the hold might be that Myers had over Lancaster, she felt that Myers himself was in dread of its discovery.

Presently she saw the matron come cautiously out of the house and hurry toward her.

"How did you do it, Miss Wentworth?" she asked in awe.

(Continued next month)

## The Christmas Spirit

Continued from page 35

Jack—That's a beauty. Put her in and let's go out and let Santa Claus finish the job.

Listen! there are the Carollers. I bet Mother has found a nickel for them.

(Carol sung outside.) (Curtain.)

SCENE 4

(Same as Scene 1.)

Gladys—Oh, girls, was it true? Was that lovely fairy really here?

Ruth—Well, we couldn't all have been dreaming.

Dorothy—Oh, girls, just think of what that dear little Betty asked Santa to bring her. Aren't we selfish things?

Mabel—How would we feel to find an egg-beater and a seventy-five cent pen in our stockings on Christmas morning?

Gladys—Well, here goes my horrid list. (Tears it up.) Those children will have full stockings if I can find my way to their home again. Oh, there is so much to do. What day is this?

Ruth—We have a whole week before Christmas and every minute will be full if I do all I want to do for Nell and her brothers.

Dorothy—Girls, did we mention one name except our own on those lists we made before the fairy came? I know now why she said we needed her help.

Mabel—Oh, let us hurry. I feel as if I were walking on air, I am so happy.

(Girls leave the room humming carol of Scene 3.) (Curtain.)

## Co-operative Marketing

Are you enjoying the full benefits of co-operative marketing? If not ship to the only genuine co-operative creamery doing business in Winnipeg, where you will do justice to yourself and your neighbor in making it possible to obtain the highest price for your products, thus shortening the road between producer and consumer by using the co-operative route.

**Manitoba Co-operative Dairies Ltd.**

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## The Activities of the Wheat Pool?

MUCH water has flown under the proverbial bridge since that summer of 1923 when the Albertan farmers united themselves for protection and profit and the plans of those early enthusiasts seem to have borne fruit of an attractive quality. The problem now to be faced is the persuading of Pool members to renew their contracts for a further five-year period and success in this direction will prove either easy or difficult of attainment in the measure that its present members have been satisfied with their new venture. The growth of the Pool has been phenomenal and if size alone were the only gauge by which its success is to be measured, then there can be no doubt as to the conclusiveness of the test.

The Pool has, we believe developed on a much quicker and sounder basis than even its strongest supporters planned. A brief summary of its present position goes far to prove the truth of this assertion. In 1923 Alberta was organized just when threshing was started, yet although time was short it was successful in handling 26 per cent of the Provincial crop. Subsequently this pioneer Province was joined by Manitoba and Saskatchewan and the three of them in addition to operating their own Provincial Pools formed themselves into a central selling agency, the sole function of which is to dispose of Pool grain to purchasers. This agency, commonly called the "Pool" by the grain trade, handled 39 per cent of the grain shipped in 1924 from the three Provinces; 53 per cent of the 1925 harvest and a shade higher percentage in 1926. Altogether the Pools number 140,000 farmers cultivating 15,000,000 acres.

PERHAPS the greatest success of the Pool has been due to their acquisition of country and terminal elevators. Prior to the formation of the Alberta Pool, farmers had based their hopes of a successful pool on their ability to unite their members in a project, whereby they would collectively sell their produce to and through the medium of facilities owned and operated by private grain traders. At that time they apparently did not see the necessity of owning and operating line and terminal elevators in such a way that they would be independent of the trade and would participate in the profits formerly enjoyed by others. Consequently the aim of their leaders has

been to acquire and keep on acquiring as many elevators as possible. The year 1927 saw Alberta with 42 line elevators and 100 more in contemplation; Manitoba with 30 and 25 to 30 more arranged for; while Saskatchewan has 587 with 82 more in course of acquisition.

"In addition the Alberta Pool is operating two terminal elevators leased from the Government on the Pacific Coast, the Saskatchewan pool is operating three at the Head of the Lakes at Port Arthur, as well as a transfer elevator at Buffalo, and the Canadian Pool is operating three terminals at Fort William in which all three Provincial Pools are interested. The total elevator capacity, country and terminal, now under control of the Pools is more than 50,000,000 bushels and the total amount invested in elevators to date is about \$13,000,000. The cost of these elevators is borne by an authorized deduction of two cents per bushel payable by each member, but as he receives a certificate each year for the total amount of his deductions, bearing interest at six per cent, eventually he will get elevator stock to the total amount of his deduction certificate."

THERE is, of course, much controversy as to the prices paid by the Pool and the Trade respectively and it almost seems impossible to reconcile the figures because of the methods adopted by each in arriving at an "average" price. There can be no doubt that the Pool has had a steadying influence on grain prices and their plan of selling has prevented an undue flooding of the market in the fall with a consequent lowering of prices. Again their scheme of four payments has revolutionized farm financing. In former years a farmer largely financed his operations on the strength of a crop not yet grown but now he finances on a crop that is already harvested. This in no small measure tends to financial stability. Much work has yet to be done; mistakes through inexperience will occur; but the present achievements argue well for the belief that the Pool will not stand still or retreat but will advance with the passage of time. The greatest tribute that can be paid to its organizers and managers is that they have, on a foundation of conservatism, reared an edifice, unique in the co-operative movement in the sense that it is popular, profitable and highly efficient.

## Building for the Future

THE Pool member is a shareholder in the largest producers' co-operative marketing association in the world. For the first time in history an organization has been built up by the farmers and run by them which is sufficiently powerful to give the wheat farmer a voice in the selling of his crop. Under the old system of marketing grain all the profits went to private individuals. Under the non-profit Pool plan the farmer gets what the consumer pays, minus only the proper marketing charges.

Under the Pool system, control of the marketing machinery, the country elevators, terminal elevators and transfer houses is rapidly passing where it belongs, into the hands of the actual producers. Over nine hundred and twenty country elevators, with a total capacity of over thirty million bushels and terminal and transfer elevators with a total storage capacity of over twenty-five million bushels, are now owned or controlled by the Canadian Wheat Pools.

The non-Pool farmer is standing aloof from the world-wide co-operative movement. He is out of step with the march of the times. Instead of joining with his neighbours to help each other by marketing all their grain the co-operative way, the non-Pool farmer turns his grain over to the enemies of the Pool.

In business and commercial circles in Canada, with the solitary exception of the grain trade, and in the countries of the world where the bulk of the Canadian wheat crop is marketed and where the influence of the Pool on the price received by the producer is admitted by all, even by the grain trade, there is amazement at the fact that there should be any farmers in Canada with grain to sell who are not members of the Pool. There is, of course, not a single good reason why any intelligent farmer should turn his grain over to the trade to be sold in competition with Pool wheat.

There is hardly a farmer outside the Pool who will not admit that the Pool has brought about a vast change for the better in agricultural and business conditions in Western Canada, but the non-Pool farmers do not realize how their short-sighted attitude is hurting themselves as well as all other grain-growing farmers. In the selfish hope of beating the Pool price, which in the long run no farmer can succeed in doing, the non-Pool farmer is trying to gain a temporary advantage over his neighbour while the Pool farmer is building for the future welfare of his neighbour as well as his own.

The past year has been another year of progress and triumph for the Pool, which is now firmly established as the dominant power in the grain-marketing field.

The next year can be made still more successful as more non-Pool farmers learn to co-operate with their neighbours instead of competing with them and build on the firm foundation of co-operation for the future prosperity of their industry and their country.

**Manitoba Wheat Pool**  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

**Saskatchewan Wheat Pool**  
REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

**Alberta Wheat Pool**  
CALGARY, ALBERTA



Helen Foster dons the garb of the Little Puritan



## "Pink Tooth Brush"

A modern evil with a very simple treatment

THAT slight bleeding of the gums which tinges the tooth brush with pink, is often dismissed from the mind too quickly. Yet even if it occurs infrequently, it is the first warning that heralds the approach of more stubborn gum troubles—troubles so widely prevalent today.

Taken early enough, "pink tooth brush" is not difficult to correct. In itself, it is not dangerous. But when "pink tooth brush" comes, your gums need your closest attention. Much worse things can follow in its train. You must restore to the gum tissues the stimulation which today they do not get by natural means. You should massage them. You need Ipana Tooth Paste.

The primary cause of the modern break-down of the gums is easily traced to the food that we eat every day. This modern food of ours is soft—it is lacking in fibre—it fails completely in its function of giving to the gums the stimulation and massage they need so much to keep in good condition. So gums grow lazy and stagnant. They grow tender and sensitive. On occasion they bleed—and after that a long list of more severe troubles threatens.

Dentists will tell you of the value of massage for gums that cannot, without bleeding, stand the touch of the brush. Hundreds of them recommend it and hundreds of them praise Ipana Tooth Paste as well, because of Ipana's efficacy in toning and stimulating weakened gum tissue. For Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used for years by dentists.

### How to restore the gums to health with Ipana and massage

So use Ipana and practice massage if the health of your gums is not all it should be. This simple treatment, night and morning, will stir up the sluggish circulation within the gum walls and bring fresh, clean blood to clear the tiny capillaries. If at first your gums are too tender, begin by massaging them with a little Ipana on the finger. Then, as the tissues grow firmer, use the tooth brush for this gentle frictionizing.

### Switch to Ipana for 1 month—a full, fair trial

Ipana is delicious. Its fresh flavor will bring you a new sense of oral cleanliness and its power to keep your teeth brilliant will delight you.

The coupon on this page offers a ten-day trial tube. We will gladly send it, for at least it will prove Ipana's taste and cleaning effect. But the better way to test its beneficial effect on your gums is to get a full-size tube at your druggist's—use it faithfully for a full month—and then decide whether Ipana is the tooth paste you should use for life.

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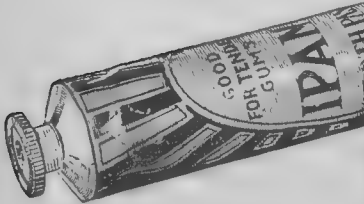
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## Troubles of the Bobbed and Waved

WE bobbed our hair, and we had a permanent wave, and as we looked approvingly in the glass at a well-modeled coiffure, we said to ourselves: "Well, that's that. No more bother with you!" We discovered the comfortable, becoming, and partially storm-proof little felt hats, and we liked them so well we wore them all the year round. Now, we thought, we could be care-free and lazy: no more troublesome hair-dressing—just a trim now and then and a wave twice a year.

The awakening from this pleasant dream was gradual, but none the less brutal for that. We found ourselves looking at the clipped heads about us and discovering—much against our will—that short hair cannot tell a lie. It is as honest as daylight. The multitude of sins that might be covered by puffs and curls and braids are each one plain to the casual glance. Scantiness, oiliness, harshness—whatever the trouble is, it is perfectly apparent to every one.

About this time we woke to another rude truth. You can't throw away your hairbrush just because your hair is a few inches shorter. Short hair needs just as much care as long hair; in fact, it needs more, because the faults show more. We might as well admit it—there is nothing in this being "free as your brothers" illusion, because when it comes to hair problems, brothers never have had any special freedom! Men who have nice thick, glossy hair either have it as a special dispensation of Providence or they have taken care of it, just the same as with women. Men who felt they were free from bother have suffered all the ills that are troubling girls these days. The only difference is that men can be indifferent to thinning hair, to bald spots, and to that oily look. A girl simply can't get away with such things.

If you want life and lustre, you must bring back the hairbrush. Get a good one—one with fairly long, flexible bristles. Don't begrudge the price; the best brushes last for years. Brush at least three minutes every night. This is not nearly the task it used to be for long hair, and you remember our mothers were all expected to do their hundred strokes a day. One hair specialist parts the hair in strands and brushes upwards from the roots. While this method is not so comfortable the first time, there is no doubt that it is stimulating; it leaves the scalp in splendid condition, and one soon becomes accustomed to it. Every now and then wipe the brush on a clean towel. You will be suprised at how a good brushing cleans your hair.

The two objections to brushing seem to be that it is bad for waves and that it makes the hair oily. The specialist answers that if you brush your hair correctly, it will not effect your wave.

Of course, if you concentrate on the top layer only and brush downward, your curl may suffer. But even if you find that your marcel or your permanent does not last so long, you must wield the brush just the same. The health of your hair demands it.

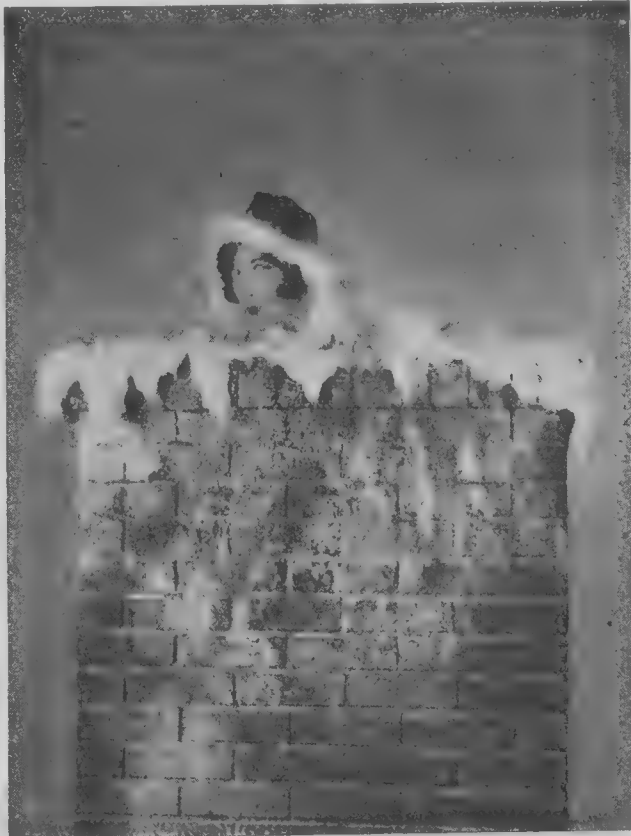
Whether or not brushing makes the hair oily is a disputed question, but I myself do not see why it should. At any rate one should cure the cause of oily hair and not neglect the stimulating and cleansing effect of the brush. A noted dermatologist recommends that people troubled by over-oiliness part the hair in strands and mop the hair and scalp with alcohol. Wipe it off quickly with a towel before it has a chance to dry on the hair. It is amazing how this treatment crisps and cleans too oily hair.

The permanent wave is taking the blame for a host of troubles these days—especially dryness, brittleness, breaking and dandruff. It is probably true that some inefficient operators try and heat the hair too much, with disastrous results. It is probably true that some hair does not stand a permanent wave well. Still I believe that many of the bad after-effects of permanent waves are due to lack of care. There is temporarily an excessive strain on the hair and scalp, and they need the best of care before and after a wave. Nightly brushing, a shampoo at least once a month, and an in-between cleansing with tonic are necessary. The ends will undoubtedly be dry and brittle, and pomade should be rubbed into them to keep them from breaking off.

As a rule, the breaking and discoloring of the hair takes place after the second or third wave. This is because part of the hair has been waved twice, becomes dry and lifeless, and breaks off. It is good news, therefore, that one of the prominent wavers has announced a new method of selective waving—that is, one that waves the new hair and lets alone the hair which has formerly been waved.

The constant use of water to set the deep, smooth waves that most women want is blamed by many specialists for permanent-wave troubles. A good wave lotion is more effective and safer. And that reminds me of a problem peculiar to the women who have clung to their long locks. It is not a new one—the problem of what to do about the ends that will straggle out in the back or the neck—but nowadays necks must be trim. Use a tiny bit of wave lotion to train the locks upward and make them stay where they should.

There are special hairpins and clasps now, too, designed to train the longer bob at the sides. They clasp the hair more securely, and stay better, than the old-style pin.—Ruth Murrin in "Good-Housekeeping."



A Pretty Santa—Joan Crawford, who is shown stealing the thunder of the joy bringer from the far north



## The Pathfinders of the Canadian Rockies

Continued from page 28

by the Indian guide, he made a short sight-seeing trip, crossing the valley to visit a fine waterfall on the Bow River. This was the much-admired cataract which thunders through the rocky gorge below the Banff Springs Hotel. Returning to camp by way of the western slope of Tunnel Mountain, as it is now called, they encountered several Big Horn Sheep and killed two of these excellent food animals on the present townsite of Banff.

At this point the eminent and energetic botanist was obliged to take leave of the expedition and to bid farewell to the Rockies. As a tribute to his ability and worth the fine truncated mountain which dominates the valley to the west of Banff was thereupon named Mount Bourgeau.

Following the winding trail that had for ages been trodden by the moccasined feet of Red Men, the pathfinders pushed westward. It is interesting to note that from Cascade Camp to the crossing of the Kootenay River the route taken was identical with that of the now internationally famous automobile highway that links Banff with Lake Windermere. Passing along the north shores of the Swampy Lakes (Vermilion Lakes), the men were interested in observing a spring of warm and extremely sulphurous water that gushed from a rock by the trailside. This spring is still active and is apparently as odorous as ever. At the present time the rocks which overhang the spring are a favorite haunt of sheep and other forms of big game, this region being now included with the boundaries of the Rocky Mountains Park of Canada.

On rounding the end of a serrated range of mountains which from its jagged horizon was named Sawback, the Doctor and his men emerged into a wider valley running towards the north west. Looking up this fair Strath they were all greatly impressed "By a very remarkable mountain which stands out in the middle of the valley and which, even at a distance of twelve miles, looks like a gigantic castle." From henceforth it was to be known as Castle Mountain and the thousands of travellers who yearly pass its mighty portals and who pause to admire its glorious array of turrets and bastions are unanimous in declaring that no more appropriate name could possibly have been bestowed upon it.

**AT JOHNSON CANYON** James Hector shot his first moose, a fine specimen which stood six feet two inches high at the shoulder and had a length from nose to rump of eight feet. On the site of the recently established, and charmingly located, auto camp at the base of Castle Mountain the tired travellers tarried for a few days to rest themselves and the horses and, once rested, to gain further knowledge of the surrounding territory. Here they slept for the first time in a leather "Wigwam" which had been procured from the Stonies at Bow Fort. A successful ascent of Castle was made, the presence of many Hoary Marmots being noted by the climbers. During the entire journey much work of a scientific nature was performed, latitudes and longitudes being obtained from day to day, temperatures taken and recorded, height of important mountains determined, distances calculated. Being an enthusiastic geologist, Hector found, in the valleys and on the mountain sides, ample opportunity for the first hand study of this important science.

Breaking camp at Castle Mountain, the company of adventurers swam the Bow River and crossing the main chain

Continued on page 54



# The Old Problem

What to give for CHRISTMAS?

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BY THE QUEEN A PROCLAMATION

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When you can't think what to give Brother John or Sister Mary; when you just can't decide what would be the right remembrance for Uncle and for Aunt and for all those kind friends; when you wonder how you are ever going to satisfy all the requests of Junior and the kiddies—

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You will find, too, that your Christmas budget will go much further than you expected, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the gifts you buy will be in quality, style and finish exactly as represented.

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# The Pathfinders of the Canadian Rockies

Continued from page 53

of the Rockies by way of Vermilion Pass were almost immediately plunged into the typical underwoods of a British Columbian forest. Proceeding down the valley of the Vermilion River, a massive mountain on the left soon claimed their attention. Its shoulders were draped with many hanging glaciers, its summit towered to an impressive height. In compliment to one of the then Under Secretaries of the Colonies, it was named Mount Bail. At this stage of the journey progress was slow and it was with difficulty that the old war trail could be discerned, so overgrown had it become. After hours of arduous hacking and slashing through fallen trees and tangled underbrush they at length reached Vermilion Plain, a low level meadow whose surface was, and is yet, covered by an extensive deposit of ochre washed down from the shale slopes of the surrounding mountains. For many generations the Indians had been familiar with and had used this pigment, converting it at this place by means of fire into Red Oxide. This primitive "Made-in-Canada" paint was of course responsible for the pass and river being named Vermilion. Kootenay Indians from the valley of the Columbia were prominent in this "Save the Surface" industry. They disposed of the fired and finished product to the Indians of the Plains to the east who, in all likelihood, were obliged to pay a high price for "Rouge de Rocky Mountains."

That Nimrod was a man of many parts is evident. Seated by the camp fire at Ochre Creek this native craftsman is here discovered conducting a class in Technical Education, instructing his fellow-travellers in the art of carving stone pipes from pieces of soft talc rock that is abundant in the neighboring mountains.

Next morning the journey was resumed down the now rapidly swelling stream. On reaching Kootenay Crossing, Doctor Hector, aware that Palliser was engaged in exploring to the south, determined to try to reach the Columbia River at a point further north. Turning to the right and towards the source of the Kootenay River, the height of land on this watershed was soon reached. Now they were on the headwaters of the Beaverfoot, a stream which flowed northwards and which, as they later discovered, discharged into a very large and unknown river roaring its westward way through a magnificent and lengthy canyon. On the south bank of this great glacial river James Hector came close to losing his life, through being severely kicked by one of the pack horses. Two days passed ere he was recovered sufficiently to resume the journey and then it was with the utmost difficulty that he was enabled to stay in the saddle. This unfortunate occurrence, together with the fact that food was very scarce, influenced the leader in deciding to abandon the attempt to reach the Columbia Valley and to return immediately to the eastern slope of the Rockies, where game of all kinds was abundant and food more easily secured.

THE daily journal of this hardy and venturesome medico from Edinburgh contains few entries of more engrossing interest than that of September 2nd, 1858. On this day the gaunt and weary travellers turned their faces eastward—and homeward. Ascending the pass which, from Hector's accident, was named Kicking Horse, they passed the site of the present-day Field, climbed the steep hillside where the Canadian Pacific Railway now worms through the famous spiral tunnels and, at evening, camped near to the Great Divide. Here is the entry as

written in the Journal by Doctor James Hector:

"Sept. 2nd, 1858:—Started very early, as our only hope of getting any game was by reaching the eastern side of the mountains. Nimrod had indeed again seen Wapiti yesterday, but, being lame from an injury to his foot, and the fallen woods being so difficult to hunt in, he only got a long shot, which he missed. We travelled on the extensive shingle flats, crossing and re-crossing the river which must, during the spring floods, occupy the full width of the valley. After five miles the valley terminated in a sudden slope covered with heavy pine forest. Entering this we began to ascend rapidly, but loitered a good deal to eat large blueberries which grew in abundance and which we were very glad to get, although not very substantial food, when we had been fasting altogether for the past day and living on very short allowance for the previous five. Travelling for eight hours we passed a very pretty little lake (Lake Wapta), and presently coming to a small stream flowing eastward, were again on the Saskatchewan slope of the mountains. I had killed a grouse, and we were glad to boil it up with some ends of candles and odd pieces of grease to make something of a supper for the five of us after a very hard day's work."

On the following morning, there being no breakfast to prepare, an early start was made. Descending a tributary of the Bow River they were gladdened by seeing the outline of Castle Mountain far down the valley. By this time the pangs of hunger would no longer be appeased by berries or belt tightenings and so it was decided to kill one of the horses for food. Choice fell upon an ancient grey charger which had contracted a well known pack horse habit of falling over cliffs and into turbulent streams about once a day. When the fate of this high-diving steed seemed sealed, Nimrod discovered fresh tracks of a Moose and, following these for a short distance, was successful in bringing down a large animal near to the present location of Lake Louise station. Next day a Stoney Indian brought news to Nimrod that several of his immediate relatives were encamped by a small lake a few miles distant. Anxious to obtain reliable and first-hand information about the country between the Bow and Yellowhead Passes, Doctor Hector visited these native hunters who were temporarily camped by the shores of what is now called Hector Lake. Here they rested for a few days in a land that had game in abundance, no fewer than ten moose falling to the Indians while the white men were their guests.

THE season for mountain travel was nearing an end and already the nights and mornings were unpleasantly cold. Fort Edmonton, to which the party was now headed, was a long way off. So, turning their faces northward, they skirted the lake from which Bow River has its source and surmounted the Bow Pass. One week later they were camped on Kootenay Plains, by the side of the North Saskatchewan River. This fertile plain was at that time the great market place of the mountains. Here the Kootenay Indians from the Columbia Valley disposed of their furs and sold their produce to the traders from Jasper and from Rocky Mountain House. In the Journal already referred to there is an interesting item regarding an old trail which linked the Plains with Jasper House. This was known as "Old Cline's Trail," and was used by a trader of that name who had at frequent intervals come to the Rockies to trade with the Indians.

When the National Parks at Banff and at Jasper have been joined by a direct highway, a highway that for scenic splendor will rank without a peer, "Old Cline's Trail" will throb and beat as one of the great arteries of the Canadian Rockies.

From Kootenay Plains the men journeyed towards present-day Nordegg, and by the end of September had reached Rocky Mountain House, an extremely isolated trading post situated on the North Saskatchewan River. This post, built in 1802 by John McDonald of Garth, had long been deserted. The parchment windows were split and torn and doors were creaking loosely in the wind, giving the place a dilapidated appearance. (It might here be mentioned that the stone fireplaces of this ancient and historical post are still standing.)

A heavy fall of snow followed by a sharp frost seemed to presage an early winter, and this urged the travellers to greater effort in order that the journey might soon be ended. At Blindman River (west of Lacombe), a six-tent camp of Indians was discovered and here the leader of the expedition traded the leather "Wigwam" for a small quantity of Wapiti venison. At Battle River (near Wetaskiwin), their last remaining blanket was torn into strips to make coverings for the feet of the men which by this time were in a sorry condition. On the seventh day of October they forded the Saskatchewan River (where the great high-level bridge now stands) and footsore, weary and ragged, entered the gate of Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton.

MANY years later Sir James Hector, for he had now been knighted, visited the scene of his explorations. At this time the Canadian Pacific Railway had been completed and so the worthy doctor travelled in comfort and in safety through mountain passes and by rushing, foaming streams where formerly he struggled and starved in order that a highway might be made across the Rockies. Residing for many years in New Zealand, he occupied several important posts in the sister Dominion, finally becoming Chancellor of the Senate. He died near Wellington in 1907.

On the Great Divide, a few miles west of Lake Louise, and between the two highways that now traverse the Kicking Horse Pass, a Stone of Remembrance has been erected to the memory of this pioneer Pathfinder. No more appropriate site could have been chosen than this, where the water from one spring forms into separate streams, one flowing eastward to the great plains and eventually mingling with the Arctic tides in Hudson's Bay, the other running westward and finding outlet in the Pacific Ocean.

At the sunset end of Bow Valley a mighty mountain towers high into Cloudland. Draped upon its shoulders are snowfields and glaciers which shimmer and glisten in the noonday sun. Its crags and cliffs are sure refuge to the wild goats and to the eagles. Its shale slopes are bordered with heather and harebell. The velvety pine trees surge up from the valley floor, clothing its sides in a garment of green. Nestling at its base is a little lake, much loved by the wild-fowl. It is meet and fitting that this fine mountain should bear the name of Hector. High as his aim and ambition, steadfast as its purpose, it will for all time perpetuate the memory of this intrepid explorer who, with his little company of men, adventured into an unknown mountainous wilderness and, so doing, laid a foundation for greater highways than the world had yet seen.



## The Little Shops

By Veronica

Oh, smiling god of Good Luck, now night  
has slipped away,  
Look down upon the little shops and help  
them through the day.  
The shutters have been taken down and  
polished are the window panes;  
The brasses glow, the front is swept—  
smile, god of luck, till daylight  
waned.

The little shops pull at one's heart, so  
simple is their merchandise.

A little window beckons us through  
which we peer with misted eyes;

For narrow shops are often kind to tiny  
folk scarce counter-high.

Above a shop, behind a blind, I've heard  
a little baby cry.

Above a shop I've often seen a mother's  
anxious face appear.

How many customers have been? The  
closing hour is near.

Great shops, like temples dedicate to  
merchandise from every mart,

Are over-lords of their own fate—but  
little shops tug at the heart.

Wilhelmina Stitch

**L**ITTLE shops should have an appeal  
for everyone, for no little shop would  
be alive just for itself—there is always  
a reason.

Go up and down a street in any town  
or village, and gather in what is known  
of the history of each little corner gro-  
cery, hat shop or general store, and you  
will find there is material for any num-  
ber of fascinating stories of love and  
sacrifice, disappointment and success, of  
the force of contacts; indeed, the whole  
field of human experience can be glimpsed  
through the holes in the shutters.

The world is full of books in which a  
little shop is the centre round which the  
story runs. How many shops of Dickens'  
tales are known the world over—Miss  
Mattie's little tea shop in "Cranford" is  
beloved by everyone, while little book  
shops have provided material for writers  
all down the ages.

In these days when size seems to make  
the great appeal, and the crowds go  
where the crowd is, individuality runs a  
risk of being swamped, for by degrees  
people lose the power of independent  
judgment—what everyone else likes,  
wears, buys, is what they must have,  
and to be a bit different amounts to an  
odddity if not a fatal mistake.

We need to cultivate today the kind-  
liness toward individuals which marked  
the old days when neighbors really knew  
each other and took a heartfelt interest  
in helping one another in times of need,  
and when the friendships of families  
continued through many generations.

The highly organized life of today is  
in some measure the cause of the stamp-  
ing out of individual responsibility for  
the individual, and so it comes about  
that only the really thinking people un-  
derstand why "little shops tug at the  
heart." The philosophy of life as to  
thought and care for the individual runs  
through the little poem. If the general  
public thought more would there be the  
neglect of those who for long years have  
tried to serve faithfully in a quiet little  
corner until because of the increasing use  
of the mail order plan of shopping they  
have been forced to turn the key in the  
door, and just as they have reached the  
time when they might be able to rest,  
go out to seek work elsewhere?

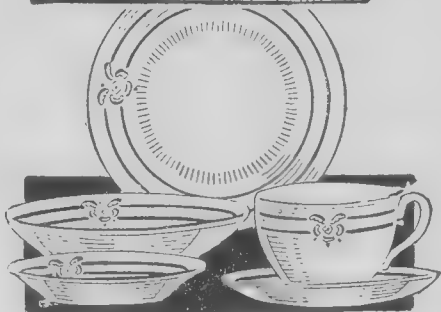
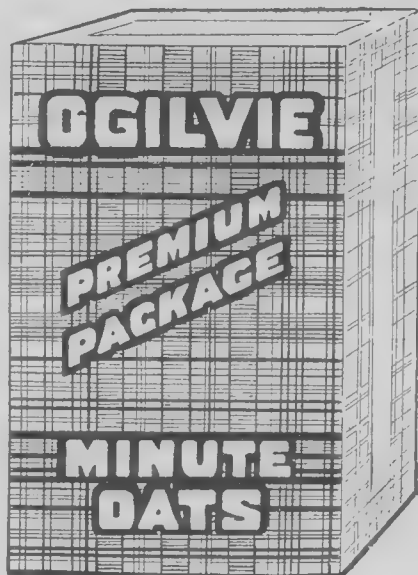
The great questions of social justice  
involved in such situations are being  
considered by many groups of the  
world's thinkers, and those who under-  
stand hold themselves in line to help the  
little fellow, and make the spending of  
money a source of joy to some indi-  
vidual.

We can use what we have to encourage  
our neighbor in the village or help some-  
one in our own town to build up a busi-  
ness which will be a source of strength  
to the community. The spending of  
every coin should be a matter of deep  
concern. Where will it be of most ser-  
vice not merely to ourselves, but to the  
person from whom we buy? Are we  
throwing our pennies in with the crowd,  
or are they going where they will help  
the individual?

Listen to the plea of the little shops  
whether they be in village, town or city  
—let them "tug at the heart" until our  
spending is sanctified by kindly thought  
for the necessities of those who dwell  
in the quiet corners of the market place.



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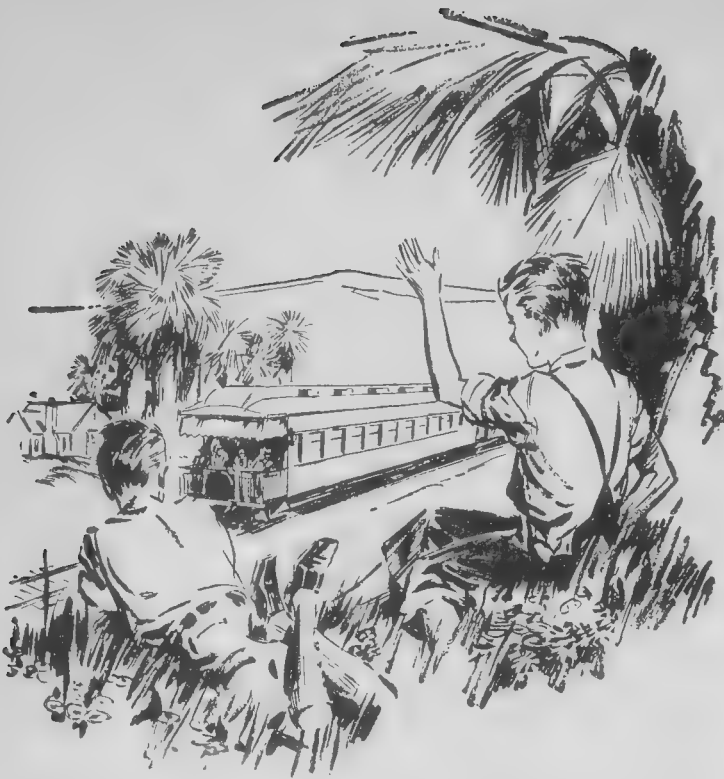
Of Advance Fall and Winter Styles is now ready for mailing to our many readers who are awaiting this announcement. The new Catalogue contains five hundred designs for ladies', misses' and children's apparel; also a helpful article on dressmaking, and an illustrated description of various simple embroidery stitches. Those who have in the past sent for our fashion catalogues will not require a second invitation to order this popular and attractive book, and we advise those who have not before used it, to take immediate advantage of this offer to assure securing a copy while the supply lasts. Send twenty cents to cover postage and packing.



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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

## This Joyous Job of Parenthood

Running the Home on Rubber Tires Saves Many a Jolt

By Alice Fox Pitts in "Children"

IS IT a pleasant, popular fancy or do women really believe that the daily care of children is a nerve-racking occupation which slowly but surely wears mothers out?

Martyrdom, of course, has its pleasant aspects and I would not begrudge any woman the comfort of whatever sympathy she can manage to inspire. In fact I confess to feeling a little sorry for myself at this moment. It is too rainy for outdoor play and for some unknown reason the attic has lost its usual charm. Consequently while I yearn for the solitude of a private office or a bachelor apartment the click of my typewriter is being drowned by the terrific clatter of dishpan drums and shrieking whistles as a "firemen's parade" marches relentlessly back and forth within a few feet of my chair.

There are dismal days in every mother's life. Small son has eaten a long row of prized carrots in a neighbor's garden; little daughter and her chums have wrought havoc upstairs using bed-clothes for tents and pillows for boats, getting everything in such an inextricable mess that they cannot possibly clear up unassisted. Innumerable agents have refused to be banished from the front door while in the confusion the jelly has burned. And at bedtime the children are suddenly seized with such an excess of high spirits that they wriggle and squirm, jump and squeal, making the preparations for bed such an aching ordeal that the strongest-nerved mother is ready for tears.

But think back to the time when you had a nine-to-five job. Weren't there days then, when everything went wrong, and life seemed scarcely worth living? If memory does not betray you, you will recall that there were many such, that going to business was not such a sinecure as it may now seem. So though I allow myself the luxury of a little self-pity now and then, I do not actually believe that the way of a mother is excessively hard. With careful thought and planning the wear and tear on nerves can be minimized so that this business of home-making is no more onerous than any other job—and it's twice as much fun.

Though they may not fit every mother's schedule, several short cuts that I have tried in the past eight years may help others to achieve a family life that runs on oiled wheels. This is important because an unruffled mother means children with steady nerves, who are not nagged and who can enjoy work and rest, boisterous games or quiet play in well-balanced proportion.

Of prime importance in family life is the problem of disturbed morning rest. Before the advent of Junior, the household of two grown ups can sleep as late in the morning as the alarm clock permits, with an extra deliciously long nap on Sunday morning. In our hurried modern life that rest is often a very necessary nerve sedative, yet in the average family it disappears the minute the first baby appears. "If I could sleep late just one morning—" you've heard the harried mother complain, "but Junior wakes at six o'clock seven days a week, and then there's no sleep for anyone in the family."

I believe in the rights of the child but I do not see why one of those rights should be to deprive his parents of morning sleep. A tiny baby, of course, wakes up early but after being fed, goes promptly back to sleep. And as a healthy baby's mother rarely has any trouble going back to sleep again too, that is no problem. When the baby is about a year old, the trouble usually begins. He wakes and frets insistently, because he is hungry. But a year-old child can eat zwieback or dry bread, and my method, used successfully by other mothers, was to leave a slice of stale toast or two graham crackers on a stool beside the crib at night. It was not only the food but the joy of discovery that delighted the baby in the morning.

At six o'clock I would wake sleepily to hear him whimpering. For a moment I would hold my breath tensely until a happy gurgle told me he had found the bread and all was well. A favorite toy left within reach helped to entertain him too, and nine times out of ten I could be certain of an extra half hour of delicious rest to fortify me for the day ahead.

My plan worked with both babies, and as the children grew, so did the breakfasts, on Sunday mornings especially when an extra sleep is particularly welcome. A covered tray with a bit of fruit and a sugar bun made a jolly snack to hold them until the family breakfast. Winter, of course, was more of a problem than summer but at three years a child can be taught to close the window, open the register and put on bathrobe and slippers to make himself comfortable and safe from chills.

When they were scarcely out of the baby stage we impressed upon our children the necessity of keeping quiet while others slept. (I say "we" because a father can always be far more impressive than an everyday mother). As a result, at the ages of four and eight, the children get up, wash and dress and play about without thinking of disturbing their parents, and this last summer they have reached the stage where setting the breakfast table, putting on the fruit and cold cereal and starting the coffee in the percolator is part of their accepted routine.

Lest any young mother protest that making small children keep quiet for an hour or more is a hardship, let me point out the advantages to the child. He must learn to be quiet sometimes, else he grows up to be one of those ever-restless youngsters who gives others no peace and knows none himself. What better time then for his lessons in self-restraint than while others are sleeping? From babyhood on, an hour a day with books, puzzles or quiet games is good for his nerves, and if he is trained to observe that hour of peace early enough, he does not resent it but accepts it as one of the rules of life.

Where any family has not yet established a routine to fit the new baby into the household organization, I would highly recommend the plan of having him, and any later children, eat the evening meal apart from his parents.

My daughter of eight, whom we proposed promoting from her young brother's table to our own, wailed in protest: "When I eat with you and Daddy, you talk things I don't understand or else you scold me." That statement holds a world of truth. Father begins to tell mother about a big deal he put over downtown but mother interrupts with "Junior, stop cramming your mouth full" and "Doris, take your elbows off the table and be careful not to spill your soup." Father's story is spoiled and the children are not put in that happy mood which doctors tell us is conducive to good digestion. If they are allowed to bubble over, they prove a tremendous detriment to conversation, and if they are suppressed, they suffer boredom.

At a small table, especially if there are two or more of them, children can giggle delightedly over their own childish jokes and are spared the ordeal of seeing and sniffing pickles, pie and other tempting but forbidden adult dishes. When the children's meal is over they can then play contentedly while their parents have theirs in peace, enjoying all the intimacy and exchange of confidences that marked their pre-children days.

"BUT in a maidless household how can a busy mother possibly make two separate evening meals?" It is all a matter of establishing a system and perfecting it. Baked potatoes for the children can be popped in the oven a half hour earlier than the rest of the meal. Casserole dishes, prepared earlier in the

Continued on page 61





## Little Eva Was There All The Time

Right on the Universal City lot.

LIKE the inveterate miner whose children were using gold nuggets as agates in his own backyard, Harry Pollard has searched all over the United States for a gem which was blooming all unrecognized right under his nose at Universal City. From Los Angeles to New York the director of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" searched high and low for a satisfactory Little Eva. Wherever the company went on location galaxies of golden haired girls were ushered to him by fond mammas. While in the hospital at Plattsburgh and in New York City scarcely a day passed without ten or fifteen prospective Little Evas knocking at the door. Most of them ranged in age from five to ten years, but almost every actress in the legitimate and motion picture business who scaled under five feet thought she was a legitimate candidate to play Little Eva and most of them had played Little Eva in the stage version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

But for some reason or other none of these Little Evas rang the bell with Harry Pollard. There was always something which made him hesitate. And finally the time arrived for interjecting Little Eva into the scenes where she plays so important a part; and still there was no Little Eva. A hurry call to all the Los Angeles agencies brought five hundred more Little Evas, and in sorrow they were

ushered disconsolately out of the reception room—one after the other. In desperation, Pollard picked the wrong Little Eva. He knew she was wrong, but he couldn't help himself. He had to have a Little Eva.

That night as he was leaving Universal he almost tripped over the real Little Eva. The reason he had not recognized her before was that instead of having blonde curls she had dark brown hair. In amazement Pollard looked at her, as she apologized for being in his way.

"Where have you been, child, all this time, and who are you?"

"I am Virginia Gray. My mother is the Universal City librarian."

"Then I knew your father, too," said Harry Pollard. "You come with me. I want to make a test of you."

And so it happened that when the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company embarked on location on the Mississippi River, where they are now working, the most vexatious role in the entire cast, that of Little Eva, was filled to the entire satisfaction to everybody. Little Virginia is developing a natural technique which, if not as blonde as people might expect, is just as genuine, and just as compelling as the most heart-melting of Little Evas who ever went up to Heaven to the prayers of Uncle Tom and the "a little soft music, professor" of the local orchestra.

## Desperate Desmond Extinct for Mary

THERE is no villain in Mary Pickford's newest United Artists Picture "My Best Girl." There is not even a "menace", hitherto regarded as essential to all commercial cinemas.

When Mary Pickford was a David Belasco stage prodigy, sponsored into films by David Wark Griffith, she delighted nickelodeon patrons of converted shooting galleries, skating rinks and railroad cars operated by such pioneers as Sam Rothafel, Herbert Brenon, Marcus Loew and Adolph Zukor, by retreating strategically across a flickering screen before the "Coises, gal! I'll have ye yet!" of every moustached, top-hatted villain in two reels.

But now Mary Pickford, independent producer and owner-member of United Artists, offers a heroine who is not pursued by a Desperate Desmond. In "My Best Girl," not one waxed moustache is twirled, not a maiden is dangled over a cliff at peril of that which is said to be worse than death, not a light is turned off in the nick of time.

No longer does "the villain still pursue her." Now, perhaps Simon Legree will sell his bloodhounds and Silas Marner will emulate the late Andrew Carnegie and begin erection of a chain of public libraries. And Shylock, to be fashionable, will have to tell Portia,

"Oh, that's all right. I'll take half a pound."

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WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

## When Love Beckoned—Or The Eleventh Hour

Continued from page 9

husband's worshipful disciple, and the sight of him brought back memories of the irresponsible artist whom she had adored, despite the fact that she had continually nagged him.

"It's a long time since you used to come every day to hear Emile chatter about painting," she said, and there was a dull note of pain in her harsh voice.

"Hasn't Jerry come in yet, Mother?" Thelma asked.

"No, and I'm worried about him. He hasn't been home since dinner-time last night."

Just then the front door banged shut and Jerry came into the parlor. He stopped abruptly when he saw the stranger and tried to disguise his distraught condition with a flow of talk.

"Did you think I had vanished, people? I've been having the dickens of a time trying to put across a big financial deal, but I haven't had a bit of luck. Everything has gone against me!"

He looked eloquently at Thelma as he spoke, and his words filled her with a sense of dismay.

"This is Lloyd Manson, Jerry," she said. "I suppose you don't remember him. You were only about twelve or thirteen when he used to come to see Daddy so much."

"Sure I remember you, Lloyd," Jerry protested, gripping the older man's hand genially. "I'll never forget the time you took me to a circus, and gave me the time of my young life. I was about the happiest kid in town that day!"

Mrs. Rignault's voice again sounded discordantly in the little room:

"I wish you wouldn't work so hard, Jerry. I suppose you haven't had a bit of dinner yet. Come into the kitchen with me and I'll fix you something nice."

Her face lost none of its melancholy as she spoke, and yet it was evident that this easy-going boy was her idol.

Lloyd was glad when Mrs. Rignault and Jerry left the room. He wanted to lose himself in the pleasure of being with Thelma. Her loveliness cast a spell over him. He loved her curved lips, and quiet, mysterious eyes, and was infinitely soothed and rested by the deep, tranquil silence of which she was capable.

Thelma interrupted his thoughts.

"Lloyd, please talk to me!"

So he talked of what she never tired of hearing—his varied, colorful life as a sailor. He transported her to glamorous worlds of action and adventure and beauty, and warmed himself at the fires of enthusiasm he kindled in her. The hours flew swiftly by. No one returned to disturb them. They were gloriously engrossed in each other.

That night of delight was only one of several. Thelma spent her small savings recklessly to buy a few pretty clothes—a flame-colored dress, satin slippers for her slim feet, a trim black hat, a smart coat. With a quiet intensity she gave herself up to an exciting new life. Dancing, motoring far across the wide, still prairie, and listening to Lloyd's urgent wooing crowded the next four days with golden moments. Her life sparkled with the radiance of love and laughter.

She avoided Jerry and tried to forget the ugly shadow that lurked in the dim background, ready to destroy her happiness. One night, however, when Jerry's week of grace was almost over, the dark shadow moved into the foreground of her mind and confronted her, blotting out the brightness of love.

Alone in her desolate little room, she was assailed by unhappy thoughts. Jerry had tried desperately to borrow money from someone, and had been unsuccessful. In two days the theft would be discovered. Would Lloyd continue to love her when he found out what Jerry had done? She asked herself the question fearfully. What if he should leave her? What if she were never to see him again? How dreary life would be without him! She pictured such a future shudderingly—Jerry in prison, Lloyd gone, the gray, lonely years dragging slowly by. This sweet, burning love that now consumed her would gradually die until only white ashes were left. Her head drooped.

"I can't live without him!" she moaned.

She lifted her head fiercely, and her sombre eyes shone with a dull gold light as she whispered exultantly:

"I will marry him at once, before he discovers that Jerry is a thief! We will fly to the ends of the earth! Why should I care what happens to Jerry? Lloyd is more to me than all the rest of the world together!"

The shadow drew back into its dim corner. When Thelma fell asleep that night there was a smile on her lips.

The following night Lloyd called for her in a long blue roadster—a thing of beauty and swift motion. They drove in silence through the murmuring city toward the quiet, level country beyond and sought a road that followed the winding river northward. Thelma was not thinking of the dark grandeur of the night, nor even of Lloyd. She could not banish from her mind the glimpse of Jerry she had caught as she was leaving the house. He had been sitting in the half-dark parlor, crouched in a chair, like an animal at bay, his white face thrust forward, his eyes wild and frightened.

"Thelma, what is troubling you?" asked Lloyd unexpectedly.

"Nothing important," she replied, placing her hand reassuringly on his, and stifling a sudden impulse to tell him everything. "I had a beastly day at the office. The chief was in a bearish mood. It's good to relax and enjoy the restful motion of the car."

Lloyd slipped an arm around her.

"Please marry me right away, Thelma," he urged. "Why should we wait? I want to take you away with me! Dearest, say yes, and we'll take the train for Vancouver and sail from there for my own lovely Island of Idleness in the South Seas. I know you would be happy there, darling! It is an exquisite green jewel set in a dazzling blue sea, far removed from the feverish tumult of cities."

He talked on, telling her of his love in quick, fragmentary sentences, and as Thelma listened the picture of Jerry faded from her mind. Finally, in a pause in Lloyd's persuasive pleading, she cried:

"I will marry you, Lloyd—now—to-morrow, I mean!"

The long blue car stood still beside the shining river, while youth swore its undying fealty to love. Then it moved slowly forward again. Thelma rested in the protecting circle of Lloyd's arm, as they talked of their plans for the following day. Lloyd would get the license in the morning. At five o'clock he would call for her at her office. They would be married at some obscure parsonage and take the early evening train for Vancouver.

Later, when they were standing in the dark hallway of Thelma's home



Lloyd again wanted to know whether anything was troubling her. She felt a wild longing to tell him about Jerry, but she was afraid to yield to it. His love was too precious to risk losing. She only kissed him in response to his request and assured him that there was not the smallest cloud on her horizon. As she watched the long car disappear down the street, she murmured:

"Lloyd, beloved, I can't tell you!"

Jerry had not come in, for which she was thankful. She had no desire to see him. She felt emotionally cold, as though nothing could soften the iron of her resolve. Sleep came to her almost immediately her head touched the pillow, and she slept dreamlessly until morning.

IT WAS early when she awoke. She dressed mechanically, packed a few clothes in a small case, and left the house without meeting anyone. During the long day she worked silently at her typewriter. At 4.30 she left her desk and in the dingy dressing room changed into the flame-colored dress that Lloyd loved. Her face was colorless and her eyes dull and expressionless. She felt numb and dazed and incapable of rousing herself to any consciousness of what she was doing.

Lloyd was waiting for her with a taxi. He greeted her joyously.

"This is our wedding day, Thelma—mine!" he announced gaily, as he helped her into the car.

They drove to a very old house, where lived a wizened old minister with brilliant brown eyes and a thin, tired voice. They had to wait while the old man procured a bible and a witness. Lloyd was eager and nervous, his cheeks flushed, his gray eyes warm and shining, while Thelma looked more like a beautiful marble statue than a living woman. The minister returned to the room, and asked Thelma and Lloyd to stand before him. A buxom, red-cheeked servant-girl came in to act as witness. Suddenly Thelma's numbed mind whirled with turbulent thoughts. The realization that she was deserting Jerry in his trouble overwhelmed her with self-loathing. The hot color rushed to her face, and she spoke in harsh, staccato tones:

"Lloyd, I can't marry you! I must go home at once! Take me away!"

Her words threw the quiet old room into confusion. She heard Lloyd's amazed protests, felt the servant's interested stare, saw the bright eyes of the old man looking at her disapprovingly.

"No! No! I can't, Lloyd! Take me away!" she repeated.

She urged Lloyd toward the door and into the waiting taxi.

"Drive to 59 Gordon Street," she commanded the driver, and then turned dark, tragic eyes on Lloyd.

"I can never marry you, Lloyd! It would be wicked!"

"You are ill, Thelma! What do you mean?"

"I am not ill! I can't explain! You must give me five hundred dollars. I need it desperately! I can't tell you why!"

"Five hundred dollars! Surely you can tell me why you need that much! And what has that to do with marrying me?"

"Oh, please don't ask me any questions, Lloyd! Give me the money. I will repay it some time. But I must have it now!"

"Of course I will give you the money, Thelma. I have that with me in cash. I am so stunned with the shock you have given me that I cannot think clearly. You are badly upset. You don't know what you are saying. I will take you home and come back later. I hope then that you will explain everything to me. Remember, beloved, that no matter what happens, I love you!"

THEY drove the rest of the way in silence. Thelma was gradually comprehending the full significance of what she had done. At first her mind had been like a river that is frozen except for a black stream of wild water that swirls down its centre. She had only realized that she could not desert Jerry; that she must save him from the disaster that threatened. Now the whole river was melted and rushing tumultuously along. Her mind was completely alive, conscious to the point of pain. She would lose Lloyd! She looked fearfully at him, and noted how rigid his profile seemed against the darkening shadows of the night. Did she only imagine it, or was there really an expression of distrust on his face? Was he thinking unpleasant things about her? She thrust the questions from her, and tried to concentrate on Jerry; tried to think only of the glad relief he would feel when she gave him the money.

A few minutes later she was standing on the verandah of the old yellow house, watching the car that held Lloyd grow small in the distance. She had lost him!

Her mother was not in, but she found Jerry in the parlor, and noticed with a pang of remorse how thin and unhappy he looked.

"I have the money, Jerry!" she cried. "See! Here it is!" and she dropped a handful of bills on a small table.

The boy looked dazedly at the money, and then sprang up and caught Thelma in his arms, laughing and sobbing with wild joy.

"I can't believe it, Thelma! No fear of prison! No disgrace! Mother will never know! I am free again! You have rescued me at the eleventh hour. I feel like a new man, giddy with joy, as though I were floating in airy clouds. What a load it was! Where did you get the money, Thelma?"

"From Lloyd Manson. I asked him for it. He doesn't know why I wanted it, and I don't care what he thinks!"

"Thelma, you *do* care! You love him, and you did that for me! He will wonder what you need the money for, and perhaps think—oh, he will think wrong things about you! You are too fine and noble, dear. I am a wretched creature and not worth it!"

"Don't praise me, Jerry! You don't know how despicable I have been! I meant to marry Lloyd and go away with him, and leave you. I only realized at the last moment that I couldn't desert you; that the ties of blood are too strong. It was strange, Jerry. Just as I was about to be married I was overwhelmed with a clear, sharply-etched memory of you as a child. You were such a sunny youngster—a jolly, golden boy, with blue eyes forever brimming with laughter—a cheery playmate who knew wonderful ways of having fun—"

The words trailed off into a sob. She kissed him impulsively and left the room. Tears blinded her eyes, so that she did not see Lloyd standing in the hall, until she felt his arms around her and looked up into his worried, white face.

"Don't cry, Thelma!" he begged wildly. "I can't bear to see you so miserable! Tell me what the trouble is!"

Thelma pushed him away.

"There is nothing to tell you, Lloyd. I can't marry you. Please go away. I—I—am not good enough for you to love!"

Lloyd winced as if from the stroke of a lash.

"Thelma, I won't believe it!"

"It is true! You must believe it! I am wicked!"

Even as she spoke her spirit recoiled in horror before the ugly lie she was

*Continued on page 60*

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## The Princess Visits the Settlement of Black Ants

Continued from page 22

and, after the baggage had been rearranged, the command was given to proceed on their journey.

All along the route the air was filled with the sounds of sweet voices, for the things of nature had heard that their Princess was coming that way. The Wasps, when tired of running and walking, would fly, and Oh! how joyful it made the Princess feel to realize the wonderful freedom of the air! All day long and all night they went, over hill and stream, river and mountain, woodland and meadow. As the Princess had not rested very well the previous night, she grew sleepy and soon was lost in the far-away Dreamland about which the Butterfly had been singing to her little one. Over the party hung the great moon, and the stars burned like quivering jewels on the black turban of the God of Night, the Princess nestling between the Bramble-Bee and the Yellow Butterfly. Another morning broke and with it came the wonders of another fairy sunrise.

They had come to the land of myrtle and wild rose and clustering vines.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Butterfly upon opening her eyes. Then she looked at the Princess who, she thought, was still asleep, fearing that she had disturbed her.

"What? What?" asked the Princess.

"The flowers and the sky," answered timid Butterfly.

From below came the sound of voices and looking down, they saw a little group of sandhills, around which were standing a number of Ants. They had seen the mysterious objects in the sky,

and, as they approached, knew that it was their Princess, for no one else in her kingdom was allowed to drive four-in-hand.

"We salute Your Highness," they called in chorus.

"Thank you, my loyal subjects," replied the Princess.

"What land is this?" called the leader Wasp, but not before he was sure that the Princess had finished speaking.

"This is the Land of Take-it-Easy," shouted the Ants.

"We have come to our journey's end," said the leader Wasp, panting for breath.

"Descend," replied the Princess, smiling.

"As you command," said the Wasp, and down they glided amid the cheers of the anxiously waiting crowd, who, for the first time, were to see their ruler. As they approached the little settlement, an old Ant pointed to an open space, and called to them to make a landing between two very large ant hills, which they did.

"I'm glad this part of the journey is over," said one of the Wasps, slipping his head out of the noose, and lying down on the ground.

"Right you are," said his companion.

Willing hands assisted the Princess to alight, and many of her subjects gathered about her to give her welcome to the Land of Take-It-Easy. Some of her admirers took in their fingers the filmy fabric that composed her travelling costume; others ventured to hold strands of her wonderful hair; and others only stood and gazed, too charmed by her presence to speak.

## When Love Beckoned—Or The Eleventh Hour

Continued from page 75

telling. Lloyd looked at her in uncertainty and bewilderment, his love for her struggling against a growing doubt and fear and distrust.

Unexpectedly Jerry's angry voice broke the charged stillness of the hall. He was standing in the doorway of the parlor, a blonde young giant, splendid in his fury:

"She is lying to you, Lloyd. Surely you know that! I stole some money and she borrowed it from you to save me from prison. I am a thief, but she was too unselfish to abandon me to my just punishment. Tell him that I am speaking the truth, Thelma! It is no use trying to shield me any longer. I can prove it to him."

Joy vibrated in Lloyd's voice as he asked:

"Thelma, beloved, is it the truth?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"Because I was afraid to tell you! You despise weakness. I was afraid of losing your love."

"Did you think I was such a self-righteous prig that I would scorn Jerry and everyone connected with him for fear of contaminating my lily-white soul? Surely you don't think my love is such a puny thing! Who am I to set myself up as Jerry's judge? The boy has good stuff in him. He's had his lesson now. He has probably been through hell since he took the money."

Thelma's face gathered radiance as she listened.

"Lloyd!" she breathed, worshipfully, "I love you! Oh, my dearest, how I love you!"

Gray eyes smiled joyously into shining dark eyes, and as Jerry crept softly away from the lovers there was reverence in his blue eyes. He had looked upon a holy thing. The barriers of doubt and fear were down, and love carried Thelma and Lloyd to the crest of the hill, where it encompassed them in its brilliant splendor. The old house stretched forth scarred, tender hands to caress them, mingling its tranquil peace with the fervor of young love.

## Trips, Tours and Travel

By William Thompson

When the robin mates, where the dog-wood blooms,  
And the air is full of wild perfumes,  
I dream a dream of the joys to be,  
And the idle days on a ship at sea.

When the robin mates, there is ecstasy  
In the fabled haunts of Brittany,  
Where the marguerite and poppy grow,  
Frail emblems of a long ago.

When the robin mates, where the lilac sways,  
I dream a dream of summer days,  
Of Norman castle and clinging vine,  
Of a wayside inn and a quaff of wine.

When the robin mates, and postman brings,  
With journals, and bills, and other things,  
A pamphlet of "Sailings and Tours" to unravel,  
I'm dead to the world, on all subjects, but—  
TRAVEL.



# This Joyous Job of Parenthood

Continued from page 72

day, can be baked in individual ramekins as easily as not. Puddings and cakes or other desserts lend themselves readily to smaller dishes that delight the childish heart by their diminutive size. A small table is quickly set and as promptly whisked out of the way and dishes are left to be washed with the others. Trouble? No, not when a mother plans efficiently, for then it takes the form of an unadulterated blessing.

"But how are the children ever to learn any table manners if they don't eat with the grown-ups?" someone asks. My answer is that luncheon is usually eaten under Mother's watchful eye. She can be equally alert to how they are behaving, whether she sits with them or watches them as she works. Personally I have found that I am more apt to be patient if I supervise their manners from a slight distance than if I am at the table with them. I can be far more calm and dispassionate about spilled milk, over crowded mouths and other misdemeanors if they have my whole attention than if they form an interruption to the enjoyment of my own meal.

As for the plea that supper is the only time when children can enjoy their father, there is usually time for a half hour's romp or quiet play after supper and before bedtime. And once fed, both father and children are better able to enjoy each other.

It is safe to hazard the guess that tantrums exhaust more nervous energy, both the child's and the mother's, than any other single factor in juvenile life. My own impulse, when I first had to deal with those baffling outbursts, was to discipline the children into good behavior by means of spanking, scolding or other punishment. It seemed to me that as they must some time learn to control themselves, there was no time like the present. Many other mothers, I have found, labor under the same delusion.

But nine times out of ten, talking kindly, trying to reason with them, scolding, are of no avail when these unaccountable storms of rage and tears burst, because in nine cases out of ten, the child is the helpless victim of fatigue. A child works hard most of the time at his play. Because of the terrific energy he is exerting, he is especially susceptible to fatigue. It was Angelo Patri who set me on the right track regarding the handling of these childish spells of whining or exploding.

"Of course, they get tired, fearfully tired," Mr. Patri said when I consulted him. "No, I don't scold them or discipline them. I look as gently as I can at their weary gestures and speak just as little as I can and as softly. And I help untie the knots and undo the balky buttons, wipe their faces and hands and ease them into their nighties and open up their beds and roll them in."

From that advice I evolved a treatment of short naps and warm baths administered gently but firmly at the faintest symptom of ill-temper. Even when a child has outgrown afternoon naps, fifteen minutes of relaxation, not at a fixed time, but whenever it seems advisable, will have most beneficial effects. And oh, the soothing powers of a warm bath! When he whines or complains or rails unreasonably against behaving properly, carry him upstairs and drop him into the tub; let him stay there with his boats or other suitable toys and he'll come out sweet and lovable, purged of his ill-temper or other woes.

ANOTHER flagrant cause of irritation in the average home is the conflict between housewifely desires and childish instincts. To the mother's eye a certain degree of tidiness is highly desir-

able, while to the child, confusion is synonymous with freedom and fun. Mothers want a cushion to be soft and puffy and bright, but a child sees it as an ideal boat, to be punted about the floor, from port to port, or wadded up to soften the bumps on the chute-the-chutes of the stairs. My children burst into tears when I announced my intention of recovering the cushions. "Then we can never, never have any more fun!" they wailed in heartrending concert. Our compromise was to cover half the cushions with sturdy repp, which bears up well under the strain of being used for pillow fights, as surfboards on the ocean of the waxed floor or for any other game that fertile imaginations can invent. With plenty of cushions of their own, the children are willing to let mine alone, and one more source of friction is eliminated.

For years architects have been laboring to make the modern house beautifully compact from the housewife's point of view, which means that it is sadly lacking in out-of-the-way corners that a child can call his own. No out-kitchen or woodshed, often no attic where children can leave their things in a clutter for days at a time, safe from the invasion of vacuum cleaner or dust mop. You may say that a child's bedroom is his own, but isn't it his—under your supervision? And interference inevitably takes the joy out of possession.

MOTHERS hate mud. Children have a passion for that season of the year when every gutter is filled with water and slime six inches deep. What to do about it? We have a special set of "mud-clothes"—shoes, coats, everything so far beyond ordinary use that I cannot shed the slightest tear when I see them come in caked with clay. In the same way I've tried to work out a fifty-fifty solution every time the children's wishes and mine clashed. This house we live in isn't mine alone; it is "our" home—and I want that classification to be true from the children's point of view, and not an empty, nice-sounding phrase.

Fathers can be of inestimable aid in running a family. For one thing, they are impressive simply because they are not in evidence as much as mothers, exactly as a five dollar goldpiece is more exciting than a bill of that denomination though the real value is precisely the same. When mother's commands become an old story, father can speak with authority and effect. Because he is not with the mother and children twenty-four hours a day, he gets a better perspective on the problems that arise between them and is fitted to be an unbiased arbitrator.

Of course, in spite of everything we can do, children are bound sometimes to be exceedingly exasperating. But then, just between ourselves, so are husbands. That is not an indictment of husbands, either, for it is human nature that wherever people, no matter what their relationship, live in close proximity, there is bound to be friction. Certainly the greatest factor in reducing that friction to a minimum is understanding the other fellow's point of view and respecting it.

WHEN you respect the child's ideas, which are at variance with your own, he gradually senses it and in return he learns to observe your point of view with due regard. It is a first lesson in understanding and tolerance. Inevitably it will save yourself and him an enormous amount of nervous wear—and will help you along to that smooth running existence which makes rearing a family not a burden but a job so jolly that the "career" you once thought so wonderful pales by comparison.

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### —how had she found time to practice?

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She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before. Neither of us could conceal our curiosity.

"How did you ever do it?" her husband asked.

"When did you find time to practice?"

"And who is your teacher?" I added.

"Wait, wait!" she laughed. "One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes."

"No teacher?"

"No—I learned to play the piano an entirely new way—without a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument. I thought I'd never learn how to play, though—for I haven't much time to spare, and I thought it would take long hours of hard work. And I thought it would be expensive, too."

"Well, it is hard work, and it is expensive," I said.

"Why, I have a sister. . . ."

"I know," she laughed, "but I learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite musical instruments this same easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," Jim said.

"Well, you see, that was my big surprise."

"If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded," said Jim.

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love is destroyed  
by long absence."

—Johnson

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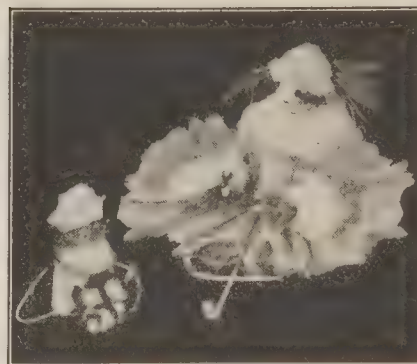
# Table Favors

By Dorothy Wright

**T**HE climax of every party comes at the table. Here the perfect hostess puts forth her best effort, for she knows that upon her table decorations and the uniqueness of her favors greatly depends the success of her entertainment.

The centerpiece is extremely important. When the color has been decided upon for the center decoration, then the favors can be arranged to correspond in color and in design. A bowl of natural flowers—not too many and not so high as to obstruct the view across the table—are always lovely. They should be flowers that will spread out or droop gracefully in the arrangement.

But very often it is not possible to have the natural flowers, so that crepe paper flowers are resorted to and they make a very lovely substitute indeed. Roses, of course, are always lovely and can be made so perfectly that they can only be distinguished from the real ones by feeling them. There need not be a great quantity of them—seven medium sized roses with leaves will make a very complete centerpiece. And it is such fun to make roses—to see them grow, as it were, in your fingers. Each petal is placed separately, starting at the centre, and gradually building out, the center petals lying closely and the outer ones more loosely. I am sorry there is not space to take you through the making of a rose step by step, but with all the other things I want to tell you about, space will



Crepe Paper and Wire are the only Materials Needed to Make these Lovely Dolls.

petals should be cupped very deeply, the next four not quite so much, and the remainder less and less so that the last four or five are cupped very little. You will notice that the rose petals around the candle-stick in the illustration are not curled although they may be curled similar to the nut cup if desired. Begin with the petals that are cupped the deepest and place them one at a time around the candle-stick as in the illustration, arranging them evenly and as naturally as possible. Use a strip of spool wire to fasten them together, and then cover the balance of the candle-stick with the same color crepe paper.

The two nut cups can almost be copied from the illustrations. The handles are made of wire. First wrap the wire with a narrow strip of the desired color of crepe paper; then place the ends in position on the outside of the cup and fasten them down with tabs of gummed cloth tape. The handles may be bent into any shape after they are in position. Cut the paper that is to cover the cup (unless it is covered with petals) across the grain and a little wider than the cup so it may be pasted down under the cup at the bottom and fluted, or cut into petals, or otherwise shaped at the top. Use very little of a good library paste to fasten the covering to the cup and do not have the paste too moist or it will penetrate the paper.

The little wire dolls make adorable place-card favors and as they are made of wire, can be bent into any shape. Take about six thicknesses of stem wire and fasten a ball of cotton to the end for the head. Over this cotton stretch a piece of white crepe paper and mark the features with black pencil or India ink touching up the cheeks and lips with a little color. For the arms, cut a piece of stem wire



The Rose is Made with Light Pink Petals and Yellow Stamen Centre. Celestial Blue Crepe Paper is Used over the Cup.

not permit. However, when you have once learned to make a rose you will find great joy in the accomplishment and will want to make more and more of them. A Christmas table with a centerpiece of red roses and green leaves, using green candles with red crepe paper trimmings on the candlesticks, nut cups of red rose petals, and a single red rose with a little foliage at each place, with the stem through the place card can easily be visualized as a most attractive and appropriate setting.

It is a very easy matter to make the favors and to trim the candle-stick. And what a joy to be able to make them yourself and to have just what you want and in just the right colors. To trim the candle-stick shown in the illustration, first cut about 25 rose petals about 3 3/4 inches long and in the exact shape of a natural rose petal (the grain of the paper must run from tip to base of the petal). Cup the petals (several at a time). To do this hold the petals upright with the thumbs in the center and the forefingers on the opposite side near the edges, and push out into shape. The first four

the desired length. Make a small loop at each end for hands and wrap the wire with a 1/2 inch wide strip of white crepe paper over and over, making about five coverings. Now fasten this securely with wire in the center to the body wires just below the head and wrap the body wires down about 2 inches over and over with a narrow strip of white crepe paper, until it is the right proportion to the size doll being made. Separate the balance of the wire in threes, turn a loop in the end of each group and wrap several times with the white crepe paper. The doll is ready now to be clothed, which can be done to suit one's fancy. The "fur" on the dolls shown here is white cotton. The edge of the crepe paper skirt may be stretched to make a ruffle or twisted and fluted between the fingers. These little dolls dressed in red with white "furs" are indeed most attractive.

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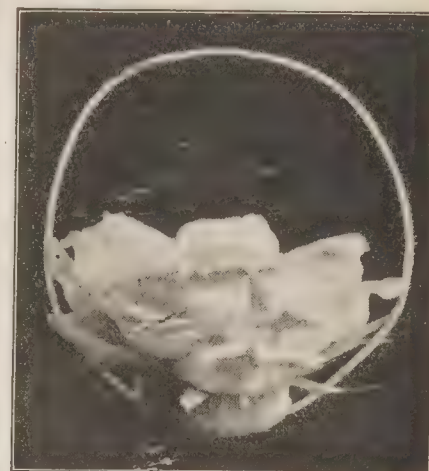
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Any Candle Stick May be Attractively Trimmed with Crepe Paper.





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#### LAYER CAKE

(All measurements level)

|                  |                                 |
|------------------|---------------------------------|
| ½ cup butter     | 2 cups pastry flour             |
| 1 cup fine sugar | 4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder |
| 3 eggs           | ¼ teaspoon salt                 |
| flavoring        | ½ cup milk                      |

Cream butter, add sugar gradually; beat together till very light, add the well-beaten eggs and flavoring. Sift together three times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; add to first mixture alternately with milk. Put into well-greased layer cake pans and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven.

#### CHOCOLATE BUTTER CREAM

|                                    |
|------------------------------------|
| ½ cup butter                       |
| 3 cups confectioner's sugar        |
| ½ cup chocolate powder or          |
| ½ cup melted unsweetened chocolate |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla                 |
| ½ cup cream                        |
| ¼ teaspoon salt                    |

Soften butter, mix together sugar and chocolate powder and sift into butter alternately with cream; add salt and flavoring; beat till very light, put between layers, spread on sides and pile roughly on top of cake.



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## The Children's Christmas Dessert

WHEN we think of Christmas dinner, we associate with it a rich plum pudding with a steaming sauce, or mince pies, or maybe both. For the children at least, much trouble would be prevented, if a very light simple dessert followed the heavy Christmas dinner. They will be more interested in some novel decoration or method of serving something simple and easily digested than in the food itself. It may be some sort of fruit dessert "dressed up" or a simple ice cream of some kind.

### Little Christmas Trees

Use large green gum drops, one for each person.

Shape with the fingers till they resemble Christmas trees, pointed at the top, larger at the bottom. Put tooth-picks in them for trunks, brush over with egg-white slightly diluted with cold water, and sprinkle with tiny colored candies, the little coated caraway seeds are good. Then stand up on the top of each serving of the dessert, whatever it may be. At one delightful luncheon, we saw them on the top of the whipped cream on the pumpkin pie. At a Christmas dinner where the pudding was individual molds of gelatine plum pudding, they were topped with the little trees and surrounded with whipped cream.

Plain cookies may be cut in suitable shapes, and decorated. Animal crackers are so much more interesting if coated with chocolate or pink frosting. They may take an important place in the table decoration. Cookie stockings with white frosting and red or green decorations would be just as satisfying as any rich cake. Cookies decorated like clocks would be suitable for New Year's. Plain ice cream could be served in many unique ways.

### Pineapple Christmas Bavarian

Gelatin, 3 tb. Egg whites, 2  
Sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. Red cherries  
Lemon juice, 2 t. Green plums  
Crushed pineapple, 2 c.  
Cream, whipped, 1 c.

Soak the gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. cold water, and set over the tea-kettle of boiling water to dissolve it. Add the crushed pineapple and its juice, and when it begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Arrange the cherries and halves of green plums in a mold, and pour in the pineapple mixture. Turn out on a flat serving dish and surround with the whipped cream, using more of the red and green fruit to garnish it.

### With a Timbale Iron

If one possesses a timbale iron she can make so many aristocratic looking dishes, with very little work or expense. The cases may be made some days before they are needed, then filled with vegetables, salad, any creamed hot meat or fish or fowl, for a main dish, or with fruit, ice cream, etc. for desserts.

They are easily made after a little practice.

### Timbale Batter

Egg, 1 Milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c.  
Sugar, 1 t. Flour,  $\frac{3}{8}$  c.  
Salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t.

Beat the egg slightly, add the sugar, salt, milk, and flour, and beat till smooth. Let stand long enough to let air bubbles break.

Have a kettle of frying fat deep enough that the timbale will be completely covered without touching the bottom. Heat the iron by letting it stand in the hot fat, dip in the batter in a cup, till it sticks to the

lower two-thirds of the iron. Plunge in the hot fat till crisp and golden brown, remove to a brown paper to drain. Keep in a tightly covered container. If necessary, crisp for a moment in the oven before filling. Timbales should be served at once after putting in the filling as they are apt to soften.

Canned red cherries or strawberries, with whipped cream on them, and a red berry on top, would appeal to anybody.

Or a mixture of whipped cream, with marshmallows cut in fourths, broken nut-meats, vanilla and half as much almond extract, and red cherries cut in fourths, with a cherry on top.



White or Dark Meat?

### Dressed-up Pies

By visiting a tea room where French pastry is served, many ideas may be gotten, for fillings and decorations.

Dainty little tarts may be made of ordinary pie crust, and the fillings varied.

Bake the tartlets in real tart pans or muffin tins, not browning them as most of them will be baked again with the filling. They will not need upper crusts. If canned fruit is used for filling, the juice is drained off, sugar added to it, then cooked to a thick syrup which is poured over the fruit. This jellies when cooled, making a much better-looking pastry than a juicy one would be, as the thick syrup forms a sparkling jelly. Real jelly may be put on top of the fruit, which will melt with the heat then jelly again on cooling. Rather tasteless fruit such as canned pears will be much improved with the addition of some such tart jelly as grape or currant. Canned apricot with apple

jelly is as delicious as it looks. Bits of fruit may be arranged in designs, such as slices of canned peaches over-lapping each other. A red cherry with pineapple is a good combination. Custard and cream filling garnished with whipped cream, meringue, nuts, fruits or bits of jelly, offer several variations. Boiled cake frostings may be put over fillings not too rich. The pastry shell may have a spoonful of strawberry jam put in it, then a spoonful of cake batter, and baked. Frosting may be put on when it cools, and any decoration on top of that.

A pastry bag and tube may be used to apply decorations of meringue or whipped cream.

### Apricot Meringue

Vanilla, 1 t. Eggs, 3  
Dried or canned apricots  
Powdered sugar

If dried apricots are used they are soaked over-night, cooked till soft, mashed till smooth and sweetened, fold into the beaten egg yolks. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Spread on the beaten egg whites, sweetened with powdered sugar and flavored with the vanilla. Return to the oven to brown the meringue. A little plain cream may be served with it.

### Date Cream

Egg whites, 3 Coconut, 1 c.  
Salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. Vanilla, 1 t.  
Granulated sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  c.  
Dates cut in pieces, 1 c.  
Whipped cream

Beat the egg whites, gradually fold in the sugar, salt, vanilla, coconut and dates. Spread in a shallow pan and bake in a slow oven, about half an hour. Cool, and cut in small pieces to serve. Mix with whipped cream flavored with vanilla, and pile in glass dishes. Put a cherry on top, or strips of dates.

### Coffee Sponge

Strong Coffee, 3 c. Gelatin, 2 tb.  
Cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. Sugar, 1 c.  
Salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t.

Dissolve the gelatin, which has been soaked in the cold water, in the hot coffee. Add the sugar and salt, and let cool. When it begins to stiffen, beat with a Dover egg-beater till frothy. Pile in sherbet glasses and serve with soft boiled custard.

### Chocolate Puffs

Bake a chocolate cake mixture in muffin pans. When cool scoop a little out of the top, put in half a spoonful of strawberry jam, then cover with whipped cream piled up in the middle, decorate with a whole berry or a neat little pile of the jam, and strips of candied citron peel radiating from it.

### Simple Steamed Pudding

Graham flour, 1 c. Soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t.  
White flour, 1 c. Molasses, 1 c.  
Salt, 1 t. Milk, 1 c.  
Baking powder, 2 t. Egg, 1  
Currants, 1 c. Raisins, 1 c.

Mix all together, dredging the fruit in part of the flour, and pour into a buttered mold and steam 3 hours. Serve with either hard or good liquid sauce.

### APPETIZERS

For a formal dinner, many hostesses like to serve something to whet the appetite, and to bridge any awkwardness there might be at the beginning of a meal. Soup is the most familiar one, but more and more a cold food is becoming popular, as it may be on

Continued on page 66



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Continued from page 65

the table before the guests enter the dining room. Cocktails and canapes may be prepared earlier in the day, with nothing left to do to them but put them on the table when the meal is ready to serve. They add much to the decorative appearance of the table. For a dinner they should be very light and dainty; for a luncheon, they may be more substantial, and for a family meal, if the servings are larger, it may well be an important part of the lunch or supper.

Cocktails are combinations of fruits, or vegetables or fish. Glass sherbet dishes are correct for serving them in. The glass is set on a plate, with, if one wishes, a small lace paper or linen doyley between the plate and the glass. Tea spoons are provided to eat it with, except in the case of a fish cocktail, when oyster forks are used. Small glass plates are quite correct if a cocktail is not too juicy.

If combinations of fruits are used, they should be put together in a jar or bowl or crock some hours ahead of time, in order to have the flavors well blended. Canned or fresh fruits may be used. Being an appetizer, they should not be too sweet. About three tablespoonfuls is a good serving, although more may be used. For rather bland fruits a little lemon juice may be used to enhance the flavor.

Grapefruit, pineapple, canned pears, peaches, apricots, Malaga grapes, oranges, cherries, may all be used in various combinations, with the added flavor of chopped mint, grape juice, or the syrup from Maraschine cherries.

Vegetable cocktails are really small servings of salad with the lettuce omitted. Cauliflower, cooked and separated into the flowerets, ripe tomatoes, peeled, chilled and cut in sections, cabbage, celery and green peppers, chopped and mixed with well-seasoned cooked salad dressing are all good. Olives or chopped parsley may be used to garnish the vegetable cocktails.

### Oyster Cocktail

Use about five raw oysters for each serving. Put them in the dishes and pour over them a dressing made of:

Prepared horse radish, 2 t.  
Tomato catsup, 3 tb.  
Vinegar, mild, 2-3 tb.  
Lemon juice, 3 tb.  
Worcestershire sauce, ½ t.  
A little salt if needed  
Mix and chill

The ingenious hostess will think of a great many things to spread on top of them and to use as garnishes. Parsley, cress, green and red peppers, pickles, pimentoes, beets, egg yolk, egg white, offer hints for decorating. Mixtures of meat, fish, chicken, cheese, may be spread on them. Combinations may be put on, separated by strips of the garnish.

I

Spread with the livers of chicken or turkey, cooked, chopped, and seasoned, and moistened with cream or salad dressing so that it will spread. Garnish with chopped parsley around the edges.

II

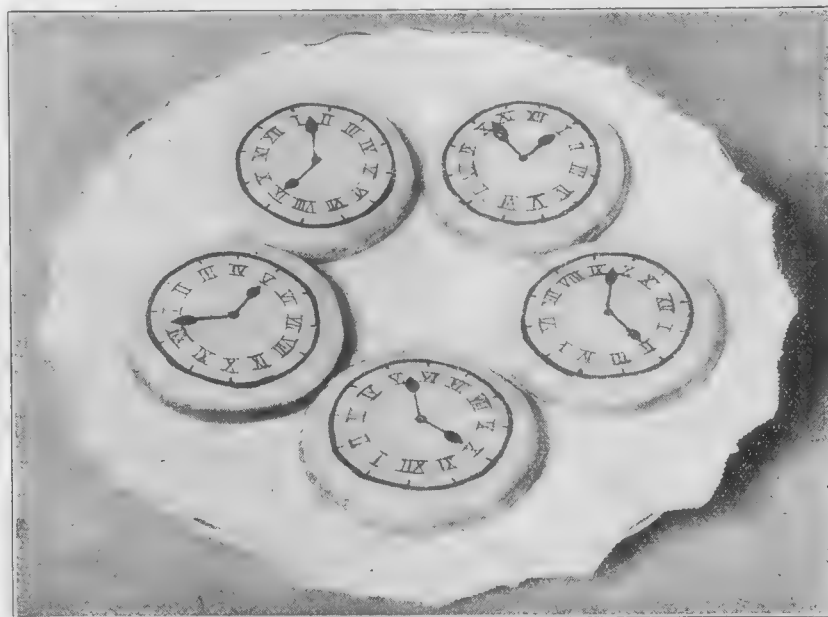
Mash a few sardines after removing the skin and back-bone. Moisten with lemon juice and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, season with salt and pepper, spread on the bread, decorate with small pieces of pickled beet cut in fancy shapes.

III

For Christmas canapes, cut the bread in stars, Christmas trees, bells, circles, candles, wreaths. Stars may be covered with any well-seasoned fish paste such as tuna or finnan haddie, with salt, pepper, salad dressing, H.P. sauce, etc. Sprinkle with the yolk of hard-cooked eggs, rubbed through a sieve. The Christmas tree may be covered with a paste of chicken or fish, the base left light colored, and the tree garnished with finely chopped green olives. The bell might be spread with cream cheese, melted butter, salt, paprika, chopped pimento and a little mustard. Decorate with a strip of pimento where it widens near the bottom, on the clapper and the handle. The candle would be a long narrow piece of bread with a flame on top. The candle would be spread with fish, meat or cheese, well seasoned, and covered with finely-chopped hard-cooked egg whites. The flame could be a bit of pimento. Wreaths and poinsettias are made on circles about three inches in diameter, covered with a light colored mixture, perhaps cream cheese mixed with salad dressing. The point has petals cut from pimento and laid on top. The wreaths have circles around the edge, of chopped stuffed olives.

IV

Chopped cooked ham may be spread on the bread, and garnished with chopped



Cookies decorated like clocks would be suitable for New Year

Canapes are lots of fun to make. They may be served either hot or cold; much more convenient if cold. They are merely pieces of bread cut in fancy shapes and either toasted, browned in the oven, fried in deep fat till golden brown, or sautéed in butter in the frying pan, then spread with some tasty mixture. Very fancy ones may be made out of a very small amount of material, and with but little labor.

The bread is cut in quarter-inch slices, the crusts trimmed off, then it is cut in squares, circles, diamonds, triangles, crescents, hearts, etc.

egg whites running diagonally from one corner to another, and the chopped yolks between the other two corners.

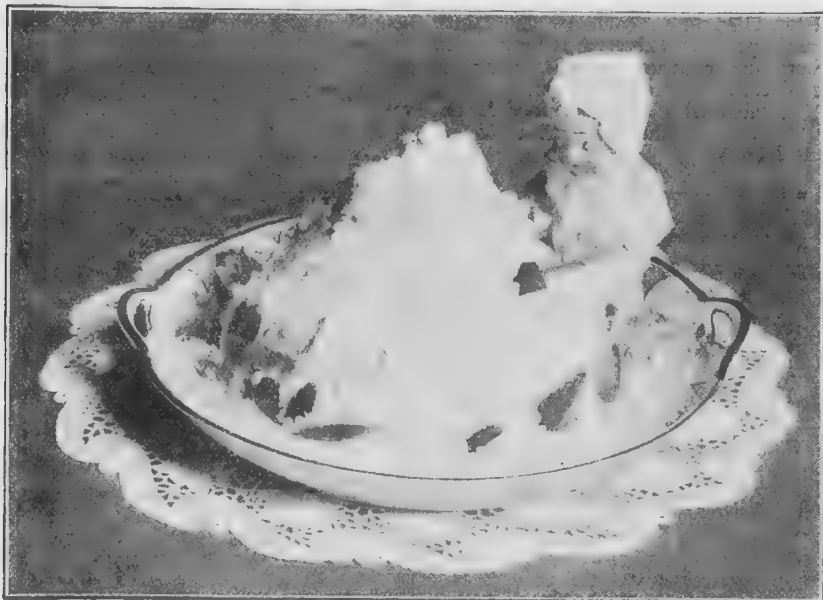
### SELECTING YOUR HOLIDAY BIRD

If you have decided to have roast fowl for your Christmas dinner and do not raise them yourself, there arises the problem of buying it. Many people find it difficult to select poultry at the market. Shall one buy it dressed, or several cents a pound cheaper "live weight?" In order to know which is cheaper, one must be able to estimate how much will be wasted in "dressing" it. A small bird will have a



correspondingly greater waste in bone, etc. than a larger one. A bird with short wings and legs will have a greater proportion of meat than a fowl with long bones. Plump thighs, wide breasts and smooth skins are desirable characteristics.

Fattened poultry is of two classes—milk fed and grain fed. The former has a finer flavor, as the fat seems to be well distributed through the muscle tissues, while in the grain-fed fowl, it is apt to be in masses in the interior, where it is practically waste matter. The meat will be coarser and darker and of stronger flavor, although that is the flavor which some people prefer. There may be a difference of three or four cents a pound between the two birds. The milk-fed poultry may be distinguished by the whiteness of its fat, while that which has been grain fed has yellow fat.



Santa feels quite at home in Ice Cream

The killing method is also important. If the bird has been "stuck" then hung up to bleed, the nerves are paralyzed, the muscles relax at once and the feathers may be easily removed, dry. If the carcass is not bled properly, the flesh will be flabby and dark, and will have red spots. It will spoil much more readily. Wet picking makes the bird plumper, smoother skinned, and perhaps much better looking than it really is.

Capons are much the best roasting chickens. They sometimes weigh as much as ten pounds, dressed. They may be distinguished by the undeveloped comb, spurs and wattles. They are quite as satisfactory as turkey, and are frequently a little cheaper. They are always very tender and plump, which makes them satisfactory for slicing. The age of a chicken may be told by feeling the breast bone. It should not be too hard. An old bird has long hairs scattered over the body, and sometimes the skin around the neck and abdomen is in large loose folds. When selecting geese and ducks, the age may be determined by pressing the wind pipe, which is very hard in old birds. The same points are considered in choosing them as for chickens and turkeys.

#### HEADQUARTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

There is no more acceptable gift than a dainty box of home-made candy, a basket of cookies, a few small glasses of jelly or pickles, or an attractive cake. Every woman has some specialty which she makes better than anybody else does. Why not send some to that friend who "has everything," yet you feel as though you want to send her some reminder of your affection for her.

The package in which a gift is arrayed, is important, yet it need not be expensive. Tissue and crepe papers are made in very lovely colors now and tinsel cords are of innumerable colors, and quite inexpensive. A pretty paper can be made which will be different from any that can be bought. Mix up Diamond dye and water, boil, strain and cool. Use as many colors as are wished, perhaps red, blue, green and yellow. Put in jars or wide-mouthed bottles. Use any very tough paper. Wrapping paper will do if it does not tear readily. Soak in water till quite soft. Crumple between the fingers till the paper is crackled all over, but taking care not to tear it. Do not twist while crumpling it. Lay on several thicknesses of newspaper. Apply the dye with any small paint

brush. (The children's five-cent ones will do quite well.) Use a separate brush for each one, or it would be necessary to wash it out after applying each color. Keep the paper real wet. Apply color all over, tipping the paper to let the dye run wherever it is wanted. Any mottled combination of colors may be used. After it seems deep enough, spots of high color may be added here and there. Lay on clean newspaper till the surface looks dry. Then lay between several sheets of newspapers to dry, put a board on top, and press with weights (bricks, or irons, etc. will do).

Sky-blue tissue paper tied with silver cord and with silver stars scattered over it, is pretty.

Waxed-paper containers are excellent for jellies, preserves, relish, etc. The new crepe paper is tough enough to tie in

attractive bows around jars, or on the handles of baskets. Very plain cardboard boxes of all kinds and sizes and shapes may be covered with wall paper of a dainty pattern to make real good-looking boxes for containers. A coat of shellac or varnish makes boxes which will last a long time, for handkerchiefs, etc. Lace paper doyleys and silver foil will add much to their beauty.

#### The Prune Family

For the children a few people may be made of raisins, prunes and tooth picks. Soak the prunes till soft. Flatten out for the body. Make a face by marking features on a marshmallow (cut to the desired size) with melted chocolate. Fasten to the body with a piece of toothpick, and a raisin for a neck. Make arms and legs of raisins stuck on tooth-picks. A lady will need a second prune for a skirt.

#### Plum Pudding Bon Bons

Brown sugar,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  c. Cold water, 4 tb. Butter, 2 tb. Cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. Chopped mixed peel, 2 tb. Grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. Chopped raisins, 2 tb. Chopped currants, 2 tb. Chopped nut meats  $\frac{1}{4}$  c.

Put the sugar, water and butter on the stove and cook slowly till it forms a soft ball in cold water. Stir in the chopped fruit, peel, nuts, and flavoring. As soon as it is cool enough to handle, butter the fingers and form in balls, and harden on buttered plates. Dip in melted coating chocolate. Some may be left undipped, if wished.

#### Stuffed Dates

Fill the centers of the dates with fondant to which a little cinnamon has been added.

To fondant add chopped candied cherries.

Use pieces of crystallized ginger.

Stuff with pieces of walnut meats, large enough to fill the cavity. To stuff prunes, steam till soft enough to remove the stones. Use any filling suitable for dates, bits of marshmallow seems specially good in prunes.

#### Marzipan

Bon bons which will equal the very finest and most expensive which one can buy, may be made at home, with a little artistic ability.

Almond paste, 1 lb. Egg white, 1 Powdered sugar, about  $\frac{2}{3}$  c.

Continued on page 68



This Delicious

## CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

—and three other Holiday Favorites!  
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Here they are! A positively delicious *Chocolate Plum Pudding*, easy to make, easy to digest. *Candies* exquisite enough for the most discriminating taste, light enough for the younger members of the family to eat their fill! And *Cranberry Salad*—a new and luscious way to serve the Holiday Favorite. Finally, *Jellied Turkey*—a hint for the day after Christmas, when the turkey that is left over comes out of the ice-box for a second dinner! All four of these Holiday dishes can be made economically from one single package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—and you can make six generous servings of each.

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You will find it the newest, most original, most useful book in your kitchen library. Free—write for it today! Mrs. Knox's other books will accompany the Cook Book without charge. They are all important aids to table enjoyment, health and economy. Please address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Company, Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

**KNOX**  
Sparkling  
**GELATINE**

"The Highest Quality for Health"

#### CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
1 cup milk  
1 square chocolate  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seeded raisins  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup nuts  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup currants  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dates  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
2 egg whites  
Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add melted chocolate mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold on serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk or with a currant jelly sauce.

"Any bowl in your kitchen may serve as a mold."

#### CRANBERRY SALAD (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
1 cup sugar  
1 pint cranberries  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup celery, diced  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup candied cherries  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup walnut, chopped  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt  
Nut meats

Cook cranberries in one cup water until soft; stir in sugar and cook for 5 minutes. Add gelatine which has been soaked in one-half cup cold water 5 minutes, and stir until dissolved. Strain; when mixture begins to thicken, stir in celery and salt, turn into wet pan and chill. When firm, unmold, cut in squares, place a whole nut meat on top of each square and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of mayonnaise. One cup white grapes or diced apple may be used instead of celery, or combine with sliced bananas and oranges.

#### CHRISTMAS CANDY SUPRÊME (About a Pound)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
2 squares chocolate  
3 cups sugar  
1 cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup raisins  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup candied cherries  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup walnut, chopped  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful cinnamon  
Few grains salt  
1 tablespoonful butter

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add sugar and milk, stirring constantly. Boil until mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add gelatine, and when it has dissolved, add butter and salt. Cool somewhat and beat until creamy, add raisins and cherries cut in small pieces, chopped nuts and cinnamon. Turn into buttered tins. Cool, and when firm, cut in squares.

#### JELLIED TURKEY (Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
Few sprigs parsley  
Roast turkey, chopped or sliced  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  onion  
Salt, pepper  
2 stalks celery  
Dressing

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Place left-over gravy or stock, sliced vegetables and seasonings, a few bones if desired and any left-over dressing in saucepan and simmer slowly for about half hour. Remove bones and add soaked gelatine. When gelatine is dissolved, strain; when mixture begins to stiffen, stir in chopped turkey and any additional seasonings necessary. Pour into wet mold and chill.



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### Olive and Nut Sandwiches

Chop finely an equal quantity of olives and nuts and mix with it a good mayonnaise made with Keen's Mustard. Spread on a lettuce leaf and place between slices of well-buttered brown bread.

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Experienced sandwich-makers everywhere agree that a dash of fresh mustard adds zest and flavour to any sandwich. Put in a little mustard next time you make sandwiches. You'll be surprised and delighted at their wonderfully improved flavour.

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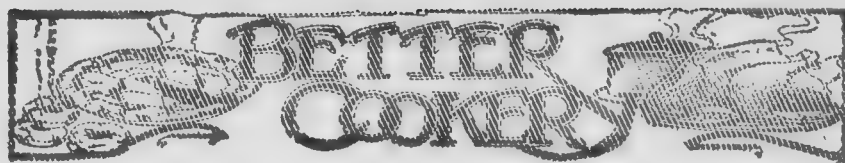
# KRAFT CHEESE

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17

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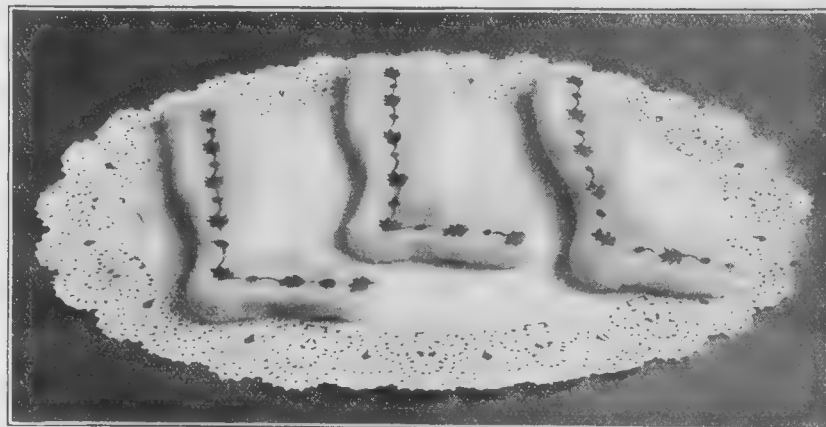
Over 300,000 Readers Turn to the Page Each Issue



Continued from page 67

Add the egg-white to the almond paste, and blend well with a fork or the hands. (Almond paste is no more expensive to buy than home-made paste, and infinitely less work). Work in enough powdered sugar to be able to shape the candy without having it stick to the fingers. Divide into portions and color to suit the various things which one intends to make. They should be small and dainty. In the very exclusive shops, one sees flowers of all kinds, roses, sweet-peas, violets, lilies, etc., each in its dainty natural color. There are boxes and baskets of potatoes, carrots, parsnips, ears of corn, pods of peas, etc. A very few on the top of a box of good home-made candy would add much to its attractiveness.

acidulated gelatine, or with plain gelatine a little lump of tartaric or citric acid, purchased from a drug store making the syrup as sour as desired. Or use the juice of half an orange and half a lemon in place of an equal quantity of cold water. In this case no other flavor will be needed. When the syrup has boiled long enough remove from the fire, and divide into as many parts as wished, and color and flavor them to suit. Peppermint, wintergreen, clove and cinnamon may all be bought in the oil form at a drug store. Only a drop or two will be needed. Red, green, yellow, lavender are all good colors which may be secured in the harmless vegetable coloring. Rose extract is good with pink color. Chopped nuts, dates, figs, or raisins or cocoanut may be added



Cookie Stockings

### Marshmallow Chocolate Fudge

Cut 18 or 20 marshmallows in quarters, and lay on the bottom of a buttered pan. Make chocolate fudge according to any favorite recipe without nuts. Beat till thick, then melt over hot water till soft enough to pour. Pour over the marshmallows in the pan, and let stand till stiff, then cut in squares. This is milder in flavor than plain chocolate is apt to be.

### Peanut Butter Candy

Powdered sugar, 1 c. Peanut butter, 4 t. Vanilla, 1/2 t. Cream or milk  
Rub the peanut butter into the sugar with a spoon, adding a few drops as needed of cream or milk, and the vanilla. Form into balls or in rolls about 1 inch in diameter, let stand half an hour or longer, then cut in slices.

### French Sweets

Dates, 1/2 c. Nut meats, 1/2 c.  
Prunes, 1/2 c. Salt, a spk.  
Figs, 1/2 c. Cinnamon, 1/2 t.  
Fruit juice to moisten Raisins, 1 c.

Put the uncooked fruits, and nut meats through the food chopper, using a knife not too fine, add the salt and cinnamon and moisten with the fruit juice, a few drops of lemon juice and some orange juice is good. Mix well together, roll in small balls, and roll some in granulated sugar, the rest dip in chocolate.

### Dainty Caramels

Sugar, 2 c. Butter, 1/2 c.  
Corn syrup, 2 c. Vanilla, 1 1/4 t.  
Evaporated milk, 2 c.

Put the sugar, syrup and butter in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add a tiny bit of salt to improve the flavor, and the evaporated milk slowly enough to not check the boiling. Stir constantly till it forms a hard ball in cold water. Add the vanilla and pour into buttered pans. (Care must be taken to prevent scorching after the milk is added). Mark in squares and cut when cold. Wrap each piece in waxed paper.

### Turkish Delight

Gelatine candies are so easily made, and are much better for the children than those which are richer. People who are "reducing" may eat a little of it when they refuse all others.

Soak 4 tb. gelatine in 1 c. cold water. Add 4 c. granulated sugar to 1 c. boiling water, and when dissolved add the soaked gelatine, and boil 15 minutes. Either use

to some of the syrup for variety. Chocolate may be dissolved in part of it. Pour into shallow pans and let it stiffen; cut in squares and roll in granulated or powdered sugar.

### Chocolate Caramels

Brown sugar, 1 c. Butter, 1/2 c.  
Corn syrup, 1 c. Vanilla, 2 t.  
Granulated sugar, 2 c.  
Evaporated milk, 3 c.  
Chocolate, 4-5 squares

Use light corn syrup rather than dark, as it gives a milder flavor. Cook the sugar, syrup, milk, butter and chocolate, stirring constantly, till it forms a firm ball in cold water. Add the vanilla, pour into buttered pans, and mark in squares. When cold and cut in pieces, wrap each in waxed paper. Use the chocolate according to taste. Many people make fudge, etc. with too much chocolate.

### Nut Caramels

To the recipe for chocolate caramels, add half a cupful of broken nut meats with the vanilla. Cooking the nuts in the candy makes them tough. Use the smaller amount of chocolate.

### Penoche

Boil together 2 c. brown sugar, 2 tb. corn syrup, 2 tb. butter, 1 c. milk, till it forms a soft ball in cold water, stirring often enough to prevent burning. After removing from the fire, let it stand till partly cooled, then beat vigorously after adding the nuts and vanilla, 1/2 c. nut meats, 1 t. vanilla. Pour in a buttered pan, cool and cut in squares.

### Pink Pop-Corn

Cook 1 c. sugar, 3/4 c. water to soft ball stage, add 1 t. vanilla and pink color paste till a deep enough color. Pour over popped corn in a bowl, and stir till all the grains are coated, sprinkle with 1/4 c. powdered sugar, turn out on a platter or waxed paper, separate the grains, and let dry.

### Nut Brittle

Put 2 c. granulated sugar in an iron or heavy aluminum frying pan, perfectly clean and ungreased. Put over the fire and stir with a spoon, preferably wooden, till melted. Have ready 1 c. of broken nut meats, stir into the syrup and pour on a greased pan. When thick enough, mark in squares. One tb. of butter may be stirred in with the nut meats if one likes it a little richer. Cocoanut may be used in place of nuts.



**Pecan or Almond Rolls**

Sugar,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  c.      Water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c.  
 Vanilla, 1 t.      Egg whites, 2  
 Light corn syrup,  $\frac{2}{3}$  c.

Cook the sugar, syrup, water to the hard ball stage, add vanilla and pour slowly over the stiffly-beaten egg whites, continuing to beat till it can be shaped in rolls. Let cool.

Make a caramel candy mixture, and set in a pan of hot water to prevent hardening. Dip a roll of the white candy mixture in the caramel till it is entirely covered with the caramel but no longer, or the roll will melt. Have the rolls about one inch in diameter, and three or four inches long, and lay on the tines of a fork to dip them. Drop on a bed of nuts, on a sheet of waxed paper. Pecans, almonds, or broken Brazil nuts may be used. Have the roll thickly covered with the nut meats. When hard, slice with a sharp knife.

**Candied Orange and Grapefruit Peel**

Is a confection which most men like. Remove the inside membrane from the peel of four or five oranges. Put in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Heat slowly to the boiling point, and boil till tender enough to pierce with a toothpick, about half an hour. Drain and cool, and scrape out the white lining with a spoon. Cut the yellow rind in strips with a knife or scissors. Make a syrup of one cup water to two cups sugar, and boil till it spins a thread. Drop in the peel and cook till it is transparent on the edges (about 10 or 12 minutes). Skim it out and put on a platter of granulated sugar, and stir till well coated with the sugar, then dry on waxed paper. Grapefruit peel will be less bitter if, after the boiling point is reached when cooking the skins, the water is drained off, and fresh water used. Store the peel in a glass jar or covered tin. It will keep a long time, and may be made in rather large quantities. The left-over syrup may be used for fruit drinks, or in frosting for cake.

it boil till the sugar is all melted, then let boil without stirring for 3 minutes. Have ready  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. powdered sugar mixed with 3 or 4 drops of oil of peppermint. Stir into the hot syrup, remove at once from the fire, and set in a pan of cold water. Drop from a teaspoon on a buttered platter, far enough apart to prevent running together, and let harden.

Coloring matter may be mixed with the powdered sugar.

**Pineapple Sherbet**

Water, 4 c.      Orange juice, 1 c.  
 Sugar, 2 c.      Lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c.  
 Grated pineapple, 1 can  
 Gelatin, 1 t.

Dissolve the gelatin in a syrup made of the water and sugar, add the pineapple and orange and lemon juice, and freeze.

**Pineapple Cream**

Water, 2 c.      Sugar, 1 c.  
 Grated pineapple, 1 can  
 Cream, 1 c.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, add the pineapple, and freeze to a mush. Add the cream whipped, continue freezing, or pack in ice and salt for two hours.

**Ices with Cream**

Ice creams are of two kinds, the Philadelphia creams are plain cream, sweetened and flavored; French ice cream has the addition of custard. Scalding the cream, then cooling it before flavoring and freezing, gives it a smooth velvety texture not found in those made from raw cold cream. Very thick heavy cream does not freeze as readily as diluted cream.

**Philadelphia Ice Cream**

Thin cream, 4 c.      Sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  c.  
 Flavoring

Scald the cream, melt the sugar in it, cool and add the flavoring. One table-



Pecan or Almond Rolls

**Uncooked Cream Candy**

This is an excellent substitute for cooked fondant.

In a bowl put the very slightly-beaten whites of two eggs, add two cups of powdered sugar, mixing till well blended. Add one tb. hot water, and enough more sugar to mold the cream. Flavor and tint as desired. Many variations may be secured by combining with various nuts and fruits.

**II**

To a boiled or baked potato mashed with a fork or put through a ricer add as much powdered sugar as it will take up, color and flavor, and shape as wished.

**Plain Pulled Taffy**

Cook till it forms a hard ball, 2 c. brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt, 1 tb. butter, 1 tb. vinegar and 1 c. boiling water. Add the vanilla and pour on a marble slab or a large platter, buttered. When cool enough to handle, butter the fingers and pull light golden color. Twist in a rope and cut in pieces with scissors. Wrap each piece in waxed paper.

**Clear Peppermints**

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. hot water to 1 c. granulated sugar, stir over a slow fire without letting

spoon each of lemon extract and vanilla is good.

**Ginger Cocktail**

(Serves 6 to 8)

Sugar, 1 c.  
 Water,  $\frac{1}{3}$  c.  
 Minced preserved ginger, 1 tb.  
 Crushed pineapple, 1 c.  
 Diced orange, 1 c.  
 Cherries cut in halves, 1 c.  
 Candied orange peel

Boil sugar and water 5 minutes. Add ginger, and when cold pour over fruit. Allow to stand in a cold place one hour to chill thoroughly. Garnish with tiny strips of candied orange peel.

**Prune and Orange Cup**

(Serves 6)

Oranges, 3  
 Cooked prunes, 18  
 Sugar, if desired

Half the oranges and remove pulp. Remove stones from prunes and cut fruit in thirds. Mix with the orange pulp, add sugar if necessary and chill. Wash orange shells and dry them. Refill with the mixture and serve.

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### Winnipeg

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This progressive organization deserves your orders, so if you are not already a customer get in line with the band wagon. The City Dairy has itself been an unequalled success in the dairy field and it has brought success to hundreds of cream and milk shippers throughout the Province.



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**T**OMORROW morning will your mirror flash this message—Don't Lose the Glow of Youth? Health's glorious flush can fade so fast, if, irritable and fagged, you toss through nights of broken sleep. Taut nerves thrive on lack of sleep. And lack of sleep can not be drugged away. When nerves keep pounding—founding, no woman can deaden them who lashes her delicate nervous system with drug stimulants such as tannin and caffeine found in tea and coffee.

Tannin and caffeine contained in tea and coffee are harmful. With you these agents may work fast or slow. But sooner

or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure!

Drink delicious Postum—a full-bodied, satisfying hot drink with never a trace of anything to cause headaches or sleeplessness. You see *Postum is free from all drug stimulants*. Serve it to the family. They'll enjoy it three times a day. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. If you prefer, there is Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Ask for Postum at all grocers' restaurants, your club or on the train. Accept Carrie Blanchard's generous free offer. Now, mail the coupon.

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"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to make this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

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# Postum



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink. Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiling) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately.

## When You Launder Delicate Lace and Fabrics

**T**o SET and restore color certain compounds are successful. Some blue cotton and woolen goods are colored the different beautiful shades by an acid compound of coal-tar distillation. When the goods are put into an alkaline water, or water of an alkaline soap solution, the alkali acts upon the acid of the coloring matter, and neutralizes it or tends to fade and make it a lighter color. therefore, an acid to neutralize the alkali still held in the goods to restore the color. If vinegar or an acid salt be added to the rinsing water, in proper proportions, a partial or entire restoration of the color may be effected; the color will be restored and will remain the same as new; provided the coloring matter itself has not been washed away or destroyed in the processes of washing while in contact with the soap solution.

Alum is an acid compound made of aluminum and potassium or sodium, or ammonium sulphates. These compounds are largely used in fixing or setting colors. Alumina, one of the constituents of the alum, has a strong affinity for organic matter or otherwise, and thus is well fitted to seize and hold firmly such coloring material as may be made up of organic matter. Because of this property, and because in the alums it is held in solution in such manner that it may be readily set free when brought under proper conditions, it becomes valuable in holding colors in textile fabrics. If the color in prints have a tendency to fade, it is possible in many cases, by soaking in alum-water previous to washing, to so fix the colors that they shall be less likely to fade or wash out; with the use of some other reagents which restore color; it is rather in the nature of destroying that which had destroyed the color.

Vinegar sets and restores pinks, reds, greens, blues.

Alum or soda sets and restores violet. if anything will.

Salt sets and restores dark colors.

Borax sets and restores delicate colors.

Before putting a whole piece of goods or an article of apparel in the water, to be sure that the color will be set by a compound, try a little piece of the goods first.

The colored clothes are not to be boiled. Soap should not be rubbed on to them. No alkalies nor washing fluids should be used, because they are corrosive and act upon the coloring matter.

Prints should soak in acid or salt solution, whichever the case may be, from one-half hour to one hour. By this time the colors will be set. Put into soap solution (warm) and wash quickly. Rinse well, put through bluing-water, slightly acidulated, wring, hang in the shade turn wrong side out, with full parts up. Dry as quickly as possible. Thin colored gowns should be put through a thin starch. If the color is at all inclined to run, dry between cloths. When dry, fold carefully and put away ready to be ironed.

Put white lace stained with perspiration into castile soap solution and place in the direct sunlight until the yellow is drawn from it. Then put into a new soap solution, swish up and down, and pat in the hands. Repeat this process until the dirt is entirely removed then rinse in two or three clear warm waters, and starch in a very weak gum arabic water (one or two kernels to one pint of water). Squeeze the lace out, pat in hands to partly remove the moisture, pull out with the fingers, and pin down on a woolen blanket, fastening at each point, and putting pins in slanting to fasten firmly. Leave until thoroughly dry, unpin and pick out the edge with the fingers, to give a natural appearance.

If proper care is taken in washing laces, there is little danger of shrinkage; but many people prefer the dry method of cleansing.

## How to make Beautiful Clothes

You can now learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, by a wonderfully simple method, how to plan and make all your clothes and save half on everything.

The Woman's Institute will teach you how to put so much style into every garment that nothing will ever appear "home-made." You will be proud to wear it because you will know it is as smart as anything in the shops.

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| Dairying—           | January  | 3rd-March 30th.....    | COS 1  |
| Farm Mechanics—     | January  | 3rd-January 6th.....   | 9.50   |
| Engineering—        | January  | 9th-March 2nd.....     | 102.50 |
| Poultry—            | January  | 9th-January 20th.....  | 18.00  |
| Live Stock Judging— | January  | 16th-January 20th..... | 9.50   |
| Seed Growers—       | January  | 23rd-February 3rd..... | 18.00  |
| Beekeepers—         | January  | 23rd-February 3rd..... | 18.00  |
| Horticulture—       | February | 6th-February 17th..... | 18.00  |
| Food and Nutrition— | February | 6th-February 17th..... | 18.00  |
| Clothing—           | February | 20th-March 2nd.....    | 18.00  |
| Cream Graders—      | April    | 2nd-April 13th.....    | 18.00  |

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Write the Registrar for the circular outlining the course or courses in which you are especially interested.

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## Federated Women's Institutes

### Manitoba News Notes

Subjects of Institute papers: "Cleanliness and its Relation to Health," "Why Every Woman should have a Hobby," "How to Hang Pictures," "The Growing of Winter Bulbs," "The Economical Wardrobe," "Three Well Known Manitoba Women," "What is Expected of W.I. Officers," "Interesting Evenings at Home in Winter."

Mrs. W. H. T. Peake of Transcona, was re-elected President of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba for second term.

While it is believed that the Institutes pause and rest during the summer and the fall, we find the monthly reports full of activity. The Grandmothers have been entertained by many Institutes. A number of Institutes are preparing for bazaars and most of them are thinking of "suppers" and "dinners." A good number celebrated the Armistice with a banquet and a programme of appropriate speeches and music.

Many Institutes have for some time been preoccupied with plans for the "Made-in-Manitoba" week. A large number of Institutes reported that they were co-operating with the local merchants to develop exhibits.

The sick are remembered with flowers, fruit, and books. Those in need are not forgotten, but it is very difficult to write of the work done among them, for the right hand should not know what the left hand doeth in this field.

Many of the district executives have met. An interesting letter has just been received from a member of one of the district boards. "We have not been able to meet as a district board yet, although we have twice chosen a date for the meeting. We have had much rain and the roads have been poor. Although we have not met we have not been idle. We have decided to promote 'better home surroundings.' To foster an interest in the beautifying of the home, we shall ask all Institutes in our district to give this topic a definite place on their programmes all winter. Miss Margaret Johnson of the *Free Press* has promised to address our next convention on 'Better Home Surroundings.' This district is to be congratulated on having found "a district objective."

Austin held a silver tea and sold articles made by the Blind.

Ewart has finished paying for the piano the Institute bought for the hall.

Gypsumville is already giving some thought to a fund for the Christmas tree. Manitou has furnished a semi-private ward in the Morden Hospital.

Dugald enjoyed demonstrations on the making of toys for children.

Great Falls has organized a bulb-growing competition.

Ingles—The members were shown how to make lamp shades.

Plum Coulee has donated \$25 to the Morden Hospital.

Clearwater donated \$25 to the Morden Hospital to help furnish the new wing.

Arnaud had a poem contest, which revealed much talent. "An Ode to the W.I." won the prize.

Birtle—The hospital committee has been busy making clothes for babies and new linens for the hospital.

Melita has arranged again that the hot lunch be served in the school during the winter.

Elphinstone is preparing to reopen the rink put up by the W.I. last year.

Inwood—The Institute has purchased dishes and cutlery for community use.

La Riviere is studying ways of raising money to build a skating rink.

Oak Point—A member donated a quilt to the W.I., which will be raffled at a later date.

Sprague has donated \$10 to the fund for buying new seats for the Union Church.

Treherne—Each member has promised to buy a new book and bring it to the Institute. The books thus collected will be passed among the members, who will be well provided with books for the long winter evenings.

Moline—The secretary writes: "We have had a very busy summer! First, we organized a fair, which fostered much

thought and activity among the women of the community. Then we had a well dug in the town, and put in a pump. It cost \$85."

Hamiota welcomes, each fall, all the newcomers. The two ladies in charge of the programme called on all the newcomers to invite them to the reception, and out of the 27 invited, 21 came. "Many of the ladies thanked us for a very enjoyable afternoon, and we feel it was a real success," writes the secretary.

Winnipegosis—We have received an interesting letter from a member of the Institute. She writes: "We had an oratorical contest. It was a huge success! The Rex Hall was crowded. We even had to borrow 27 chairs from the church. We are all well pleased with the evening. The school board, teachers and parents decided this year that they would not have a Boys' and Girls' Club Fair, so the W.I. felt that they just had to do something, and the oratorical contest was organized. We are much indebted for the success of the evening to our Principal, who enters wholeheartedly into anything which benefits the community and is of value to the school."

Morris—The Women's Institute entertained at their annual "Grandmothers' Tea." As each guest arrived she was presented with a corsage of sweet peas. The guests, 25 in number, were seated at a table. After the good things provided had been disposed of, the oldest grandmother, Mrs. P. Kastner, was presented with a handsome bouquet of gladioli, by her daughter, Mrs. A. T. Smith, who also presented a bouquet to Mrs. E. Porter, the most recent grandmother. Mrs. A. Todd in a neat speech thanked the ladies for the very pleasant entertainment.

### British Columbia

Salmon Arm W.I. has a membership of 34. At the October meeting Dr. Allan Beech gave a very interesting talk on "Infantile Paralysis." The epidemic has not reached us, but has developed in neighboring towns. Accounts were passed for payment of equipment for a private room, which the W.I. are donating to the new General Hospital. The proceeds of teas, meals, etc. "Fair Day" were \$82.55, which goes to the Hospital Fund. Miss Springer contributed instrumental music. Hostesses for social half-hour were Mesdames S. M. McGuire, J. Bellamy and A. E. Tweedall. In November Mrs. J. F. Nicol demonstrated "Chocolate Dipping," and in December Mrs. W. Hodges will demonstrate on "Christmas Pudding."

Vernon W.I. held their October meeting in the Court House. Meetings were suspended during July and August, and the September meeting could not be held, owing to the city being in quarantine as a preventative against Infantile Paralysis, which, we are happy to say, did not get into our city, thanks to the precautions taken by the Board of Health in closing schools, etc. In July a lawn Social was held at the home of Mrs. Briard, when a pleasant hour was spent by the members and their friends, after hearing the report of the delegate to the Provincial Conference, and also a report from our President who had visited the Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children. In August our Auxiliary, working in conjunction with the City Board of Trade, held a Tag Day for the Solarium, when a goodly sum was gathered and forwarded to that Institution. At our October meeting a donation was voted to the Otho Scott fund, and also a donation to the Vernon Jubilee Hospital.

### Sashatchewan

The Maymont "Homemakers' Club" held their monthly meeting on Friday, October 7th, at the home of Mrs. Geo. Molher. Ten members and two visitors were present. Arrangements were made for a sale of articles made by the Blind Institute of Winnipeg. Also a box of clothing was packed for a needy family in the frozen area. Mrs. Foster read an article on "The Privilege of Being a Farmer's Wife." Mrs. Doldurn gave a reading of poetry.

## The Greatest Canadian Contest of All Time A PRINCE'S RANSOM in PRIZES IMMEDIATE AWARDS NO WAITING

If You Can Solve This Puzzle You Immediately share in this tremendous Prize List.

**\$125,000.00 IN PRIZES**

THE outstanding success of our recently concluded contest in spreading the fame of Campbell Hosiery Mills has encouraged us to offer the people of Canada a contest that will be larger and better than anything previously attempted.

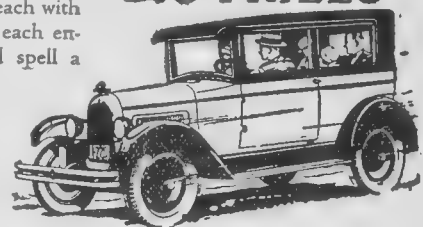
\$125,000.00! One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is offered—and anyone who can solve the above puzzle can share in the prizes.

This contest is unique in every way—it will appeal to all fair-minded, discriminating people. Contestants will not be asked to wait months for results—the bulk of the big-prize money is offered for immediate distribution.

Judges will examine all entries every day as they are received and immediate decisions will be given, awarding prizes to all correct, qualified answers to the puzzle.

### How to Solve the Puzzle WIN This New Overland WHIPPET COACH

What is the Mail Man telling you with his letters?—A message of supreme importance to every Canadian home. Can you read it? Look above at the seven envelopes, each with its jumbled letters. The letters on each envelope, when placed correctly, will spell a word, and the seven words together give you the Mail Man's message. To start you off right, the third envelope will spell the word SAVINGS. Now—can you figure out this complete mystery message?



### Some of the PRIZE WINNERS in our last contest



### You Also Can Win

Valuable Prizes were presented in every Province.

Miss Shannahan, North Sydney, N.S., \$1,000.00.  
Miss Orchard, Sheddin, Ontario, \$150.00.  
Miss Crill, Alberta, B.C., \$100.00.  
Mrs. Harris, St. John, N.B., \$75.00.  
Miss Ottaway, Toronto, Ontario, \$50.00.  
Miss Ross, Eldon, P.E.I., \$50.00.  
Miss Cook, Portage La Prairie, Man., \$15.00.  
Mrs. Hilton, Clarendon, Alta., \$10.00.  
Miss Ham, Corning, Sask., \$10.00.  
Major, Sask., \$10.00 each.

COMPLETE LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS

### You Can Win—Send Your Answer Today

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES—That's all: 1—Give name and date of this paper. 2—Write on one side of the paper only. 3—Write name and full address plainly with pen and ink in upper right hand corner. State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Neatness and good appearance will be considered. Don't send typewritten, fancy or drawn entries. 4—Contestants with correct answers will be given an opportunity of selecting a minimum order from the Campbell Money-Saving Catalogue, qualifying for the prizes which will be immediately awarded. 5—Only one answer may be submitted by a person. 6—Judges' decision will be final. 7—Employees of Campbell Hosiery Mills are barred from this contest.

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It costs nothing to send an answer—no obligation—nothing to sell to win a prize—immediate awards—no waiting—every correct, qualified answer immediately shares in the BIGGEST PRIZE MONEY ever offered in Canada.

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Percentage paid while learning. Average time, eight weeks. No time limit. *Beautician* Diploma issued. Small capital starts you in business. Make \$2.00 to \$3.00 a year. It's the QUICK WAY TO BIG PAY. (Apprenticeship) Call or write our nearest Academy. Marvel Beauty Parlors, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Minneapolis.

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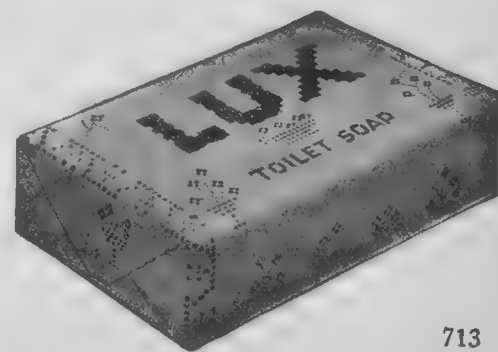
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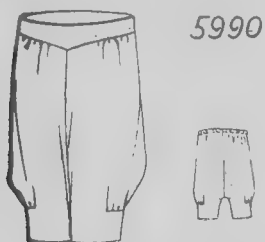




## Dainty and Practical Designs

5970. Velveteen and crepe are here combined. This is also a good model for satin, taffeta, serge or crepe de chine. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and panel. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5966. Plaid or checked woollen, fine serge, twill or jersey, will be good for this design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, revers, vestee, cuffs and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5982. This attractive style will be nice in flannel or wool crepe with contrasting material for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

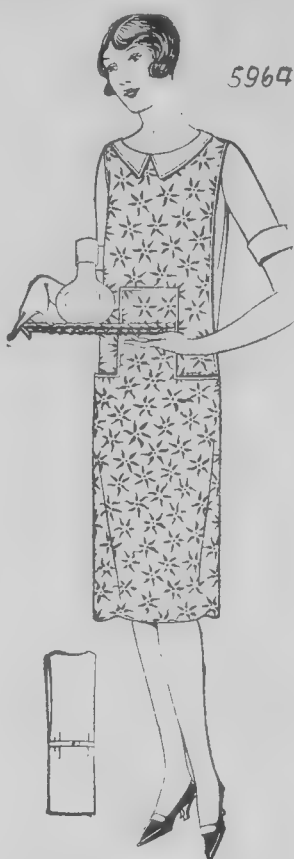


5972. Checked woollen and wool crepe are here combined. This model would also be pleasing in velvet or crepe satin. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plain material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of checked or other contrasting material 4 0 inches wide if made as illustrated in the large view. The width of the dress at the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5971. Velvet, satin, crepe satin cashmere and fine serge are good for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 yards of 40-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5989. Cheviot, chinchilla, corduroy, camels hair wool, velvet and fur fabrics may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes:

2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch material. For the collar and cuffs of fur or fur cloth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 6 inches wide is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5976. Checked woollen and wool crepe are here combined. Crepe satin would be equally attractive, the reverse side of the crepe serving as contrast. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for panel and facing on collar and reversed portions of the fronts. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 52 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5990. In these petticoatless days one will welcome so comfortable and practical a substitute as this style expresses. The garment may be made of material to match the skirt or dress under which it is worn, or it may be of jersey, sateen, crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 29-31; medium, 33-35; large, 37-39; and extra large, 41-43 inches waist measure. A medium size requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

### NOTICE

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

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Just write letter. When parcel arrives pay Postmaster \$5 and few cents delivery costs. These quality silks are sold under an absolute Money Back Guarantee. Unless you are really amazed at the wonderful values, send them back and your money will be returned at once. We have only a limited quantity and would suggest—mail that letter now. And please show them to your neighbors.

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**Steele, Briggs Seed Co. Ltd.**  
Regina and Winnipeg

## Designs to Charm the Wee Folk

5964. Percale and other cotton prints are excellent for this design. Ample convenient pockets are inserted at the crosswise edges on the front. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. If collar is made of contrasting material it will require  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 27 inches wide. To bind at the free edges as illustrated will require  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of narrow bias binding. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5536



5973. This model portrays the new flare. It is attractive in satin, woollen, velvet and in checked or plaid materials. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on yoke and cuffs. The width of the dress at the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4787

4799. Soft toys are ever popular and may be made very durable and practical. This model could be developed in oil cloth, terry cloth or towelling, stockingette or flannel, also in rubberized cloth. A good filling would be kopak, excelsior or cotton. If made of oil cloth or rubber cloth and stuffed with cork the toy would be waterproof and would float. The cape and bonnet is nice in flannel, crepe, gingham or satin. This pattern is cut in one size. The doll will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 27-inch material. The cape and bonnet 24 inches of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

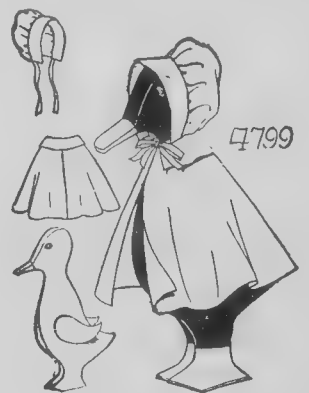


4579

may be used. For the rompers—cretonne or gingham is pleasing. Dolly will be so glad of the dear little pockets in her rompers, and "Pierrot" the clown will do all sorts of tricks in his comfortable costume, if his arms and legs are fastened so as to be movable. The pattern comprising the doll and the garments, is cut in 3 sizes: small, 12 inches; medium, 16 inches; large, 20 inches in length. The doll requires for a medium size  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard; the rompers  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard; the suit and hat,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4787. The "Teddy Bear" has ever been popular with "little" children, and the giraffe will please equally well. These toys may be made of felt, or flannel, or Terry cloth, and filled with cork, kopak, or excelsior. The "Teddy" may also be made of plush, "Teddy bear cloth" or eiderdown. The pattern is cut in one size. It will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch material for the "Teddy" and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard for the giraffe. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4579. This is a very desirable model and one that will please the little "doll mother," for not only the garments but the doll as well may be made from this pattern here given. The doll may be of drill or unbleached muslin, and stuffed with floss, hair or cotton batting. The dress could be of gingham, cretonne, chambrey, silk or crepe, and the cap, to match, or of lace or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes for dolls: 12, 16 and 20 inches in length. To make the doll in a 16-inch size requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch material. The dress and cap require  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard. The cap alone requires  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4799

5536. The little doll mother may not only make dolly's clothes but also the doll, from the models supplied herewith. The body may be of drill, unbleached muslin, oil cloth or sanits, with a stuffing of bran, kopak, or cotton. Eyes of shoe buttons, nose and lips of yarn, or, the features may be embroidered or painted. Dressed as a clown this doll will be very attractive. The suit may be of calico, cretonne or scraps of silk or satin. One or two colors of materials

5967. Plaid suiting and wool crepe are here combined. This model is also good for reversible crepe for satin or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated for a 38-inch size will require  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of plaid or other contrasting material and 2 yards of plain material, both 40 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

## Tim's Christmas

By Jean Mitchell Smith

O there was Tim an orphan lad,  
So very poor and thinly clad,  
When merry Xmas eve came round  
With drifting snow upon the ground.

That night, when friendly John drew near,  
With laden arms of Xmas cheer,  
He paused right there in quick surprise,  
And read the note with misty eyes.

To Santa Claus he wrote a note,  
And asked for a warm cap and coat,  
And pinned it on the garret door,  
Where never card had been before.

Now friendly John loved girls and boys,  
And hurried forth for clothes and toys,  
And when Tim woke at break of day,  
He sang and danced a roundelay.



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"no difficulty getting right shade since using **BROWNATONE.**"

Mrs. Marie James, Biloxi, Miss.

and it costs **50c** only

Thousands of women no longer pay \$10 or more to a hairdresser to tint gray or faded hair. They use **BROWNATONE.**

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**BROWNATONE** restores color that is natural, beautiful and unaffected by shampooing, marcelling, or other scalp treatments. Will not wash out—won't rub off. Only one application necessary. Test it! See for yourself the amazing results. In two colors from which any shade is easily obtained—blonde to medium brown, dark brown to black. At drug and toilet counters. Two sizes: 50c and \$1.50.

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Only \$1.00 down! Balance in easy monthly payments. So good we insure it for your lifetime. Ruby and Sapphire Jewels, 8 adjusting points including heat, cold, isochronism and 6 positions. Amazingly accurate. Sold direct from Windsor at lowest prices. You save at least 30%. Over 100,000 sold. Investigate!

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**STUDEBAKER WATCH CO., OF CANADA, Limited**  
Dept. N 568 Windsor, Ontario

## Silver Sandals

Continued from page 20

Andrea laughed. "Do you know," she said, deliberately changing the subject, "I've just remembered a jewel of a temple. I used to call it my Jade Pagoda when I was a child. I'm quite resolved to see it again."

"Not now, Andrea! You mustn't miss the Governor's ball; it's the last affair before the holidays."

Andrea smiled her distracting smile: "Dearest Mrs. Ritchie, you know how badly I do it. And I hate to be stepped on. But I promise to be back for Christmas."

**NEXT** morning she was gone, leaving a note for Glen to follow if he chose to see her Jade Pagoda, but warning him in the same sentence not to come too soon.

For once he found her enthusiasm commendable and just. The ageless temple radiated magic all its own. Coming upon it suddenly, through a grove of trees, its five turrets, now jade, now azure, as the rays of the sun caught them, floated skyward like crystallized vapors. A shrine of dreams, so ethereal it seemed. Within all was vastness and shadow, a kind of twilight grandeur. And here, where the strange idols smiled down from their marble ledges, or regarded one stonily from their stations on the floor, Glen reversed his judgment.

"Funny," said he, "how these Orientals jumble things ugly and beautiful. Now this—" waving his hand to indicate the Hundred Gods "—destroys an otherwise perfect building. Why the devil doesn't someone clear out the junk."

Andrea, basking in the incomparable peace of the golden Buddah, glanced up in such wide amazement he felt compelled to stress the point. "Of course I don't pretend to understand idols, archæology or art, but I feel pretty certain you'd be better repaid at home. Andrea—dear, you can't mean to chuck the lot of us for this inferno of artistic ruins!"

So here she was, and here was Glen, and here were the Hundred Gods, with the wisdom of the ages in their silent keeping. . . .

From far down the dim aisle a figure approached the Great Buddah. A person of some consequence, that was clear, mixture of European and native dress notwithstanding. As he passed, bowing slightly, Andrea imagined she detected a gleam of rare amusement through the fine mask of his polished gravity and, not a little vexed, found herself wondering how long he had been there. But Glen, set for battle, was at the point of beginning again.

"Glen," she intercepted hastily, "let's settle it like this: give me my foolish way here in the hills amongst the things I love until Christmas, and I'll try to come back—sane. Oh, I'll be discreet; what's more, I'll not even paint. I'm here, Glen Feilding, to repay an ancient debt."

Followed, then, radiant days when Andrea walked, a spirit of joyous goodness, throughout the desolate countryside. From dawn till sunset each golden hour was devoted to a selfless ministry. The evenings alone were given to the Jade Pagoda, and the problem waxing daily more troublesome.

But no matter what hour chosen for meditation, the tall stranger had preceded her. If she chose the grotto at the back of the building he was there strolling amongst the trees immersed in thought, but never so deeply that he failed to bow as he slipped back into the shadows. And, when the quiet of the long-deserted refectory seemed to offer possible escape, his measured step

threading the aisles without bespoke his nearness.

In the second week Andrea decided to make her visits in daylight. The temple might be less charming but the holy bazaars without deserved more notice—and the stranger would not be there.

But there he was leaning against a sculptured pillar watching her silly joy in fans and feathers, elephant-headed deities and green-eyed lizards! And, to make matters worse, in her angry haste to be gone she actually permitted the brigand of the booth to wrap up a hideous red fan, when what she had wanted was the peacock feathers for Mrs. Ritchie's Christmas box. At the far gate of the temple grounds she was overtaken by a smiling messenger, parcel in hand. "A gift for the lady. Certain." It would explain itself.

A most annoying statement, decided Andrea, when, back in camp the packet lay open on her lap. Her peacock feathers were there. That, she had to admit, explained itself realistically enough, but—So, too, in a trinity of breathless days, did a lapis-lazuli vase, a shell-pink monkey and a bronze buddha explain themselves forcibly.

Whereupon Andrea foreswore both temple and bazaar, working instead with added zeal amongst the villagers. But a village proved no handicap. She needed gauze, ointment—a roll of linen. Certain! Like Aladdin's lamp the quiet of her tent forthwith yielded up these things. Abominable impudence! It had to stop!

Three days running it did stop while Andrea moped in camp and Arjemand laughed up her sleeve.

**AT DUSK**, of the fourth day, when all was quiet round the temple, Andrea chose an abandoned passage and, noiseless as shadow, mounted to the marble gallery overlooking the Hundred Gods. The moon had not risen but a soft light falling from the two brass lamps on either side the Buddha threw into bold relief against a background majestically sombre, the graceful figure of the mysterious stranger. There was no escaping him! The man was all eyes, all ears and possessed of Job-like patience!

She was certain no sound had escaped her, yet almost at once he left his place by the great image and, slowly pacing, began a lazy survey of the balcony above. Sooner or later, those determined eyes would spy her out. The thought sent the blood in a hot tide to her cheeks. Andrea Hortense Beck caught playing coward!

Alas for hasty temper! As she darted forward, Diana-like bent on battle, Andrea caught the fine chain hanging from her neck, on the lace-like lattice work of the railing, and down it tinkled to the floor below. Pride, anger, dignity, all went with it. "Monsieur," she wailed, "my precious pendant! The jade pendant of the Perfect Prince! Quick, please, Monsieur!"

To the impatient Andrea it seemed an age before he answered: "Mademoiselle, the little ornament is safe. The question, does Mademoiselle take the stairs a few feet to the right, or shall I . . . ?"

There was opportunity, indeed, to say the thousand scathing things she had planned so carefully, for the man's undoing. Instead, the marvel of his voice, deep and honey-smooth, set her pulses singing and her cheeks on fire.

"The stairs, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not. That is, do not trouble. I was coming down anyway."

It is difficult, at any time, to effect dignity at five feet nothing. Andrea

Continued on page 76



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on these products

## Silver Sandals

Continued from page 75

did her best. "I am indebted, Monsieur, for the return of the jewel," said she in a voice cold as mountain snows. "A seeming trifle but—"

Poor Andrea! A green-eyed cheetah snarling from the darkness had affected her less than the brodered motif she caught sight of on the man's cape lining as he bowed before her. The silver lilies of the Educator! And she had suspected him of—of—but Andrea never finished the thought. Pell mell, she rushed into the night, wanting nothing so much as to be swallowed in oblivion.

At dawn she started for Delhi, agonizing all the way over her colossal stupidity and ridiculous conceit. Of course it was only her work amongst his people had interested him. And she had thought—ah, fool that she was!

In such a mood thoughts of Glen entered like a sword, and the sight of the Ritchie mansion gleaming with holiday lights added fuel to her torment. Nor did it mend matters to be hailed as one from the dead and to learn that an insurrection had threatened "back there in the hills." But now that she was back, good Mrs. Ritchie decided things could go on as they had planned. "Just ourselves tonight, my dear; as I know you and Glen will prefer."

ALONE in her room, after dinner, Andrea wrestled with her problem. Gratitude, loyalty, duty; relative terms all of them. No help there. Glen's need of her? Mostly imagined and suggested. For years it had been understood they would marry . . . Glen and she, with nothing in common, playing the same game year in, year out, till death delivered them!

A skyrocket gyrated past her window. The beginning of Mrs. Ritchie's celebration in honor of her Lord. Andrea slipped to the casement. It was growing dusk and the sounds from without indicated that in the secluded back garden Christmas preparations were well under way. Before her lay a fragrant garden, orderly walks—all the paraphernalia of an opulent life; in the distance long stretches of tumbled hovels and crooked lanes reeking with human misery. And out there on the dark Indian Road he toiled for Love's sake. . . .

Faithful Arjemand, wreathed in smiles, interrupted these troubled musings, her arms full of gay bundles. "Gifts, dear one," said she, "Merry Christmas and His peace upon you."

"Merry Christmas, dear Arjemand—and my love forever."

The old woman gone, Andrea began a listless survey of her presents. Oh, she wished they had not been so kind; so overwhelmingly lavish. It made things so much harder. Cobwebby laces, flawless silks, cunning curios. . . . And Glen's package still to open! It frightened her quite, that long, suggestive case.

Inconceivable Andrea! The sight of the necklace coiled within, every pearl matched, each one as perfect as the Taj Mahal, sent an angry flush to her brow. This waste of wealth for her, while a stone's throw from their gates hunger and disease hovered vulture-like above the darkened houses of the needy!

Andrea flung the case aside, impatiently, and, still pursuing the bitter thought, picked up a small green parcel. Heart of Joy! Was she dreaming? Was she mad? Or were those the silver lilies of the Educator shining up at her from the polished teakwood the green wrapper yielded? Impossible—but it was! Oh, what had he sent her on this day of days?

Silver Sandals! Silver Sandals! fragile as moonlight and fashioned for fairy feet!

Long she gazed at them, those star-bright footsteps, her heart a battleground of exquisite torture. If she were only free to follow whither they might lead her; but there were her people. Her people? Who were her people. . . .? How had He judged, the Holy One of Nazareth? Words carelessly learned long since sped to her comforting:

*"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven  
The same is my brother, my sister,  
and my mother."*

The will of the Father . . . What need to hesitate longer? How had she wavered for an instant with the long dark Indian Road a-calling!

Then she saw what excitement had hidden from her—a strip of paper carelessly inscribed with the ineffable wisdom of the Palsa Tree:

*"She walks in Silver Sandals,  
Who takes the Path of Love."*

Hesitant no longer, Andrea rang for Arjemand, scribbling a note while she waited. "Arjemand," she commanded breathlessly, "give this letter to Mrs. Ritchie in an hour's time—not before—"

Old Arjemand smiled. "Little one, there are two horses in the outer garden. The path from the balcony is safe. Safer still if, for an hour I take the key and lock you in . . . the window makes an excellent doorway."

"Arjemand! Oh, mother of my heart, wish me Perfect Joy!"

"Little one, I wish you Love."

Alone once more Andrea, dressed in simple white and, silver sandals on her little feet, a blue cloak round her shoulders, stepped out on the balcony.

From over the garden wall where innumerable lanterns swayed like many-colored butterflies in the breeze, Mrs. Ritchie's brisk voice directing the weary servants rose and fell in a tireless paean. Sights and sounds of a forgotten world. Andrea Hortense Beck heard nothing but the singing of her heart; saw nothing but the great white horse waiting in the chenar grove. Small and swift and fairy-golden she darted across the intervening courtyard hoping to gain a moment's respite in the screening shrubbery.

But he was too quick for her. From behind the chenar trees he came to meet her, a stranger still in his brodered robes of state and a trifle terrifying but for the whimsical smile. "Made-moiselle, it is beside the point, we know. But, might we ask whence you dropped

Before she could reply he struck his hands together sharply, and an orange-clad page sprang to his bidding. Said he: "Bring us candles, blue and gold, twelve dozen at least; Kabul grapes and Smyrna figs, candied melon and sweet red pomegranates."

Once again Andrea shocked a proper page. "Highness! Sahib! My Mister Prince!" she cried, abandoning herself to the royal comfort. "Exalted One, didn't I tell you three peacocks with the sun on their tails just couldn't fail to bring one Perfect Happiness?"

### Emergency Repair

If a tub suddenly springs a leak on wash day, take a fruit jar ring, set it afire and hold over the leak. As the burning rubber falls on the outside of the tub, smooth it over with a knife or flat stick. The tub will hold hot or cold water again.



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## Cold Turkey

Continued from page 18

"Quick, girlie!" he commanded sharply. He seized her by the arms and rushed her ahead of him to the door. He had her half way down to the nearest street-corner before he realized that she was protesting angrily.

"I'll call a policeman if you don't let go of me at once!" she cried.

"Don't you know better than to go into a place like that unescorted?" demanded Hammond severely.

"I was only announcing the Army dinner for the poor on Christmas night! My uniform is my protection!"

"Like ducks it is!"

"I must insist on you leaving me here, Mr. Hammond," she said icily as they rounded the corner. "Otherwise, I shall appeal to my captain," and she pointed up the street to the uniformed figures standing in a circle about the familiar blue-and-gold flag of the Salvation Army.

Hammond glanced over his shoulder at sound of running footsteps and around the corner came Pip Tompkins.

"You bloomin'—idiot!" he panted.

"Send him home, Mr. Tompkins, please. I am joining my friends," with which she walked off, her pert little bonnet in the air.

"I'm going back and knock his block off!" raged Hammond. "I'm——"

"You are nothing of the sort!" cried the girl, turning quickly and running back. Red spots burned in her cheeks and her eyes were flashing. "Oh, send him home, Mr. Tompkins! Please!"

"Home it is, sister!" soothed Pip. "An' he's goin' pronto!" with which he jerked Hammond to the rightabout.

"Now, listen to me, kid. I'm lookin' after Mac an' everythin's all right but you got to beat it out o' this district quick or there'll be hell to pay! I'm needin' your help early in the mornin' on that set for tomorrow night; so it's home to beddy-bye for yours as quick as you know how. Them's orders, y'understand! Beat it!"

Hammond raised his hat with mock humility and obediently walked away. After a few blocks he was smiling at recollection of a pair of big blue eyes so suddenly filled with anxiety.

"She was scared I'd go back in there and get beaten up," he chuckled to himself. "Gee, she's a great girl!" and as he walked the smile lingered.

**B**ENEATH the strong blaze of the Kleig lights the big dining-hall was as bright as day. Batteries of great lamps pointed from every angle. Platforms had been erected where necessary for Pip Tompkins' staff of cameramen and electricians. Pip himself was stationed on the floor where he personally could superintend the "close-ups." Surrounded by several assistants, Gotz sat in his shirt-sleeves on a special platform erected on the side, and, standing beside him, Hammond listened to the quick decisions and rapid-fire instructions with growing respect; the director certainly knew his business.

The scene itself was thrilling. The flowers and Christmas decorations lent it color. The dinner was in full swing. The long tables which ranged down one side and across one end were lined with hungry guests—a pathetic-looking crowd, hand-picked to represent every type of "down-and-outer." No children were present, Hammond noted, and but a mere handful of women.

The lively music of a hotel orchestra was coming in through the radio amplifiers, drowning out the clatter of dishes in the busy kitchens. Women in the familiar blue dresses and aprons of the Salvation Army were gliding about, serving the tables. The appetizing odor

Continued on page 78

# Radio Is A Lasting Gift

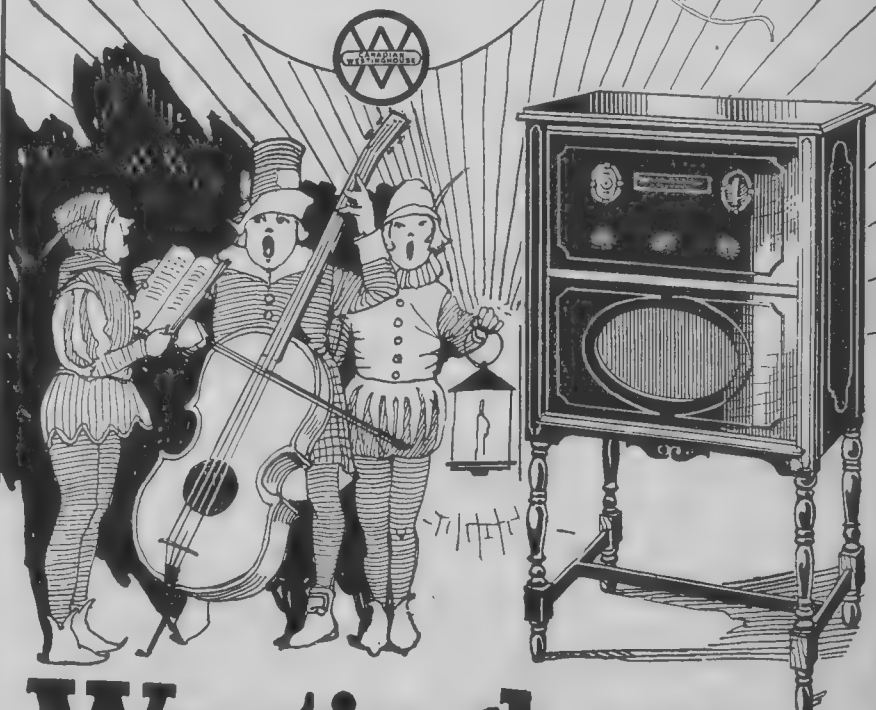
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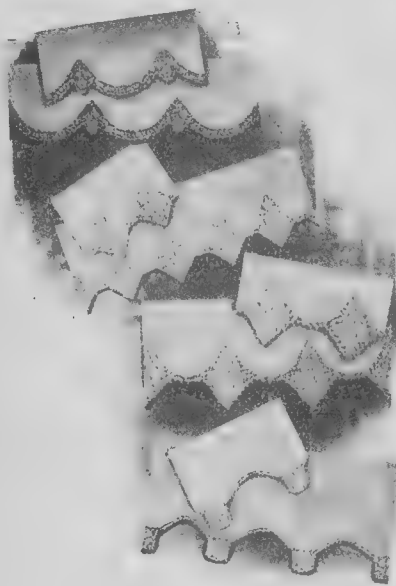
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The Anemone Design  
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The Olivia Nightdress  
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rock Edging  
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Star Border  
Snowflake Corner  
The Silkeborg  
Clyro Border and  
Corner  
The Elma Corner and  
Border  
Duchess Corner and  
Border  
Goose Girl Lake and  
Corner  
The Strathmore Border  
and Corner  
Clover Lace and  
Corner  
The Everest Border  
and Corner  
The Grapevine Corner  
and Border  
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Corner  
The Marguerite Lace  
and Corner  
Oak Leaf Lace and  
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THE WESTERN  
HOME MONTHLY  
WINNIPEG

## Cold Turkey

Continued from page 77

of roast turkey pervaded the whole place. Real money it was costing to make this dinner scene; but the realism of it was worth it, thought Hammond.

His busy eyes roved to where he knew Nugget MacDowall was sitting between a weakened "hop-head" and a ragged "newsy." The director had quietly signalled the cameramen for action; a crank on realism, he planned to "shoot" the scene with as little distraction as possible. The novices had been seated early in order that they might get used to their surroundings; the dinner itself could be relied upon to command their full attention, which it certainly now was doing.

A disturbance at the building's side entrance drew all eyes and presently, swarming in over all obstruction to entry came a noisy group of rough men in checkered shirts—about a dozen of them. Hammond gasped. It was "Red" Quinn and his gang of lumberjacks! And every one of them quite evidently was "liquored up" and looking for trouble!

Hammond turned with quick warning, but the director already had seized his megaphone and was welcoming them jovially to the dinner. Under his instructions they were cleverly seated in widely separated places at the tables and his call for "Service!" from the kitchens was heeded with special alacrity.

Just as Hammond was beginning to breathe more freely he noted to his dismay that "Red" Quinn had made a place for himself opposite MacDowall and that it was Alice Lawrence who happened to be serving that particular section. He was of a mind to get down closer to them until he realized that sight of him would probably bring the big lumberjack out of his seat with a roar and precipitate a dangerous situation.

"Stay where you are, Hammond!" ordered the director curtly. "I may need you here."

Meanwhile, Pip Tompkins was signalling to MacDowall, who sat with a set grin on his face, gnawing at a drumstick and listening to the witty remarks with which the new arrival was entertaining everyone within earshot of his booming voice.

"Be jabbers, ut's real turkey!" he whooped in pretended amazement when his dinner-plate was set before him. "Oi t'ought it would be after bein' a movin'-pitcher burrd!"

"Good ol' Salvation Army!" grinned Nugget McDowall. "They ain't askin' if y're a tinhorn or the real sulphide; they just says: 'Merry Christmas! Come on an' eat, yuh poor sinner!' Up north where I come from—say, stranger, better tunnel into that there turkey while you got your health!" He continued to grin, but there was a dangerous glint in his eye and he was unaware entirely that the "hophead" on his left was stealing from his plate.

Unfortunately it was at this moment that Alice Lawrence passed. Quinn saw her and caught her by the arm.

"Hello, darlint!" he greeted. "Whin ye wouldn't bid me to yer party I just come annyways. How about a li'l kiss for a Christmas present, 'beloike'?"

The resounding smack on the cheek which the infuriated girl dealt him brought Quinn to his feet with a bellow of rage. Across the table shot MacDowall's long arm, seizing his collar. Big as the lumberjack was, the miner yanked him across with one powerful pull and promptly planted a punch on his nose which laid the fellow on his back among the scattered dishes and upset the table from which the startled diners had jumped with one accord. Pandemonium broke loose. With a

roar every lumberjack leaped to his feet. Hammond's anxious eyes flitted here and there till he located Alice Lawrence tenderly escorting a frightened old woman in a grey shawl to a place of safety.

"Hammond!" barked Gotz sharply, "stay here!" He swung his megaphone back to the cameras.

The excitement spread till the place was in a turmoil—a general "free-for-all" with the whole hall fighting the woodsmen who were to blame for breaking up the dinner. A bottle of catsup, broken over the head of one lumberjack, converted him into a terrifying sight. Cups, saucers, plates—smashing everywhere! The place was being wrecked!

Hammond hung over the railing in his eagerness. He saw a bowl of gravy turned upside down on a man's head, changing him to chocolate; it dripped from nose and chin of the sputtering victim. A big foreigner with his black whiskers full of mashed turnip let out a roar as he cleared space about him with a narrow board he had pried from a broken table. Somebody threw a pepper-caster at him and he started to sneeze; it was while he was at a standstill with face puckering that a lumberjack stepped in and bowled him over, sneeze and all! There was no time to sneeze!

But it was not all comedy. Far from it. Figures lay prone on the floor. Faces were cut and bleeding!

Pip Tompkins? Where was Pip? Hammond caught sight of him at last. Pip was here, there, everywhere with his precious camera! He hung on the outskirts of the battle-royal that surged about MacDowall and Quinn and now he was climbing onto a table, kicking aside the dishes and planting his camera in position. Collar torn, one eye blackened and a tooth gone, Pip Tompkins still crowded into the middle of the excitement, his camera clicking in every spectacular detail of that wild fight. "Oh boy!" he chuckled with unholy professional glee. "It's one wow's wow!"

"Hammond!" shouted Gotz, "save that camera!"

A lumberjack with a broken bench poised in the air was making across the hall, straight for Tompkins' camera, for the moment left on the table while Pip met attack from another direction. With a whoop Hammond swung down to floor level. His flying leap was a pretty thing to see—clean over the table with his right arm swinging true to the neck of the logger. The latter went down with a whack that put him completely out of the fight.

A whistle blew. Into the place swept a squad of blue uniforms on the double-quick. Police batons swung freely for a moment and the fight was over with the belligerents lined up along the wall at one end.

"That's fine!" shouted the director through his megaphone. "Thank you, gentlemen, one and all, and a Merry Christmas! You will be paid at the door as you go out."

Bewildered, Hammond picked his way over to where the director was standing, surrounded by an enthusiastic group. He was shaking Pip Tompkins by the hand in joyful congratulation.

"It's a knockout, old man! I'm proud of my troupers!"

As Hammond approached they all looked at him and started to laugh.

"Better put him wise, Pip, before he does any more damage at rehearsals," smiled the boss, holding out his hand.

So Hammond learned a lot in a few moments—that "Gotz" was out of town

Continued on page 83



## Jubilee Gift to Canada's Archives

Continued from page 11

But, like David's skill in stone-throwing, Mrs. Hamilton's skill in the use of colors was equal to the inspiration of the moment because of her years of study and training, and the many years of solid artistic achievement behind her previous to the Great War. In Mary Riter Hamilton, Canada has a painter of whom she may well be proud. She was born in Teeswater, Ontario, of United Empire Loyalist stock and was wedded and widowed before she was twenty-three, afterwards devoting her life to making the dreams of an artistic career come true. For ten years she studied in France, Germany, Holland and Italy, and long before the public

The Lady Patricia Ramsay admired the work of this Canadian artist and bought a number of her paintings. In Ottawa homes her pictures are seen in many private collections, Archbishop Hamilton owning several. Sir Robert Borden bought "The Castle Stair," and other of her pictures. A much admired painting, "A Courtyard in Venice," is owned by Hon. Robert Rogers, Winnipeg, and for General Sir Thomas Snow Mrs. Hamilton painted his headquarters in 1915, "The Chateau Potijge," as it appeared after the war. The name, the general said, always reminded him of the gallant stand of the Canadians in the first gas attack in April, 1915,



The wooden cross taken from the now demolished memorial monument at Vimy Ridge crossroads, which now holds an honored place at the entrance of St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg. This sacred relic was built by Canadian Soldiers and is composed of odd pieces of wood, old boxes, etc.

in Canada had heard of her she had achieved success on the Continent. As early as 1905 she had three pictures hung "on the line" in the Paris Salon; in 1911 three more were hung on the line, and from then on she was a constant contributor to the exhibits. She has won honors in every medium: oil, water colors, pastel and etching, and from the first her versatility has been an outstanding feature of her exhibitions. Besides her work in portraits she has excelled in a most notable display of still life and figure subjects, landscapes and marines. Not only have all her exhibitions been noteworthy undertakings but many of her pictures hang in the finest private collections of Canada and also in homes of European collectors of art. In 1925 Mrs. Hamilton was awarded the gold medal in the British textile section of the decorative art exhibition for hand-painted dress accessories, having made seven exhibits in this department in Paris, her scarves and shawls finding rapid sale in all parts of the world. The exquisite gold medal scarf of the Paris exhibition in 1925 is now in the possession of Lady Macdonald, wife of Sir Hugh John Macdonald, of Winnipeg. Lady Whyte, of Winnipeg, is the owner of the painting, "The Mother Superior," her "Palm Sunday, a Scene in Brittany," adorns the home of Mrs. Horace Crawford, and Lady Nanton's choice is "A Scene in Venice." The late Duchess of Connaught selected one of the Salon pictures, "A Bridge in Venice," as well as "The Cathedral of Notre Dame," "Evening in the Pyrenees," and "The Louvre."

"and I have always wondered," he said, "how they managed to hold their ground, and had they not done so, Ypres would have gone. I do not think half enough has been said of the incident."

A remarkable picture in the Ottawa collection is a view of Vimy Ridge with the ruined cathedral in the foreground and the Canadian trenches faintly outlined in the distance. A companion picture shows the famous ridge as it appeared in 1919, already mercifully overgrown with flowers, the poppies "flaunting gaily, all in red," in contrast with the camouflaged screen still hung with its fringe of rushes, the fluttering of which made long-distance observation impossible, and indicating that this trench was under observation by the enemy. Amongst the flaming poppies is an isolated grave with a white cross, the resting-place of an unknown soldier.

Another interesting picture, which was hung on the line in April, 1922, is a canvas showing the market amid the ruins of Ypres, and the gem of the collection is an oil study of a stone hut built by the Canadians at Ablain, occupied at the time the sketch was made by a family of French peasants, and shown in the picture is a young girl industriously engaged in peeling potatoes. The highlights are very effective, catching the vivid patchwork of the bedspread, the flash of blue in the girl's blouse and the light on the face of the old pendulum clock on the wall.

Of special importance and interest is the painting of the crossroads at

Continued on page 81



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## The Frenchman

Continued from page 38

peeping of the newly-hatched chicks, and recognized the sound as of the children of its own race.

Very early next morning, before the dew was off the grass, Jim, as usual, was up and about, and one of his first duties was to attend to the broodies. He went first to the mother-hopeful to whom he had allocated the hatching of the partridge eggs, and he found her striving desperately to escape between the bars. Inside the nest was one addled egg and a litter of broken shells, but the chicks—where were they? Not a single chick could he find, and fearing rats, he began to cast round for signs.

Jim had scarcely moved forty paces when a French partridge rose at his feet and proceeded to fall over and over, spreading its wings and feigning lameness, and doing its best to lead him off in wild pursuit.

But Jim did not follow. He knew that trick of old, so he stopped dead, watching where he placed his feet, and—yes, there they were, the whole little covey crouching in the grass, disturbed in the act of following the one who had so cunningly decoyed them from their indignant foster-mother.

Jim had never heard the like of it before, so he sent a plain statement of the incident to a well known sporting periodical, and the letters which followed his comments cast much light upon the strange life-history of that little-known bird—the French partridge.

So by an incident or two Jim had come to know them, and to find yet a new interest among the many wild folk he loved. But there was one incident more. After that day there were always two broods of French partridges in the field opposite his house, each brood following a parent. They lived their lives apart, each haunting its own portion of the pasture, but one thundery night Jim was returning home across the field when a vivid flash of lightning lit up the pathway ahead. In that flash he saw the streaming torrents, he saw the sparkling grass, each blade and flower bearing a jewel. He saw the long straight pathway stretching ahead, and just aside from the pathway he saw something crouching—two partridges side by side, each with its wings outspread, so that between them they made an ample shelter for their chicks. Thus, though they lived their lives apart, tonight they had united for the common welfare of their broods!

Were they Jim's partridges—the Frenchmen? Could he doubt it? And so, gentle reader, we must leave them, revealed by a flash of lightning, side by side in the storm, as, indeed, we must so often leave our wild heroes and heroines, their stories only half told, and what we know of them revealed by a flashing glimpse—a glimpse here and there, and, beyond, that, ever beyond, the kindly shadows which we cannot penetrate. So small, each one, and yet surely how great in the reckoning of God!

"Stop!" cried the porter as the pleasure steamer was about to leave the pier. "There's a party of about 70 coming."

The vessel was backed into the wharf again, ropes were made fast, and three gangways were placed in position.

An old lady then climbed slowly aboard.—Birmingham Gazette

Engaging a Booster.—"When I started in life," said the successful man pompously, "I resolved that my motto should be 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"  
"Excellent," murmured a listener.  
"There's nothing like starting with a good backing."—Montreal Daily Star.

Sure Dope.—Sweetie—"What is the cure for seasickness?"  
Salty—"Give it up."—Our Navy

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## Jubilee Gift to Canada's Archives

Continued from page 79

Vimy Ridge, with the cross-surmounted monument erected by the comrades of the Canadian soldiers who had fallen, the building of the memorial going on while under fire of the enemy. When the memorial was demolished by the restoration party of French peasants, eager to rebuild their own homes, the cross was secured by Canon Bertal Heeney, now rector of St. Luke's church, Winnipeg, and this sacred relic of devotion was brought, by him, home to Canada and holds an honored place at the entrance of St. Luke's Church.

IN MAY, 1912, Mrs. Hamilton held an exhibition of original oil paintings in the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught and of Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Cameron. This exhibition was the foundation of the present gallery of art in Winnipeg, in connection with the school of painting. After her return from the war regions Mrs. Hamilton spent several years at the Pacific Coast, painting the beauty spots of that part of Canada. Her home is now at 509 Devon Court, Broadway, Winnipeg.

While scanning the precious records of the three years' work of Mary Riter Hamilton on the battlefields of France, a document of unusual interest was discovered. It bore the surprising legend: "The Apple Job; Red Cross Department, 'pas de Calais,'" and the story, as gleaned from the artist, brought tears as well as smiles. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound," so Mrs. Hamilton, miles and miles away from shops, dependent upon friends in the outer world for her rations, and sometimes going without food if these friends for a moment forgot to send her supplies, felt many a heart-ache for the half-starved children of desolated France.

"What an Eden this might be made for them," she said to herself one day, "if I could hand those poor kiddies

some rosy-cheeked Canadian apples! I just wonder if those good Quebec women of the Red Cross Society would not send us out a barrel or two if I were to write to them."

The thought was quickly followed by action and the pathetic story of those little children in France who had never had the joy of munching a strawberry pippin, a snow apple, a russet or a McIntosh Red, sent over to Canada, touched the hearts of the little cousins in happy Quebec homes. The apples were sent over just as soon as they could be shipped—in boxes, in barrels and by carloads, and, by Christmas of 1920, the children, and old folks too, were feasting on the luscious fruit.

The file of that "Apple Job" treasures letters of gratitude from those little ones in France and the praises of the "Pomme Canadienne" are sung by them to this day. Some of the letters of thanks were written on small sheets cut from brown wrapping paper but all have been preserved as souvenirs of that real Christmas festival. The authorities in charge of the distribution of the Canadian fruit gift made a specialty of villages which had been completely destroyed and where the people were living in tiny huts and dug-outs, miles from any town or railway station. Snow fell just at that time making the picture of Christmas still more vivid and anyone may imagine the love of Canada and of the Canadian soldiers implanted in the hearts of those little ones by this gift from Quebec, for the apples were sent, prepaid, to Arras from Montreal. Mrs. Hamilton was called the "Dear Lady of the Apples" by the children and old folks who shared the bountiful feast, and some of the children wrote: "We knew those kind Canadian soldiers would not forget us!"

This was a beautiful tribute to the tender care of the children by our boys in khaki when on duty in France.

## The Christmas Dinner Mother Didn't Cook

Continued from page 6

like it does in this age of the world; but when I once hear it in a voice like I heard it that morning—something boyish and happy and young—then I know that the time is coming to the world some day when we'll all have that little lift in our voices—just like it belonged there by rights. And so it does.

"I know," he says now. "Wait till I telephone and release that hotel table, and I'll tell you what!"

"Land!" says Mrs. Preston. What's he planning now, do you s'pose?"

"Land!" I says back again. "What do we care what he plans. *Won't it be nice?*"

"Yes," she says, laughing, "it will."

BUT there was Eleanor to reckon with. The morning must have seemed to her days long. And I knew how it was all threaded on thinking one thing: that the day should not be spoiled for the rest.

"Dearest, you will go?" she says to her mother—by then she could speak aloud a little. I'd brought my knitting to sit beside her. I ain't much company for anybody, but it's kind of company for me to pretend I'm company for them. "Dearest, you will go?" she says more than once.

"We might go," says her mother. "Would you like the shade lower than this? It will rest your eyes."

"Mother, promise," says Eleanor, you must."

"How can I promise for the rest, dear child?" says her mother. "Can't you drink something hot now?"

"Mother," Eleanor said, "I think I could go to sleep if you told me you'd go."

"You are going to sleep anyway," her mother said, "for a Christmas present to me."

But she would keep asking me to make them promise and after a while I crept off. And toward noon nobody went in her room at all. She lay in there alone, staring out at the blinding snow and blue, and the heavy white branches. Every window in her room was like a Christmas card. Children kept running, soft-footed, through the snow, singing snatches of Christmas carols. In the dry vines the sparrows were chirping, my old clock was ticking loud on the stairs, and there was big pouring squares of sun on her rug. She told me that her head had stopped aching; and I had coaxed her to say she was a little hungry. The whole time was kind of pleasant and contented-seeming, after all, in the house and out. Only I knew how she kept thinking if only we would all promise that we'd go without her. . . .

AFTER a little she heard us going to and fro in the hall. She must have wondered why none of us looked in her room. She must have remembered that neither Zeph nor the twins had done any more than poke their heads in the door that morning for "Merry Christmas," and none of them had taken her their presents to show. But though she wouldn't care—Eleanor isn't that sort, because she never has

Continued on page 84



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With what grateful expressions of sheer, joyous delight she'll greet a gift of Goodrich Zippers on Christmas morning! And with what pride she'll wear them.

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# Goodrich ZIPPERS

## SOMETHING TO LEARN SHARING CHRISTMAS

Maude Wood Henry

IT seems, with Christmas time so near,  
That birds and beasts should have some cheer.

How would it be if girls and boys  
Should share with them their Christmas joys?

What real pleasure it would be  
To trim the birds a Christmas-tree,  
And give them on this day, at least  
An extra special Yule-tide feast.

With crumbs and suet, nuts and seeds,  
And everything a bird most needs  
When its supplies are all ice-bound  
And cold and frozen is the ground.

There's many a cat and dog astray  
That suffers hunger Christmas day.  
If one of these you chance to find,  
Would it not pay you to be kind?

To give these waifs a Christmas meal  
I'm sure would make you children feel  
As happy as the grown-ups do  
When they give Christmas cheer to you.

### A Little Chat With Bobby Burke

My dear Cosy Cornerites,—

Just a few words of greeting for this happiest season, and then perhaps a few words more because Bobby Burke doesn't know when to stop when talking to the Cosy Corner. First of all though to all of you, let me wish the oldest wish in the world: A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Don't you like the little verses above? They come from a lovely little paper called "Our Dumb Animals" which tells you so much every month about animals and birds, how to treat them, and how not to treat them. We often have little clippings in the corner from this magazine, and we stole the picture of the puppies from it last month because we liked them, didn't you?

Animals played their part in the first Christmas of all, and I think we should remember them at Christmas time even more than during the year. When Mary and Joseph left their home to journey to Bethlehem, Mary rode upon one of the tiny asses that are used for travel in the far Eastern countries. When there was no room in the Inn Mary and Joseph went to the stable and there the Infant Jesus was born, "with the oxen standing by". Can you not picture that quiet little stable? Not a barn as we understand barns, but a low shed, with probably a sod roof, rough mangers with hay in them. In the darkness you could hear the oxen moving, and the soft sound of their munching, and among these humble friends the Holy Babe came. Out in the fields the shepherds were watching their flocks under the stars and to them came the angels singing their song of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." And the wise men who came from the East with their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, did they not come riding on camels? All through the Bible stories you will find reference to animals and birds and the years since those stories were written have only proved that animals are the friends of man, and as such should be helped and protected.

In Italy white mules, white long horned oxen and tiny asses are used to do the work that is done here by trucks and wagons. It is no uncommon sight to see a tiny donkey pulling a cart of vegetables or earth or stones. Tied to his shaft just out of reach of his inquiring nose is a bunch of hay for his dinner, so you can see he carries his dinner pail with him. The beautiful white oxen bow their strong necks and haul on the great loads, and the poor underfed horses plod wearily along. Nearly every animal wears a bell so that there is a great tinkling in the streets and country roads. Sometimes the Italian decorates his horse or donkey with a gay fringed covering, or a very giddy little hat perched over his ears. The S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) is working in Italy to try and improve conditions for animals. As people become better educated they become more thoughtful of the animal and bird creation as well as of each other, and I am sure it is only necessary to speak the word, which the poet has done in our verses, to have you all make a Merry Christmas for our little feathered friends, and perhaps for the patient farm horses and the mild eyed cows.

## Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY  
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE  
IS KNOWLEDGE"



GRACE  
JUDGE

## .Go.Wish.You. .A.Happy.Christmas.

### Christmas in Rome

(Peter and Mary were two children who went to Italy with their grandmother and aunt. This story tells how they spent Christmas in Rome, and is written by Eleanor Barton.)

"THERE'S Tomasino standing under the shrine again; he seems to be looking for some one," Peter observed.

"Perhaps it's Marianna," suggested Mary.

"But Marianna's at the corner too, peering about like a cat," Peter objected. "Let's go and see what they're doing," encouraged Mary, and they both flew down the long flight of steps like lightning.

"Tomasino, tell us whom you're looking for?" panted Peter.

"The Pifferari," he answered, dancing about in excitement. "I do wish they'd hurry."

"Who are the Pifferari?" Mary demanded.

"Don't you even know that?" gasped Tomasino. "Why, even our baby knows them, and he's not quite three yet—"

"Of course they won't know," Marianna interrupted. "They're English," she added pityingly. "English children do nothing at Christmas but sleep in bed," she teased.

"Don't be silly, Marianna," Mary reproved, too curious to quarrel. "We have Father Christmas; is he the same as your Pifferari?"

"I don't know; but listen and I'll explain," said Marianna condescendingly. "Does she know?" doubted Peter.

"Oh yes; mother told us last night," reassured Tomasino.

"They're shepherds from the Abruzzi Mountains, who live on the Campagna with their sheep all the winter—"

"We know all about them," Peter boasted; "we've a lot of friends there we met in the mountains. But why don't you just call them shepherds, and why do they come to Rome?"

"We call them Pifferari because they play on bagpipes, and every Christmas they leave their flocks to pipe at the street corners under the shrine of the Madonna."

"Why?" Peter demanded.

"To help her to rest, and give her sweet dreams whilst the Holy Bambino is born," explained Marianna.

"Here they are!" shrieked Tomasino.

First of all came an old man with a flowing white beard, his legs bandaged with belts of cloth, like puttees, and his feet in sandals of goatskin. He was followed by a younger man in a high-crowned hat and a cloak—like a brigand—carrying the bagpipes, and last of all came a jolly little boy bravely piping away on a flute. Leaning against a shrine they began to play.

"Isn't it lovely?" smiled Marianna.

"It seems a bit grumpy at first," criticized Peter, "but it's fine once you get used to it."

"But how sad it is!" said Mary, listening to the last wild drones of the pipes.

"Let's hear about your Father Christmas," said Tomasino. "What does he do?"

"Fills our stockings with everything we want," answered Peter.

"Like our Signora Befana—only we put shoes near the chimney, not stockings," said Marianna.

"Tell us about the Signora Befana," Mary suggested.

"She rides down the chimney on a white horse, and her eyes are as bright as diamonds, and she wears a collar of pearls. If you've been good, and if you remember to place a dish of bran and a drink of water for her poor horse who's travelled all night, she brings you presents. But if you've been naughty and disagreeable, she fills your shoes with charcoal," explained Marianna.

"I've asked her to bring me a toffy bambino, some almonds, a flying-machine, and a big sausage. I love sausage, but it takes up a lot of room in a shoe," explained Tomasino.

"Where does Befana come from?" Peter demanded.

"I don't know," Tomasino confessed.

"But I do," nodded Marianna. "She comes from the East—I think that means Tunis—and she was brushing out her house when the Three Kings passed on their way to look for the Bambino. 'Come with us,' they said. So she went, and now she visits every child at Christmas."

"Hurry up, Marianna," urged Tomasino. "We'll be late for school, and we break up this afternoon."

"Here are Marianna and Tomasino to see the signora," announced Simonetta, urging forward two excited little figures.

"Oh, please, signora, mother says may Mary and Peter come to see our Presepio?" begged Marianna.

"Do let them," pleaded Tomasino. "Mother's made it so beautifully this year that father's invited the Pifferari to play before it."

"Of course Granny will let us—we'll love to come; we'll be ready in a tick the instant we've washed our hands," cried Peter, making a dive for the bathroom.

Once outside, Tomasino heaved a sigh of joy. "Marianna, you explain to them about the Presepio, and then they'll be able to enjoy everything," urged he.

"Mother makes us a Presepio every Christmas, so that we can rejoice at the birthday of the Bambino," she said. "Have you ever seen tableaux?" she asked.

The children nodded.

"Well, Presepio are like tableaux, only instead of having people for the pictures, mother dresses dolls."

"How lovely!" Mary exclaimed. "But what sort of dolls?"

"Every kind. Sometimes plaster images, and sometimes figures made of terra-cotta, or of wood with rag faces, but most of them are of papier mache," she replied.

"We have our Presepio in a corner of the hall, because there's most room," said Tomasino, ushering in his guests.

"But tell us what the pictures are," urged Peter, lingering at the door.

"First there's the Annunciation," said Marianna, "with the shepherds watching their flocks. Then there's the scene at the taverna, when Our Lady was turned away, and last there's the birth of the Bambino in the grotto at Bethlehem."

The children were in raptures.

"Peter, do look at those shepherds asleep by their tiny straw huts surrounded by their flocks and dogs!" Mary exclaimed. "Isn't it just like what we saw on the Campagna?"

"Exactly," he answered. "And there's the village inn, with the proprietor shutting the door because he has no room, and the Madonna waiting on her little ass. But wouldn't Granny just love that straw crib, with the ox and ass peering over the Madonna's shoulder, and the Three Kings adoring the Bambino?"

When all had been given time to admire, the shepherds began to play—first their sad, droning airs, then an old, old carol in which everyone joined.

"Come and hear me say my recitation on Sunday in church," invited Marianna.

So the children asked Aunt Win, who took them to the church of Santa Maria, in Aracoeli, to hear the "preaching of the children."

"It's like a fair," panted Peter, trying to push a way for Aunt Wyn up the church steps.

"It reminds me of a baby show," Mary answered. "There must be three hundred babies just round us, for every one has two, and most people half a dozen."

Hawkers were moving up and down amongst the crowd with all sorts of toys, and the steps were crammed with stalls full of many coloured balloons, tiny cradles, whistles, toffy babies, and little jointed dolls to place on a Presepio.

"Twopence-halfpenny for a caramel bambolone," shouted a hawker, "a penny for a balloon."

"Oh, Aunt Win, how perfectly marvelous!" whispered Mary as they entered the church.

"What's the platform for?"

"For the recitations," replied Aunt Win.

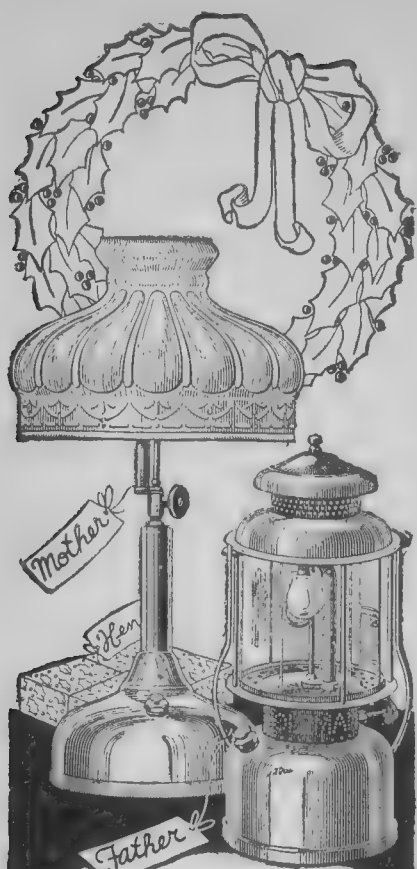
"See!" cried Mary excitedly, "there's Marianna climbing up the steps of the platform. She's going to say her Christmas recitation."

Marianna's face was flushed and her eyes sparkling with excitement, but her voice was sweet and clear, and her gestures very winning.

"She said that beautifully," said Aunt Win. "I'm sure her mother will be proud."

Continued on page 83





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This genuine Hawk-Eye Camera is given away FREE for selling only 24 Waxed Flowers at 15 cents. Send your name and address for these TO-DAY to New Idea Gift Co., Dept. C., Waterford, Ont.

## Christmas in Rome

Continued from page 82

"Oh, poor little thing," sympathized Mary, as a tiny tot of three broke down. "Aren't those boys horrid to giggle at her?"

But the brave baby started again, and finished her recitation perfectly, in spite of priests, foreigners, and soldiers; whilst overhead floated scores of pink and blue balloons on strings, tightly clutched by tiny baby fingers.

### SOMETHING TO DO

The long winter evenings are here, and the great question is what can we do with them and in them. Hands and minds must be busy, so we must think up schemes for them. Here is a list of names, there are ten in all. Write a short note on each of these, telling who they are or what they are in the world. We shall find out who reads the newspapers, and who remembers things they have heard about people and places. There will be a prize of a gold button for the best list, most neatly and correctly written:

Mussolini, Czecho Slavakia, A. A. Milne, Edinburgh Castle, Shakespeare, Babe Ruth, Lindeburgh, Confederation, R. B. Bennett, The Peace River.

How would you like to make a calendar for February? It's such a nice short little month, although this year don't forget, there will be "one day more." The best calendar will be published in the C. C. C. and there will be a prize of a fine calendar for 1928, and also some gold buttons if there are many that are "almost as good!"

## Cold Turkey

Continued from page 78

and that his boss was really the famous Ralph Waldron himself, director for Aurora Films and now on his way to "locations" in the North; that they had used Gotz's office for hiring "extras"! that "Nugget" MacDowall was really Barney MacDowall, famous for his screen interpretations of outdoor types; that to add realism to the scene just staged real lumberjacks had been introduced, primed with the idea that it was a real "clean-up"; that he, Hammond, had been kept in ignorance of these things because Pip Tompkins thought it would be a good "initiation stunt"!

For Hammond was to go with the company as official continuity man and Waldron and MacDowall thought so highly of "The Way of the North" that they were going to use it instead of the script already in hand.

"So that washes us up, kid"! finished the grinning Mr. Tompkins. "You've made good, boy! And here comes what's left o' Red, the said *hombre* bein' our heavy, y'understand, an' one o' the best in the business. Shake hands with Bill Pollock an' his own little Goldilocks"!

Came limping "Red" Quinn. With her arm affectionately around his shoulder came also Alice Lawrence. As they approached she kissed him tenderly on his bruised and battered cheek.

Director Waldron grabbed his hand and examined him anxiously.

"No more of these crazy lumberjacks, Bill"! he grimaced. "They've just about wrecked us."

"That's what I told them to do," said Red. "Ah, so this is Hammond! I forgive you for that crack on the jaw the other night," he laughed. "Meet my sister, Alice"!

Hammond swallowed something in his throat as she smiled up at him modestly. He breathed deeply.

"Uh—er—that is—Merry Christmas"! he stammered in glad confusion.

All Broken Up.—He told of the viewpoint of the engineer, how he sits in the cab of his engine with one hand on the throttle and the other glued on the track ahead.—St. Petersburg (Fla.) paper.



## For the "most important" names on your Christmas list

What could be more appropriate than the new Keystone Mirrors, Hair Brushes, Military Brushes or Toilet Piece Sets?

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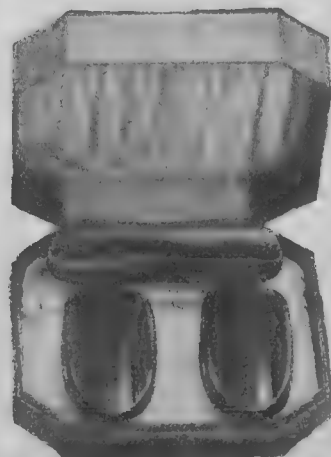
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# The Christmas Dinner Mother Didn't Cook

Continued from page 81

been the sum and centre of her own universe — though she wouldn't care, yet I think she must have wondered, just a little bit. Like you do.

Then at half past twelve o'clock the door of her room opened. And in came her mother in the brown silk, five years new, with a yellowed lace fichu. Behind her was her father, in a black suit, unsewed from its woollen bag, and Zeph in his best. Then there was a whisk and a clatter, and the twins shot by the door without so much as looking in. And kind of edging around alongside, was me, in my best black taffeta and my cameo pin. Not that I added any to the grandeur of us, but I might as well mention that I was there.

"Oh!" Eleanor cried. "Good! You're going. I was so afraid you were going to miss dinner for me!"

"Miss dinner for you—well, I guess not!" Mr. Preston cried.

"Imagine your thinking that!" says Mrs. Preston, airy and kissed her.

"Hello sister," says Zeph. "Ain't you the Merry Christmas object? Want me to eat your share? I can do it."

"Good-bye. Good-bye — Merry Christmas dinners!" she cried from her pillows.

Then the door was shut and we all went down the stairs. And I s'pose she lay there, still, staring out at the blue and the snow, and listening to the sparrows and the clock. And I know—and we all know, that with all her heart she was glad to think we'd gone. There's times when I like to remember that.

I s'pose she was still listening to hear the front door shut behind us, when she heard a step on the stairs. Then there was one in the hall. Then she may have heard a giggle from the twins — I never heard of a harder job than trying to keep them quiet that minute or two. Then we opened her door. I wasn't where I could see her face—but I wish't I had of been. I'd like to have it to think of when it rains—and other times.

Mr. Preston went ahead, with the big tray held high. Mother come next, with dishes in both her hands. Then come Zeph and the twins, and what they carried was all mixed up with the whole picture. And me—I donno what I carried either, but I was there. I tell you, I was there.

Eleanor sat straight up in bed, her little lace cap and her little pink dressing saque making her look like a picture over the big lamb's wool comforter all strewn with roses that covered her bed.

"Why—why—why!" she cried. "You didn't go!"

"Shame on you for thinking we would," said her father. "And Merry Christmas dinner here!"

"Mother," said Eleanor, "how could you. . . . But her eyes were shining, all the same.

"Dear," said her mother, "we took a vote. And you were in a minority of one. You couldn't have carried any thing."

Eleanor laid back on her pillows and smiled at us. Then she sat bolt upright again.

"The dinner!" she said solemnly. "where did you get the dinner?"

We explained it to her, dish by dish, as we took the covers off: A smoking pan of scalloped oysters, which had not been fried for breakfast. Potatoes. "Mashed by me," Zeph interrupted.

Baked squash. "Split by me," explained Father.

A delicate salad of pineapple from the cellar, thin bread and butter, Mother's jelly, and Mother's pickles, nuts. "We cracked 'em," said the twins.

And home made candy. I'd stogged that up. Not that it counted very much, but it made one thing.

"There can't any New Market Hotel dinner touch it," said Father with conviction.

"I don't even miss 'Celery on the branch,'" said Zeph.

"I bet," said one of the twins, "down there we wouldn't of got half as much bonbons as these."

"And then," said the other practically, "Grandma let us scrape the dish."

"But oh, Mother!" Eleanor cried, "you had to get dinner, after all! And you wanted—"

"Get dinner!" said mother. "Why, this is just picked up. This is not getting dinner. This is no real dinner—all hard work like the others are. And, besides, everybody helped."

I remember how Mr. Preston stopped dishing the oysters and stared at her.

"Well, sir," he said, with the air of a great discoverer, "we've been married twenty-five years, and I never thought of that before. Christmas has been kind of a hard day for you, hasn't it?"

It was Mrs. Preston and Eleanor and I that looked at each other and smiled at that—a smile that had a signal in it. But I think Mr. Preston must have caught it.

"Son and twins," said he, grave, "we've got another vote to take, and I'll cast it for all four of us—because I know you think so, too. For us, every Christmas from now on means either the New Market Hotel, or else just such a dinner as this. And a little more real Christmas for Mother."

The three boys looked up, kind of surprised.

"Why ain't this dinner just as good as any dinner?" they said.

We sat about the little table by Eleanor's bed. The roses on the lamb's-wool quilt and my Christmas rose were the only flowers we had. The sun was the benediction.

"Oh," said Eleanor, "and you loved me enough to stay at home when I couldn't go. . . . You ought to have gone. . . . But—it's the best Christmas I ever had!"

We all smiled and nodded at one another, there in the room with the windows that looked like Christmas cards.

"Mother!" says Mother's husband.

"Yes, dear?" says Father's wife.

But when their eyes met, the two didn't say anything at all. They just looked at each other like a signal. And I says to myself that the Great Adventure was right there in that room.



# Announce- Classified Advertisers

Commencing with the January, 1928, issue of The Western Home Monthly a slight increase in the classified advertising rate will go into effect. This has been made necessary through an increase of some 12,000 subscribers in the past year. The growing popularity of Western Canada's only magazine means that although you are paying out slightly more for an advertisement you are reaching more homes for your advertising dollar than ever before. The new rate will be 10 cents a word, minimum insertion \$1.50, and still the cut rate on orders of six insertions for the price of five.



## Luck of the Tuffits

Continued from page 37

daughter'll try to set 'er cap for you, 'Orace, but I shall jolly well let them know that our son is going to marry well."

And Mrs. T. tossed her head and stiffened in impressive dignity.

"Well, so long, folks," said Horace, with a laugh. "See you later." And he was gone.

The scene he left behind him may be better imagined than described.

"If that feller Midge was 'ere," Mr. Tuffit said, "e'd start preaching. 'E'd be saying 'Sorrow may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning'."

Mrs. T., utterly deprived for once of the power of snappy repartee, had no comeback to this. All a-tremble, her attempts to go on with her work were practically futile. She would take up a dish and set it down again; she went to get the broom and forgot what it was she was after; she broke two saucers; she let the fire go out; she gave it up finally and sat down and had a good cry. But the tears were tears of happiness. What a day! What a Christmas!

Mr. Tuffit, being masculine, couldn't resort to weeping. He found relief in action. Whistling even a little more cheerily than usual he went down town to order a turkey.

\* \* \*

"WHAT on earth is that noise?"

Horace asked suddenly, as father and son sat smoking that evening before the living-room fire.

Tuffit père cocked his head sideways and listened.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed, "I've been 'earing it too. I thought it was rats in the cellar."

"But what is it?" persisted the younger Tuffit.

"It's—it's your mar singing," explained his father. "Sounds like a 'ymn, it does. I think it's 'Ark the 'Erald Angels Sing' but I won't be sure."

As a matter of fact it was. Mrs. T. carolled nobly, and fairly accurately as to tune, for one so long out of practice. Though the harmony left something to be desired there was no mistaking the sincerity of feeling which she imparted to the words:

*"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand  
And cast a wistful hey—"*

"Fine voice you mar allus 'ad, Mr. Tuffit assured his son. "All she needs," he added, hurriedly, "is a bit o' practice."

## Eventide Or The Year's At Even

By Mary Matheson

*The year is at the gloaming—  
It sheds its rays serene  
Abroad o'er all our roaming  
The day and night between,  
Its beams are for our gladd'ning  
Upon a weary way  
To banish all the sadd'ning  
Encounters of the day.*

*For Christ was born ere ended  
One far-off bygone year,  
And God in Man descended  
With glad, new Hope to cheer,  
O blessed Light from Heaven  
To penetrate our day  
And give One Year at even  
A Light to guide for aye!*

**Sad Reminder.**—Wife—"Every time you see a pretty girl, you forget you're married."

Hubby—"Your're wrong, m' dear. Nothing brings home the fact more forcibly."—Air Station News.

**Good Kindling.**—"It is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm."

"Yes, I remember a thirty-day note once kept me in a sweat for a month."—Christian Evangelist.

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### The Religion of the Spirit

IN HIS great Christmas poem Milton sings:

It was the winter wild  
While the Heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.

Somehow we who dwell in a climate where winter is rigorous can hardly help wondering how people in southern lands where there is hot summer sunshines in December, with flowers in profusion, can feel the meaning of Christmas as well as we do. Though we know, of course, that the meaning of the great festival of Christianity can be felt as vividly in any part of the world as in any other part, we to whom Christmas comes in mid-winter feel that the winter's cold without brings more closely home to us the meaning of Christmas as a Divine subduing of the rigors of the world. The thought of Christmas is like a light shining in darkness, like the star that drew the wise men as they journeyed through the night and found the cradle of a wisdom greater than the world's.

### Is There a Santa Claus?

THERE comes a time in the life of every growing child when the question of the reality of Santa Claus presents itself. But the older The Philosopher grows, the more he feels convinced that we all believe in Santa Claus to the end of our lives. Many of us, however, have different names for him. The more we come to know of human life, the more we realize that there is nothing truer than a fairy tale. The best of the fairy tales are folklore, giving the boiled-down wisdom of many centuries of experience. The truths they teach are the old, old facts of human nature, put indirectly into the best form for childish minds to absorb and retain as part of their growth. Better than any other kind of teaching they impress themselves on the childish mind. For example, in the fairy tale, Snow White, when the selfish, jealous Queen loses her beauty as the result of her wickedness, she grows a long, crooked nose. The literal fact is that the wicked Queen would come to have hard eyes and a discontented mouth. But would the literal fact impress as deeply on a child's mind that bad conduct makes a bad character and an ugly countenance? So the vision of the red-cheeked Santa Claus, with his white beard and twinkling eyes and his bundles of toys for good children, teaches the children the lesson of the spirit of Christmas unforgettably.

### In Regard to Wings

A YOUNG nephew, whose imagination was stirred by the thought of the song which the shepherds watching their flocks by night in the fields near the village of Bethlehem heard the angels singing in the sky, asked The Philosopher recently if angels really have wings "with feathers," and if he, himself, when he went to Heaven, would grow wings? It is not easy to imagine ourselves with wings. But, for that matter, it is hard, not to say impossible, to imagine what our life would be in another planet, without

going as far as Heaven. The truth is that only very, very few of us can begin to imagine ourselves much different from what we usually are, in circumstances much different from those in which we usually live. Can you, for example, imagine yourself wearing the costumes worn by the Greeks, or Romans, or Egyptians of antiquity, or by the people of Palestine two thousand years ago? As for wings, they have always been the symbols of a free spirit. However much our appetites quarrel with our aspirations and our actions with our professions of belief, man the immortal spirit has within him the sense of wings lifting him above his animal nature. We feel that we were born children of God, and that, as the negro hymn says: "All God's chillun's got wings."

### The Closing Year

THE year which is closing will stand out in Canada's history because of the memorable demonstration of united Canadian national feeling which marked the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation. Moreover, 1927 has made a record for itself as a year of mounting prosperity, well-being and progress for the whole Canadian people, a year of great strengthening of the spirit of faith in Canada and confidence in the years to come. Never before has the happy Christmas season brought more heart-warming inspiration to make glad the reunions of families and friends, with their merry greetings and their homely joys deepened by thoughts of those that are gone and made truly happier by the joy of the children and by the sharing of happiness with those who are lonely and with whom life has dealt hardly. Never has Canada had a better year.

### The World's Greatest Need

"CANADA," said Lord Willingdon in a speech at Ottawa a few weeks ago, "is the best example of the spirit of the League of Nations of any country I know." Few of our Governors-General have brought to Canada better knowledge of other countries or have identified themselves more readily and thoroughly with the Canadian spirit, which is a spirit of good-will. Neither treaties nor international conferences nor all the laws that all the parliaments of the world can pass are of avail for enduring good unless there is good-will, which for nations as for individuals is the foundation of right living. That is the lesson of Christmas.

### Toys and Make-Believe

CHILDREN can play happily with imaginary toys. They can create their own "pretending" world, which we who have advanced so far in life as to have left our childhood far behind us cannot see, because we have lost the magic of childish imagination. If a child were a philosopher, which fortunately, thank Heaven, no child is, what wisdom might not we grown-ups learn from childish lips about our own toys in which we are so deeply absorbed, some of which cannot be said truly to be more substantial or more lasting than shadows.

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### The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

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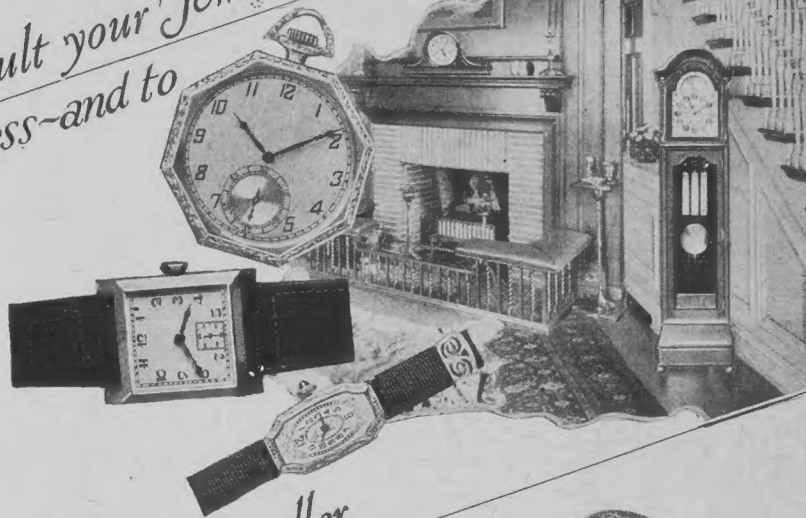


*To set Christmas table for the family  
feast and honored guest*

*Consult your Jeweller*



*To set the time in tune with gladness—and to  
keep in step with Father Time*



*Consult your Jeweller*



*To set upon her boudoir desk—or the table in his den  
pieces of silver or ivory—or the daintiest of leather*



*Consult your Jeweller*



*To beset the Christmas season with roseate hues of pleasure beyond the  
power of all but jewelled gifts to bestow*



*"Merry Christmas to all"  
Canadian Jewellers*

*Consult your Jeweller*





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**P**ROPER balance of the musical registers is positively essential to the perfect reproduction of recorded music. In the creation of a new reproducing instrument McLAGAN has developed a principle of tone amplification that is marvelously effective, distinctive and different.

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## The New Phonothetic McLAGAN

## What the World is Saying

### Can We Imagine Such a World?

The unreformed Scrooges of the world may fashion their faces into frowns and sneers, but the truth remains that it would be a pretty flat world without Christmas.—Nanaimo Herald.

### Christmas Will Outlive Them

The present rulers of Soviet Russia are still determined to abolish Christmas. But what will happen will be that Christmas will abolish them and their determination.—Montreal Patrie.

### How about Zbaraz, in Manitoba?

"What funny names those Chinese towns in the news have?" said the man from Okotoks, Alta., to the Saskatchewan whose home is at B-Say-Tah, near Qu'Appelle.—The Pas Herald.

### Occasionally One Gets a Long Run

Some silk stockings last longer than others.—Vogue.

### The Future's Aerial Highways

Traffic sign, 1950: "Keep to right, around cloud."—Ottawa Citizen.

### As May Be Seen Anywhere

Beauty is only skin deep, also knee high.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

### The Worm Has the Advantage

A worm may turn, but if a pedestrian does he's lost.—Vancouver Province.

### Looking Forward

Wonder how long before "used planes" will clutter the market?—Minneapolis Journal.

### Automobilically Speaking

"What does the world need?" questions a writer. Less cranks and more self-starters.—Duluth Herald.

### A Race Track Meditation

The horses never bet on themselves. Hence the term, "horse sense."—Hamilton Spectator.

### Old Time Hard Luck

"Alas!" sighed Alexander, "the world conquered and not a chance to get into the movies."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Obviously

There are over a million laws in force in the United States, says a daily. If this is so, there must be a great many altogether.—London Passing Show.

### An Astronomical Deduction

Judging from the taste of the moonshine we get nowadays, there must be something in the idea that the moon is made of green cheese.—Pittsburg Post.

### A Suitable Animal for Hollywood

A long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.—Los Angeles Examiner.

### A Tale of a Shirt

"Shirts that laugh at the laundry," says an advertisement. One of ours is different. It arrived home last week with its sides split.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

### What the Nose Should Keep out Of

"The nose needs exercise," writes Dr. Royal Copeland. But not the sort of exercise given by sticking it into other people's affairs.—Nelson News.

### Music from the Air

"Will exchange four-tube radio set for baby-carriage," says an advertiser. Evidently he now feels assured of steady music, without battery trouble.—Toronto Star.

### Where Husbands Fall Down

A scientist has invented a machine that can match colors perfectly. We don't know what the machine is, but it isn't a husband.—Montreal Gazette.

### Making Him Feel at Home

An American explorer reports that he has been robbed by bandits in the jungles of Brazil. How civilization spreads!—New York Herald Tribune.

## When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole

### Just Rub Away Danger

Musterole is easy to apply and works right away. It may prevent a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grand-mother's mustard plaster.

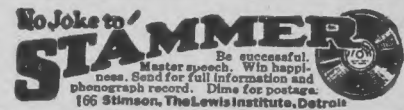
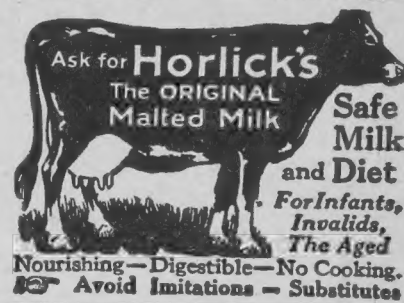


Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruised chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.

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## Getting Skinnier Every Day

Something Must Be Done and Done  
Right Now—Quick

Hollows in Cheeks and Neck Growing  
Deeper Every Week

Tens of thousands of thin, run-down men—yes, and women too—are getting discouraged—are giving up all hope of ever being able to take on flesh and look healthy and strong.

All such people can stop worrying and start to smile and enjoy life right now for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets which any druggist will tell you all about are putting flesh on hosts of skinny folks every day.

One woman, tired, weak and discouraged, gained 15 pounds in five weeks and now feels fine.

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And this shows what faith the makers have in McCoy's for they say; if any thin person don't gain at least 5 pounds in 30 days your druggist will give you your money back—and only 60 cents for 60 tablets. Ask any live pharmacist anywhere in North or South America.

But be sure to get McCoy's, the original and genuine.